



THE BIG BANG

Science Meets Hollywood at the New Planetarium

PLUS: O'Donnell on McCain's Liberal Converts

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LEARNING TO LOVE AL GORE

Michael Wolff searches for the president inside the suit.

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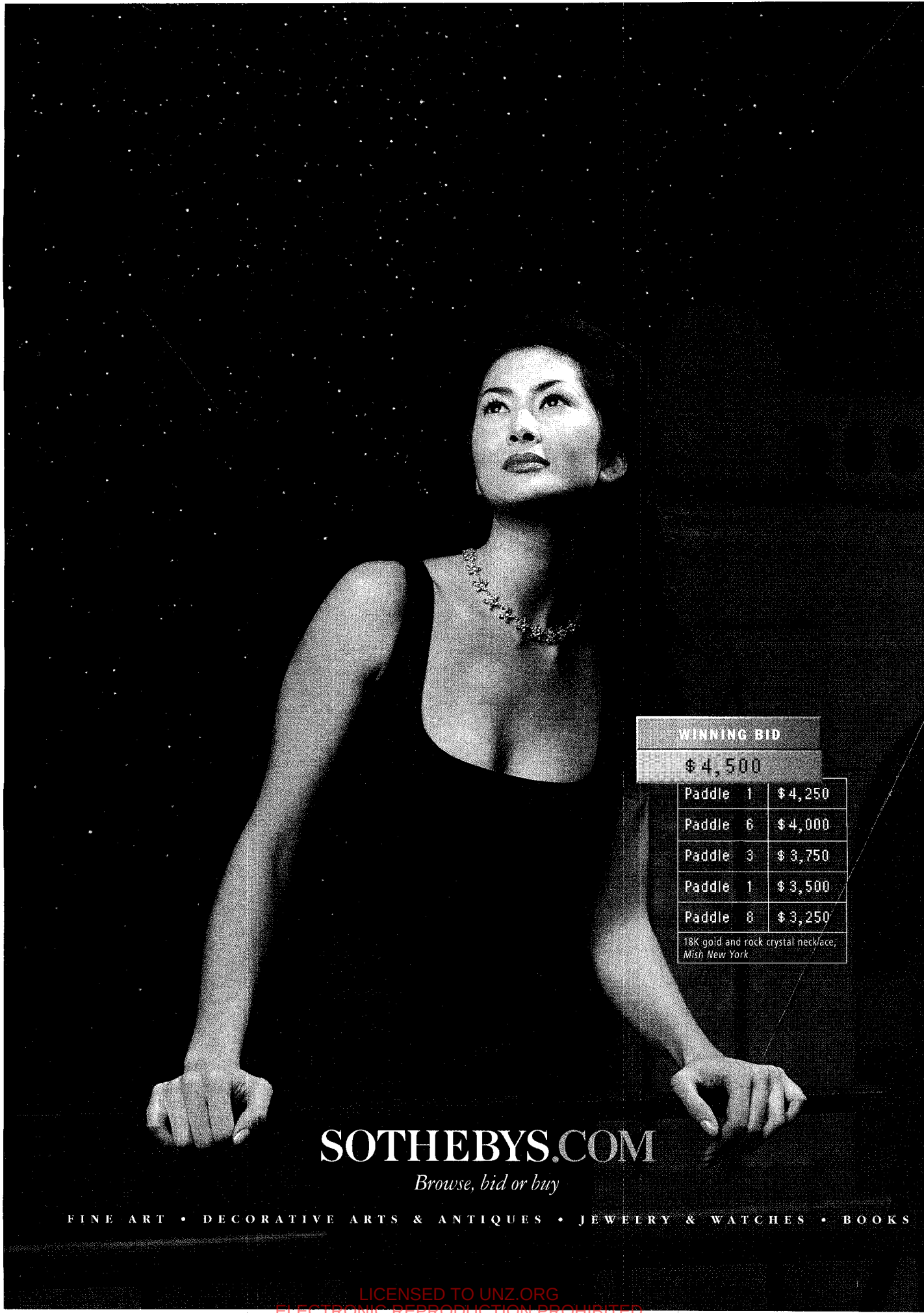
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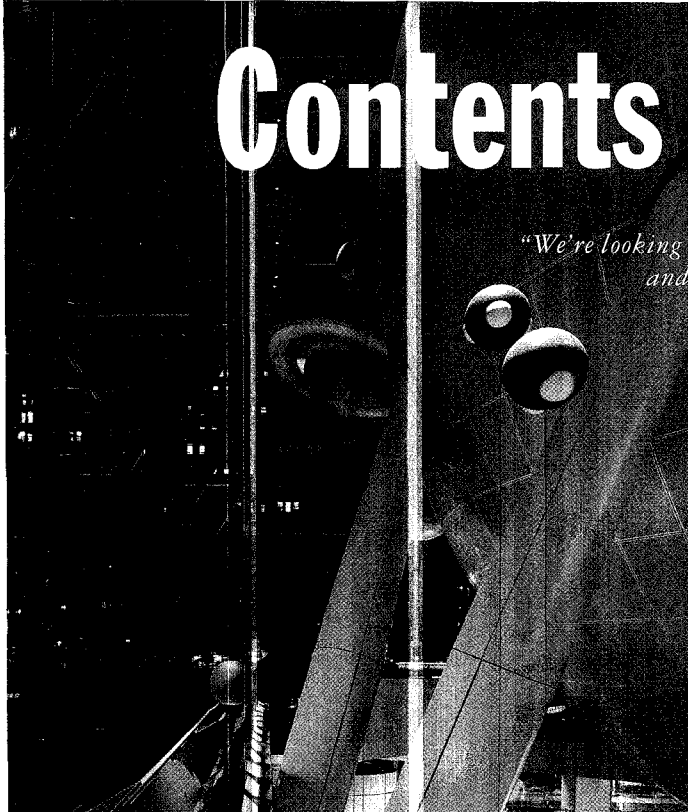
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"We're looking with deep intensity from the smallest—genomes and DNA sequencing—to the largest issues in astronomy."

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By Natasha Singer

Forget Fashion Week: This month's biggest star-wattage event is the opening of the new \$210 million Hayden Planetarium, housed in a glittering glass cube that's an instant architectural classic. The planetarium is only the most visible effort by Museum of Natural History president Ellen Futter to give the museum buzz while bringing science to the people. Can the house that Teddy Roosevelt built adapt to Disney values—and Disney prices?

30 Bloodless Gore

By Michael Wolff

Al Gore is a studious, hard-working, stable, earnest sort of guy with a mastery of the issues who's spent his life preparing for the job he's seeking—a fantasy candidate, in other words. As Bradley falters and McCain hurts Bush, it looks like the vice-president has a real shot. So why can't we get our minds around President Gore?



38 Man Bites Dog, Etc.

By Elizabeth Hess

Before he became the Boston Strangler, Albert DeSalvo trapped pets and shot them with a bow and arrow. Jeffrey Dahmer performed surgery on cats, and David Berkowitz shot his neighbors' dog. ASPCA therapist Stephanie LaFarge treats people who hurt pets—before they graduate to humans.

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Footing the Bill

Kenneth Cole backed AIDS research long before it was considered the chic thing to do; unconventional sex understood; flight safety vs. flashy ads.

COMMEND NEW YORK FOR ITS PROBING profile of Kenneth Cole ["The Un-Calvin," by Maureen Callahan, February 7]. But the article fails to acknowledge the full breadth of Mr. Cole's contributions to the fight against AIDS. Kenneth Cole has embraced this cause since 1982—before any of his peers. He did so disregarding the gossip that, in the mid-eighties, would unavoidably brand him as "one of them." In 1987, he became a member of the board of the American Foundation for AIDS Research, and ever since, he has overseen—entirely pro bono—a series of AMFAR outdoor-advertising campaigns. And for the past eleven years, Cole has contributed 40 percent of his company's World AIDS Day retail sales proceeds to AMFAR. Kenneth Cole indeed combines deeply held personal values of equity and justice with an innate business sense. The secret of his success evidently is that his values, as well as his designs, appeal to his generation.

*Mathilde Krim
Chairman, AMFAR
MANHATTAN*

Grounded in Reality

AS JETBLUE AIRLINES SPROUTS ITS WINGS this winter, the ownership will certainly point to their advertising campaign as a major reason for any early success the airline may enjoy ["Super Fly," by Alex Williams, January 31]. But your coverage of this image-and-fashion-conscious start-up did a tremendous disservice to the long-term health of the corporation. As a potential JetBlue passenger, I can't imagine sitting in a window seat, glancing out at the ground crew in their flashy bomber jackets and cargo pants, and thinking to myself, "Boy, they look sharp." Sleek packaging and upscale marketing campaigns are not the true stuff of airline success. Nowhere did you mention Jet-

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Blue's maintenance practices, the training of the air crew, or the company's commitment to safe flight operations. But I guess that such issues don't sell magazines until after a company starts to flounder.

*Robert Loynd
HAVELOCK, N.C.*

Looking for Love

AFTER TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE AS A SENIOR psychologist and sex therapist at the Hillside Hospital's sexuality center, it has become apparent to me that men with unconventional sexual interests want just what Dian Hanson offers: It really is about love ["The SoHo Love Goddess," by Marshall Sella, January 31]. I was impressed by how well she understands these men. Al Goldstein doesn't get it; he's into smut. Hanson digs into the souls of her readers, and they know it. Goldstein and Hanson may be in the same business, but it's like saying that Picasso and a housepainter are in the same business.

*Joel Block
NEW HYDE PARK, N.Y.*

Price Is Right

SIMON DUMENCO IS OBVIOUSLY NOT A FAN of Priceline.com's new commercials featuring William Shatner ["Gotham: Cheap Trill," January 31]. He's entitled to his opinion, of course. Where he veers off course, however, is when he opines that Priceline.com is "a pain in the ass to use." I couldn't disagree more. The service is not for the business traveler or for the family on a tight schedule. It is for anyone who has some flexibility and is looking for deep discounts. Do you think they would give you something for nothing? You give up the specific flight time or hotel location for a huge cost savings. Get it? I have used both services and I've never been on a red-eye (although I would for a big savings) and the one time I used their hotel service I was at a five-star hotel in a great location at half the price. Mr. Dumenco should wake up and smell the savings.

*Evan Beck
MANHATTAN*

Locked Battle

WHAT MAKES YOU ASSUME THAT "DREADS," as you call them (I prefer to call them locks, as there is nothing dreadful about them), are nasty, unclean, and, in your words, "unwashed" and "disheveled" ["Gotham Style: Dreading the Future," by Alexandra Hamilton, January 31]? Maintaining authentic locked hair is a labor of love and self-esteem as well as a lesson in patience. Those of us who lock our natural hair are not ungroomed. That the follicles are different from those that you are accustomed to believing constitute properly groomed hair does not make it unacceptable. Nor is it a fad. It takes years to accomplish a head full of luxurious and lovely locks. I am truly weary of watching individuals who look European trying to adopt another trapping of hipness, stealing a look that for many years was not only unacceptable but considered ugly and downright savage. It's yet another example of cultural theft. When I see Caucasians who have attempted to lock their hair, I'm always tempted to take them to the nearest Rite Aid and buy them a year's supply of Prell.

*Helen Thomas
BROOKLYN*

Midas Touch

IF ONE MEASURES SUCCESS BY amount of money stuffed under a mattress each night, then I'm top performers on Wall Street the grade ["The Star Republic," by hanna Berkman, January 24] when I read the quote by "My uncle doesn't pick on the boards of other companies," screamed loud and clear just last week. Such a condescending remark toward those who actually have to work for a living indicates a spoiled little rich boy who's lost touch with how most of the masses earn a living. I've dated wealthy, self-absorbed, boring men like him before. They wonder why they're never meeting anyone or having sex. Just ask the sanitation worker what his secret is.

*K. DeVito
GARDEN CITY, N.Y.*

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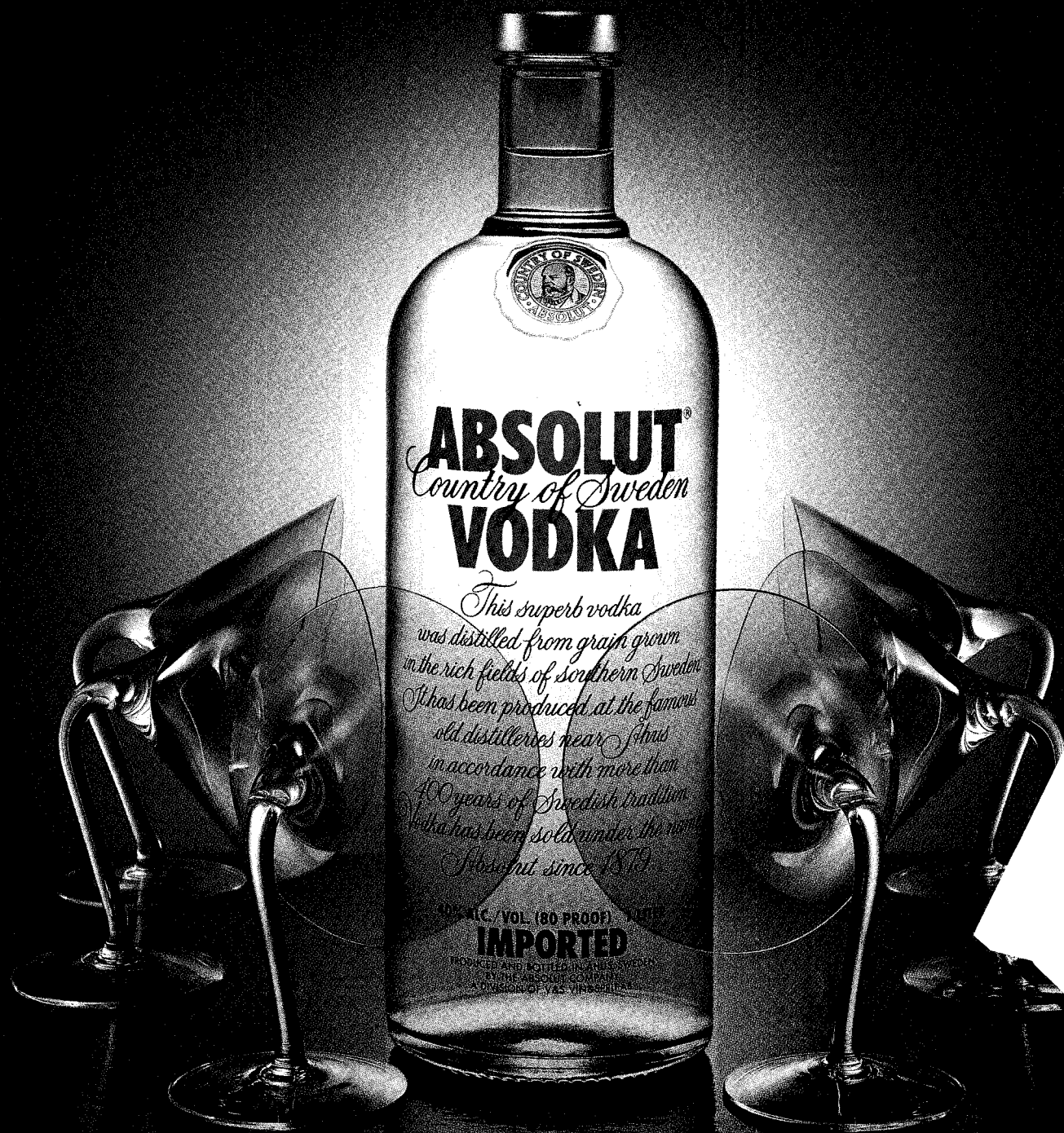
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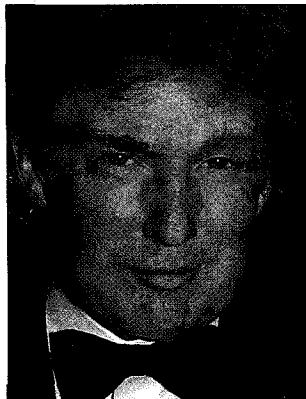
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INTELLIGENCER



Donald Trump:
Foreign affairs?

DIAZ'S RESTAURANT DEAL A REAL STEAL

Cameron Diaz has joined the ranks of Miami celebrity restaurateurs **Ricky Martin** and **Gloria Estefan**—and sources say she scored quite a deal. The *Any Given Sunday* star's a prime cut of the new South Beach eatery **Bambú**, having snagged 30 to 40 percent ownership with zero financial investment, according to restaurant insiders. Diaz is no silent partner. She stayed up-to-the-minute during construction by view-

ing videotapes of the renovations mailed to her by her co-owners, and she took a break from filming *Charlie's Angels* to attend opening night, where she rallied **Bambú** staffers with a pep talk and attempted to learn each of their names—down to the last busboy. During the event, she worked the room with boyfriend **Jared Leto**, entertaining guests like fashion photogs **Peter Beard** and **Bruce Weber**. But a celebrity partner is no guarantee of a restaurant's success—just ask **Arnold Schwarzenegger**.

RERUN ELVIS RERUN

Did **Elvis Mitchell**, a member of the New York *Times*' new triumvirate of movie critics, plagiarize himself in an article for the *Fashions of the Times* magazine? Editor **Amy Spindler** assigned him a story for the February 20 edition of the magazine on the movie *Run Lola Run*, and, according to sources, it came in reading remarkably like a review he'd written back on July 2 during his old gig at the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. "There were four references that were the same," said a source at the paper—and the story was only 350 words long. So Spindler sent it back to the writer, asking for something origi-

nal. The episode seemed to confirm Mitchell's reputation: People in the business claimed he was a talented flake, not turning in copy and manically taking jobs he'd never be able to complete. But Spindler gives Mitchell a thumbs-up: "Elvis turned in a terrific piece and went through the normal editing process that any writer or critic in the New York *Times* goes through," she says, adding that it came in on time too. Mitchell admits that "we sort of changed a few things so people wouldn't think I was plagiarizing myself." He adds, "I am capable of more than two thoughts on a movie."

DONALD'S NOT-SO-DIPLOMATIC ROMP

Donald Trump does well with foreign women, but his rating with foreign dignitaries may not be as high. After the Red Cross Ball in Palm Beach, the presidential wannabe generously offered a group of diplomats—including ambassadors from Greece, Israel, and Brazil—a ride back to Washington, D.C., on his private 727. The trip took its first odd turn when Trump showed up late at the airport and then disappeared right after boarding into his private cabin—which boasts a double bed—with a leggy young companion. "The ambassadors found it crass," says a Washington source. The affable mogul insists the girl was one of the diplomats' daughters. "I'm not sure which

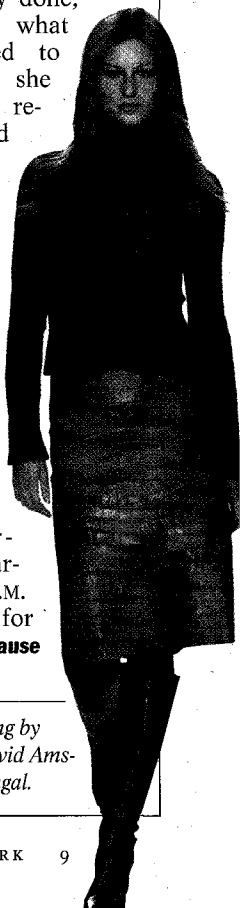
country she was from, but she was very pretty, and she asked me to show her around the plane," he maintains. Trump eventually emerged—to say weather conditions were too hairy for landing in D.C. and that the plane would be flying straight to New York. At La Guardia, Trump packed the diplomats and their wives into a D.C.-bound bus, which took them on a snowy seven-hour drive—complete with a cultural pit stop at a Delaware Roy Rogers for coffee. "When the pilot told me we couldn't stop in Washington, I thought, *What a shame*," Trump says, sarcastically. "I was going straight to New York. But I guess the only one who was happy was me."

MODEL GISELE WEARS NEW ATTITUDE

Model **Gisele Bündchen** showed she has what it takes to be a true diva during Fashion Week—and it had nothing to do with her moves on the runway. Seventh Avenue insiders report that since becoming the model of the moment, Gisele's been showing off her temper as much as her tanned midriff. "Gisele has a lot of power now, and it's going to her head," says a source. First, at the DKNY show, she was in a

snit backstage when her new car and driver were missing. Then instead of walking the runway, the curvaceous Brazilian walked out of the Helmut Lang show, hair and makeup already done, unhappy with what she was asked to wear. "Maybe she represents the return of the old supermodel," says one fashion source, referring to the days when **Linda Evangelista** and **Naomi Campbell** made being high-maintenance chic. But Gisele is still sweet to her old friends: The \$20,000-per-show model arrived at 7:30 A.M. and strutted for Brazilian pal **Faustino Henkel**—gratis.

Additional reporting by
Carl Swanson, David Amsden,
and Suny Sehgal.





Stars like raindrops sprinkle
bright from heaven. Familiar
vistas appear brand new to me
I follow my heart like eight
follows seven. He stood so tall
on a single bent knee.


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GOTHAM

Member of the Tribe



Suddenly, some of Louis Farrakhan's best friends are Jewish.

LOUIS FARRAKHAN SA-
voring a quivering
mass of gefilte fish?
Louis Farrakhan don-
ning a *kippa* and bak-
ing a challah? Louis Farrakhan
tittering at a Woody Allen pic-
ture—one of the early, funny
ones? Not very likely. But
something just as jaw-dropping
happened a few months ago: A
group of ultra-Orthodox rabbis
had an amiable three-and-a-
half-hour meeting with the Na-
tion of Islam minister in Chica-
go. And in tapes of this unusu-
al get-together that have just
been furnished exclusively to
New York, the imperious Far-
rakhan can be heard doing
something he's rarely done be-
fore: He apologizes.

"I will tell you this," Far-
rakhan said to the seven black-
hatted, bearded rabbis. "I did
make a mistake. You know, it's
a terrible thing to say 'Jews' and
not make clear who you are re-
ferring to. I have to make clear
in my language that there are
Jews that I know I can respect,
honor, and love. And those are
not the Jews that have said that
I have a romance with Hitler."

Hmmm. "It was more than

we anticipated, the rapport that
we established," gushes Rabbi
Chaim Tzvi Freimann, a mem-
ber of the tiny Jerusalem-and-
New York-based Ha-
sidic group known as the
Neturei Karta. Admittedly, the new
friendship was in part
based on their shared extreme
ideology. These were not just
any Jews, after all. The Neturei
Karta strictly follows the anti-
Zionist tradition of awaiting the

CULTURE CLASH

Messiah before building a Jew-
ish homeland, and its members
have embraced Arab and Pales-
tinian leaders, building alliances
against Israel. That
was just fine with Far-
rakhan, who told the
rabbis that he's an
anti-Zionist from way
back. It was Zionism, not Ju-
daism, he said, that was the
"gutter religion" he once fa-
mously referred to.

The mainstream Jewish world

railed against the summit: The
Forward ran a reaction from
the Anti-Defamation League
pointing out that the rabbis
were being used by Farrakhan
to beat the anti-Semitic rap
while still sticking it to Israel
and mainstream Zionists. But
members of the Neturei Karta
are still kvelling about pulling
off what they say a generation
of ADL efforts have
failed to do—they per-
suaded an enemy of the



THEATER Americans Stage British Invasion

The cry on Broadway used to be that the Brits
were not only coming but conquering; now,
with the arrival in the West End of Margaret

Edson's Pulitzer winner *Wit*, Warren Leight's
Tony winner *Side Man*, Neil LaBute's
Bash, and a revival of David Mamet's
American Buffalo, the balance of trade
appears to be shifting dramatically.

Conventional wisdom—not to mention
union vigilance—dictates that a suc-
cessful New York-to-London transfer
replace the original cast with recogniz-
able British stars; in recent months, howev-
er, several American producers have thrown caution
to the wind, sticking with often unknown Americans
in what are, after all, American roles. Daryl Roth, a

producer of *Wit*, remarks that while an actress such
as, say, Maggie Smith "would make a splendid Pro-
fessor Bearing," the play has been "brilliantly served"

by Kathleen Chalfant. "The rhythms of a play
like *Side Man* are so uniquely American,"
says Roy Gabay, one of that show's pro-
ducers. "Why wouldn't you want to see
Americans in it?" And so *Side Man*'s
British production will star 90210 thes-
pian Jason Priestley (pictured). How do
the Brits feel about the invading Yanks?



"It's about time the Americans started com-
ing through," says Irish playwright Martin Mc-
Donagh (*The Beauty Queen of Leenane*). "Just as
long as we keep the French out. That's the main
thing for me."

NILE LANNING

PRESS BOX

Barbed Wire

WHEN CONDÉ NAST PARENT COMPANY Advance Publications bought Fairchild Publications last October, it created a plus-size behemoth that seemed to threaten the hard-fought freedom of the fashion press. Who would stand up to the purveyors of pony skin, the vendors of Velcro closures? Is Fairchild trade paper *Women's Wear Daily* still up to the task? These days, all the real rebels are on the Internet. Last week, the Web-based Fashion Wire Daily ran a two-part series titled "Newhouse's New Toy" that suggested *WWD* was softening its coverage under its new ownership. (The *New York Post* picked up the story.) The piece ended with a quote from *Harper's Bazaar* editor Kate Betts, saying "If *Women's Wear* is no longer perceived as objective and a real source of useful information, then someone else will come along and become that." Like, say, FWD? Brundusa Niro, FWD's president and editor-in-chief, claims, "We don't see ourselves as competitors to *Women's Wear Daily*," which she notes is a "trade," whereas "we're more consumer." And by the way, "We think *Women's Wear Daily* is boring." FWD has just signed a deal to have its content distributed to other Websites by the Associated Press, thus becoming even more of a rival to *WWD*. Not surprisingly, Patrick McCarthy, who runs Fairchild, does see FWD as a direct competitor, "right down to the name." Niro explains that "the reason why we did it is because we don't like monopoly. It's not a joyful moment in fashion," she adds. "In my mind, the advertising can't help but affect" *WWD*'s journalism. It's a charge that McCarthy denies, but he was still stinging from FWD's claim that the good review *WWD* gave John Galliano was designed to appease parent company LVMH. "We dish it out over here, so we have to be able to take it," says McCarthy.

CARL SWANSON

Tribe continued from page 11

people to ever so slightly change his tune. Whether they're right or wrong about that, the tapes at the very least suggest that the rabbis provided Farrakhan a rare chance to come face to face with a group of Jews not unlike himself; the Neturei Karta and the Nation of Islam are both proud, insular religious sects that believe themselves to be chosen by God to usher in the Messiah. "We do not believe that Jesus

was the Messiah," Farrakhan acknowledged to the rabbis. "We believe that the Messiah is yet to come."

Farrakhan warmed up even more toward the end of the meeting, saying, "Let us say, then, from this point forward that we will work together for the common good. You tell us how you would like it to be said, and we'll abide by that." At a subsequent press conference, he added, "I'm hoping that relationships between the Nation of Islam and the Jew-

ish community—and blacks and Jews—may be made better. *Inshallah*. God willing."

Could this far-right rapprochement one day reach the center? The Neturei Karta is thinking big. "Down the line, the Zionist left—the *Tikkun*-reading set—could find common ground with Farrakhan over a two-state solution in the Mideast," suggests one rabbi connected to the sect. "There's even talk among the boys of moving on to Sharpton now."

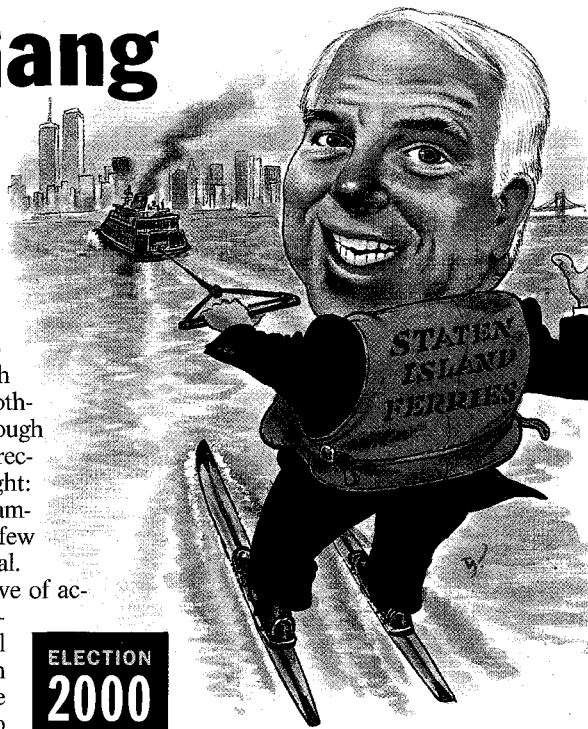
ROBERT KOLKER

McCain Gang

The senator catches a wave in Staten Island.

THE LOBBY AT 152 STUYVESANT Place doesn't look like a beachhead for John McCain's assault on the nation's political Establishment. There's no bunting, no placards—nothing, really, to distinguish the two-story office building from the other businesses near Staten Island Borough Hall—just an entry on the building directory: MCCAIN CAMPAIGN HQ. That's right: John McCain's entire New York state campaign is run from a two-room office a few steps from the St. George ferry terminal. The second-floor war room is a hive of activity—or as much of one as eight people working three semi-functional phone lines and a couple of PCs can be. "Things are going through the roof!" says operations director Mario Bruno, dressed in a flannel shirt and jeans. "Bell Atlantic is installing extra lines right now so we can make outgoing calls." Outside phone lines that work would be nice, considering that McCain has drawn within striking range of George W. Bush in the polls and his Website has been raking in \$30,000 an hour—none of which is being used to hire more seasoned help. Only one of the New York office's six full-time employees, Gerry O'Brien, is a professional political consultant. Political director Sean O'Sullivan is a student at Brooklyn Law. And Bruno is on leave from an engineering firm. The crew does have connections, though, to McCain's state-campaign chairman, Borough President Guy Molinari. "Molinari wasn't too happy with Pataki's people," says Bob Helenius, who, like his colleagues, has worked on races for Molinari protégés. "So he reached lower and got us."

Down the hall, workmen are feverishly in-



stalling phone banks in a vacant office. "The veterans are going crazy for McCain," says Bruno. "We gotta give them something to do." The local branch of the Harley-riding 'Nam Knights of America has already been going door-to-door on behalf of the senator. But its members won't be giving him an escort anytime soon: The Straight Talk Express has yet to schedule a pit stop on Staten Island.

McCain's operation is undeniably tiny—he only got on the ballot two weeks ago, for crying out loud!—but at least he's trying. Bush, who thought he'd be running unopposed on March 7, didn't even bother with a New York State office. "Believe it or not," says state GOP spokesman Dan Allen, trying to put a positive spin on the front-runner's lack of real estate, "Bush's campaign has been very grassroots-oriented." If W decides he needs a state HQ, there's still some cheap office space on Stuyvesant Place.

ETHAN SMITH



FASHION

Exit Strategy

What does a designer do when she loses the funding for her collection? Hijack Ralph Lauren's audience after his show.

SHOWING YOUR OWN COLLECTION ON THE street outside Ralph Lauren's show, as Lola Faturoti did last Wednesday, would be a great stunt for any struggling designer determined to get her share of Fashion Week attention. But for Faturoti (pictured), dressed appropriately for her guerrilla action in camouflage and a black hooded sweatshirt, it was also an act of desperation.

Just last April, the 34-year-old Nigerian designer's dreams were coming true. After a small show that earned raves in the press, one of her dresses landed in a Barneys window and then in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. *Vogue* soothsayer André Leon Talley visited Faturoti's grimy West 29th Street studio and introduced her to advertising guru Peter Arnell. The Arnell Group gave Faturoti \$10,000 for her next show in September and also arranged the location—Nobu—and the invitations. Swarovski Crystal co-sponsored the show, giving Faturoti \$25,000 as well as \$10,000 worth of material.

When Faturoti went to Arnell's office to look at the invitation, she recalls, "I asked why Peter Arnell's name wasn't on it. The art designer said, 'Mr. Arnell doesn't lend his name to all of the small projects he sponsors.'" But after the invitations went out, Faturoti says, "André phoned to say I was in trouble. I felt awful. But the only mistake I made was not calling Peter Arnell to say, 'Are you sure you don't want your name on this?'" Faturoti thought the faux pas wasn't fatal—until she came out after her show to take her bows. "I saw that André and Peter weren't there," she says, "and I burst into tears." Though Faturoti is certain their ab-

sence was due to the invitation oversight, Arnell laughs at the notion, explaining, "I don't generally go to fashion shows. I was probably very busy that day." As for Talley, Arnell jests, "I imagine André was just sleeping late." (Talley couldn't be reached for comment, but his assistant insists that "André loves Lola.") The invitation gaffe, Arnell says, "was a miscommunication between her and the art director." He adds, "I'm very happy André and I were able to kick off things for her. She deserves it."

Sure that Arnell was angry, Faturoti counted on Swarovski to fund her next show. "But then there was all this hoopla with Alexander McQueen and Randolph Duke," she sighs. Swarovski co-sponsored or gave materials to all three designers last fall, but Faturoti was the only one who credited the company. Swarovski decided to put its sponsorship program on hold. "We love Lola," says communications manager Nadja Swarovski, "but we certainly didn't commit to her for a second show."

Faturoti heard the news in early January. With three weeks and no money to prepare for her next collection, she decided to take to the streets. "I thought, everyone is coming to Ralph Lauren's show. The least he could do—without knowing he's doing it—is let me be a parasite on his back." She raised \$4,000, bought material instead of paying rent, and created the thirteen "Medieval princess" dresses her models wore on West Broadway. And she was right about Ralph Lauren. According to his press representative, "Mr. Lauren was not aware of Ms. Faturoti's show and so is unable to comment on it." He'd done enough for her already. LIZ WELCH

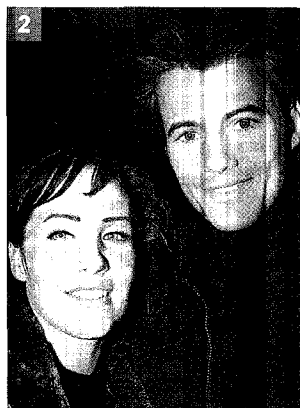
BRAND X

Child Play

BRAND: Hewlett-Packard AGENCY: Goodby, Silverstein & Partners CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Steve Simpson

TECH BEHEMOTH HEWLETT-PACKARD has been getting in touch with its inner child. At least, that's the message of one of the ads in the company's new identity campaign, which seduces with a picture of a cute kid, a headline—ALL KIDS ARE INVENTORS—and a slyly poetic bit of prose: "It's because they're not afraid to get their hands filthy. To eat the paste . . . And to start with the impossible, which is where grown-ups usually stop. Just a few of the things we're keeping in mind as we invent the new HP. Want to come along?" Well, golly, *sure*. Too bad HP is still basically a plain old earthbound, hardware-centric (if newly Web-savvy) tech company, not a dot-com. But there's no law against trying to *sound* like a dot-com by spewing touchy-feely *Fast Company*-speak, as if HP had enrolled itself in a Tom Peters seminar and suddenly seen the light. In the new new economy, it turns out that making lots of noise about giving yourself a personality transplant is one way to crank up your market value: Big brokerage houses have been issuing breathless "buy" recommendations—and HP's stock has nearly doubled from its fall 1999 low. Who knew that Wall Street warriors would be such suckers for sharing and caring? SIMON DUMENCO





1. Oprah Winfrey and Geraldine Laybourne at the Oxygen Cable Network launch party at Chelsea Market. 2. Camilla Olsson and Alex Lundquist at the premiere of designer Yoss and Peter Lindbergh's *Inner Voices*, a Lighthouse production, at the Screening Room. 3. Lorry Newhouse and Amy Fine Collins at the City Opera Thrift Shop benefit. 4. Tim Burton, Lisa Marie, and Jurgen Teller toasting Marc Jacobs at Canteen. 5. Fisher Stevens, Rob Morrow, and Griffin Dunne at Sandy Dalal's fashion-show after-party at Joy. 6. Ahmet Ertegun, Linda Eder, and Peter Jennings at the Russian Tea Room celebrating Eder's Carnegie Hall debut. 7. Virginie Ledoyen at the premiere of *The Beach* at the DGA Theater, sponsored by *Glamour*. 8. N'Dea Davenport at the Brasserie for a party for Miadora's new jewelry designs. 9. Anna Nicole Smith, Mia Tyler, and Kathy Najimy at the Lane Bryant lingerie show at Industria Superstudio.

THE SCENE

Running on Empty

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

AFTER DAYS OF SHUTTLING BETWEEN RUNWAYS AND PARTIES, living on champagne and Marlboro Lights, the fashion flock was famished by the time it descended upon Marc Jacobs's SoHo store on February 7 before his party at Canteen. But here the hungry hordes found only more bubbly. That was enough to satiate Ingrid Sischy and David Herskovits, who clinked glasses as a nattily dressed gatecrasher leaned into a circle of shaggy-haired boys and whispered, "The hors d'oeuvre are being served at Canteen." The underfed throng scurried across Mercer Street to the subterranean space, where the crowd at the bar was already three deep. "Get the guy with the crab cakes!" shouted a stylist as the waiter whizzed by with a tray that was empty save one lonely sprig of parsley. Photographer Terry Richardson, his face obscured by enormous aviator glasses and impossibly long muttonchops, had swiped the last fried ball. He chewed greedily as Stephen Dorff passed up the appetizers but parked himself in the central banquette for prime views of the dance floor and models like Maggie Rizer, Karen Elson, and Frankie Rayder. "I can't eat the bacon on it," sighed a hungry CNN fashion correspondent, shooing away the waiter's mini-pizzas. "I can, I'm on the Zone diet," her friend announced, grabbing at the tray. "But this week, it's been strictly lemon bars and champagne." MAURA EGAN

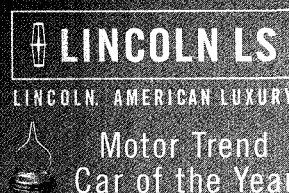


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my, my, what have we here?



GOTHAMSTYLE

Key Element

As the year of the accessory turned pony-skin purses, pashmina shawls, and prayer-bead bracelets into couture cash crops, celebrity stylist Phillip Bloch went searching for his own prize in the trimming trade. "I was driving in my car thinking, *How can I make a million dollars?*" jokes Bloch, who realized he'd hit on something when, after cutting a few long, skinny fabric key chains for himself, Hollywood pals like Salma Hayek, Lauren Holly, and Jada Pinkett were practically swiping them out of his pocket. The collection (\$28-\$45, available at Barneys and Fragments) comes in an array of materials from snakeskin and suede to gold lamé, though some are available only to special friends: "I sent Cindy Crawford a terry-cloth one for the baby," says Bloch.

SARAH BERNARD

SHOP TALK

While Kate Betts has declared her intention to pepper the pages of the revamped *Harper's Bazaar* with hip, alternative fashion, *Vogue's* Anna Wintour isn't about to cede her reputation for discovering cutting-edge talent without a fight. While la Win-

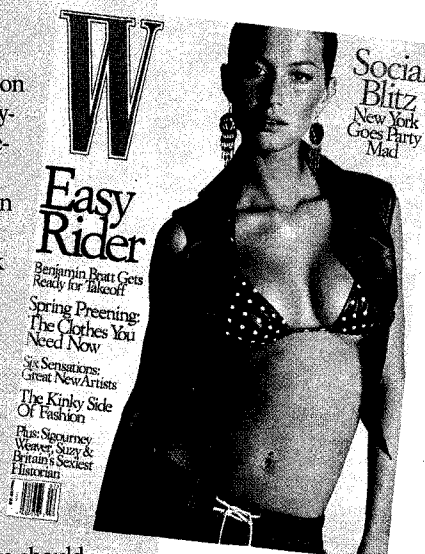


tour has said she aims to keep her book more upscale than the newly youthful *Bazaar*, she's savvy enough to make sure she isn't cast in the role of haute-style apologist. Heads turned when *Vogue* senior fashion editor Camilla Nickerson, a longtime avant-garde proponent and regular Wintour envoy to downtown showrooms, recently popped into the NoLiTa workshop of the aggressively noncommercial collective Orfi (an acronym for "organization for returning fashion interest") to check out its high-concept streetwear for an upcoming profile. And Wintour herself was sighted at a performance space on Suffolk Street last week, taking in the runway show of underground designer Miguel Adrover. Though Adrover's asymmetrical skirts and deconstructed tartans have yet to land a retail outlet, they've already been photographed for an upcoming *Vogue* story.

MAURA EGAN

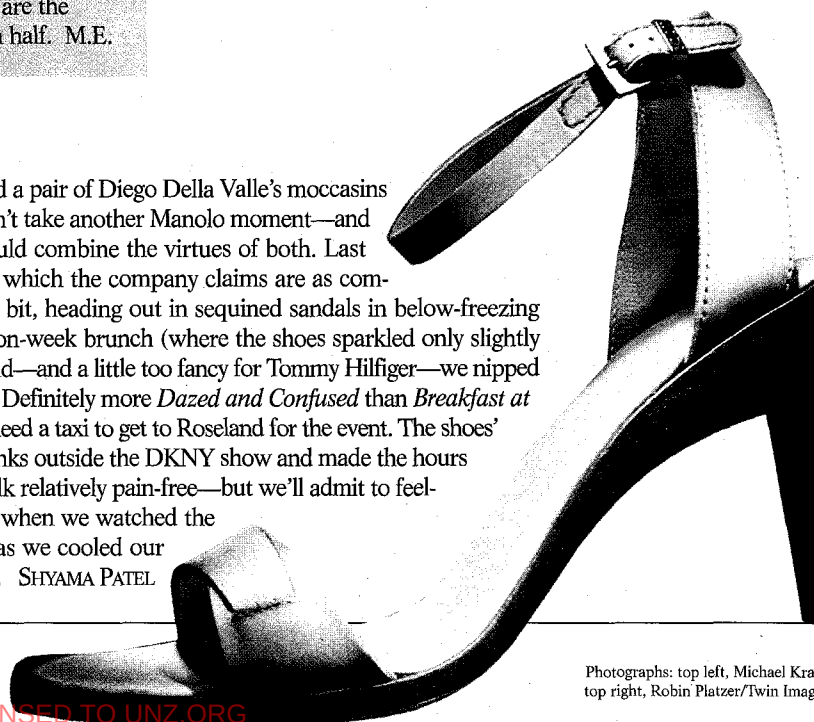
Top of the Lines

Michael Kors's "Palm Bitch" collection may be trumpeting the return of lady-like dressing for spring, but other designers' muses look more prepared for a day at the demolition derby than for a society pool party. Ralph Lauren recommends a biker-babe look this spring, proffering an itchy-bitsy leather string bikini in classic navy blue and white (\$399). (He insists it's water-resistant.) For glittery affairs, Dolce & Gabbana suggests Swarovski-crystal-beaded micro-tops—rainbow-colored triangles (\$950) that offer slightly more coverage than your standard pasties. At least they're not saying we should wear G-strings with them: Hot pants are the preferred complement for the bottom half. M.E.



High Hopes

It's the rare stylish sufferer who hasn't stashed a pair of Diego Della Valle's moccasins in her tote for the times when her feet just can't take another Manolo moment—and who hasn't fantasized about a shoe that would combine the virtues of both. Last week, we test-drove Tod's debut high heels, which the company claims are as comfortable as its legendary flats. We shivered a bit, heading out in sequined sandals in below-freezing temperatures to drop by Tiffany's for a fashion-week brunch (where the shoes sparkled only slightly less than the diamonds). Feeling a little too cold—and a little too fancy for Tommy Hilfiger—we nipped back home to put on some socks. The effect? Definitely more *Dazed and Confused* than *Breakfast at Tiffany's* but equally chic, and we didn't even need a taxi to get to Roseland for the event. The shoes' rubber treads were ideal for hopping snowbanks outside the DKNY show and made the hours spent hovering three inches above the sidewalk relatively pain-free—but we'll admit to feeling the tiniest bit lame at the end of the day, when we watched the Kitty Boots crowd bop around in sneakers as we cooled our heels in the front row and ordered a Tel-a-Car. SHYAMA PATEL





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Dems *Not* Fighting Words

Liberals in Hollywood and on the Upper West Side are so beguiled by John McCain's straight talk that they don't quibble over little details—like, for instance, that he's pro-life.

SUCCESSFUL PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS follow a two-part strategy. For Republicans, Richard Nixon described it as running to the right in the primaries and running back to the center in the general election. For Democrats, the idea is to go to the left in the primaries, then to the center. This is much trickier than it sounds, involving tense choices of which policies to embrace on the right or the left and, later, which policies to ride back to the middle. One of the gravest mistakes of presidential campaigning is to adopt a general-election strategy too soon, something front-runners find tempting. Al Gore did it just long enough for Bill Bradley to get traction last summer, then snapped out of it. George W. Bush did it until New Hampshire snapped him out of it. That high-powered campaigns can make such seemingly simple tactical errors is testimony to how complex presidential-campaign strategizing actually is. Which makes John McCain's campaign nothing less than a political miracle.

Without adjusting his positions one way or the other, McCain is running a successful primary campaign and general-election campaign at the same time. And he is beating everyone in sight: Bush, Gore, Bradley, the Reform Party, and, while he's at it, Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton, and the Republican Congress.

The day after McCain's New Hampshire landslide, he went from twenty points down in South Carolina to snatching the lead away from Bush. In pre-election polling, momentum is more important than position, and in primary polling, national numbers are useless. You can ignore the national polls that still show a Bush lead. The state-by-state polls show McCain cutting Bush's lead where he has to—New York and California—with plenty of time to close the gaps by the March 7 election in both states. That's why the Bush campaign had to shut down operations that first weekend after New Hampshire just to stop and think *What the hell do we*

do now? Answer: Bush's new campaign slogan, "The reformer who gets results."

The McCain campaign did not feel compelled to change a thing that first weekend after New Hampshire. The candidate went to California, where he charmed Jay Leno's audience and wowed the state's Republican convention. Meanwhile, back at headquarters in Alexandria, Virginia, you could not tell what time it was—everyone was working at 8 P.M. exactly as hard as at 8 A.M.

McCain is trouncing Bradley with independents and stealing press attention from him at the same time. McCain is, for the moment, almost as important to the Gore campaign as Gore is. But McCain is also Gore's worst nightmare in the general election. Not only is he ahead of Gore in national polls now, but he's promising to "beat Al Gore like a drum" on the Clinton-Gore fund-raising scandals.

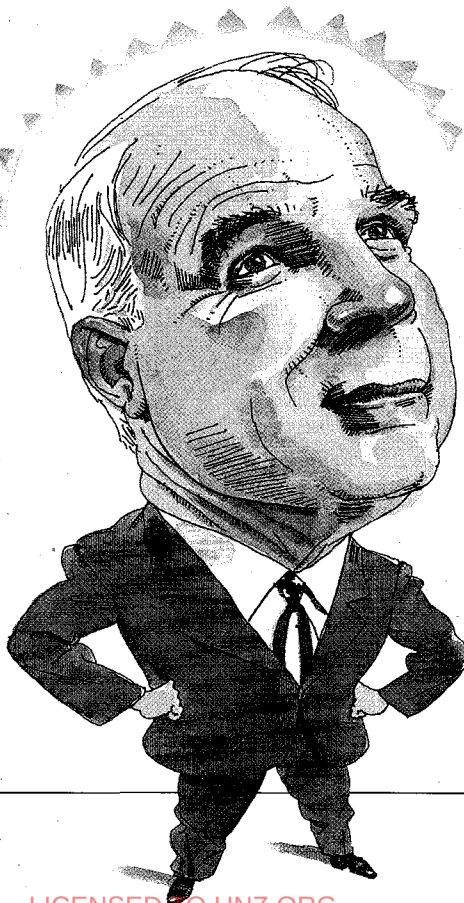
McCain is singularly masterly in dragging Bill Clinton into the campaign. In speeches, he begins paragraphs that

seem to be positive arguments for his legislative agenda—campaign-finance reform—and ends them by ripping into "the truth-twisting politics of Bill Clinton and Al Gore," a phrase that evokes everything from Gore's fund-raising in a Buddhist temple to Monica Lewinsky's delivering pizza to the Oval Office.

McCain is the only candidate left in the race who voted to remove Bill Clinton from office, a vote against the position held by a clear majority of Americans. Democrats believed then that Republicans voting for impeachment might help them win back the Senate. No one does now. And McCain has certainly paid no price for it. Republican-primary voters heartily approve of the impeachment vote, and independents who did not like it then don't care about it now. But that's nothing compared with what some Democrats are prepared to ignore as they gravitate toward McCain.

With general agreement on the budget, the need for some kind of tax cut, the death penalty, welfare, international trade, and foreign policy, no issue separates Republicans and Democrats more sharply than abortion. But some pro-choice Democrats find themselves attracted to McCain despite his unyielding pro-life stance. They seem to think that McCain, like presidents Reagan and Bush, would continue to talk tough on abortion but would not try to tamper with *Roe v. Wade*. They're betting on Supreme Court appointments more like Sandra Day O'Connor and David Souter than like Clarence Thomas and Antonin Scalia. When you start hearing Upper West Side liberals and Hollywood liberals talk about voting for McCain, pay attention: These are people who swore they would never vote for anyone who was pro-life or anyone who voted to impeach Clinton, and now they are ready to do just that. A Hollywood mogul who has never voted for a Republican for anything told me last week, "You gotta love McCain. He just says whatever he thinks."

That, of course, is not true: When McCain promises to cut all pork out of the federal budget, he knows that as president, he won't do that. He knows he will



trade pork deals for votes in the House and Senate and to win re-election votes for himself in important states.

The last presidential candidate who picked up a big head of steam in the polls simply by appearing to say whatever he thought was Reform Party founder Ross Perot. McCain's reform mantra and his "straight talk" image are what Reform Party voters crave. In the general election, McCain would make voting for the Reform candidate less attractive than ever. And with Pat Buchanan as the Reform nominee, McCain would continue to look ever more reasonable to independents and Democrats. A McCain nomination could make the Reform Party all but disappear this time around.

Already, candidate McCain is exerting far more legislative influence than he ever has as a congressman or senator. The Republican Congress is watching its big tax cuts evaporate, and all because of this colleague whom they have customarily regarded as ineffectual. Senator McCain has gained fame as a champion of lost causes—campaign-finance reform, tobacco-tax increases—which is not the route to respect in the Senate. Even in his power position as chairman of the Commerce Committee, McCain has shown more weakness than strength. As McCain persuades Republican-primary voters to reject the big tax-cutter, Bush, in favor of the little tax-cutter, himself, he will do more to shape this year's tax-cut legislation than anything he does on the Senate floor will.

The Republican Congress, with a majority supporting Bush, is more vexed by McCain's success than angered by it. They are political professionals, after all: If McCain continues to gain altitude, Bush's supporters in Congress will begin to think how useful all that Bush money would be for a Bush vice-presidential campaign and how McCain's coattails could help them keep control of the House and maybe pick up a Senate seat in, say, New York. Hillary Clinton has almost as much at stake in the New York primary as the presidential candidates. A McCain victory would mean that New York voters are not averse to being reminded continually of the sins of Bill Clinton. Refreshing the voters' disgust with the president's indiscretions cannot help the First Lady's campaign.

Bush has only three weeks left to find the formula to stop McCain. If Bush fails, then it will be up to the Democratic nominee, probably Gore, who will have little choice but to turn the general election into a plebiscite on abortion rights. Then we will find out who *really* loves John McCain.

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Track Record

Obsessed with "unlocking value," blue-chip companies are spinning off their digital divisions as separate stocks. But if the bull stumbles, will there be blood on the tracks?

YOU'D BE FEELING PRETTY FLUSH right now if you had bought into one of last year's larger public offerings, a hot cell-phone company that first traded on February 5, 1999, at a little over \$28. Within a year, the firm's shares split two-for-one and were trading north of \$50—a nearly 300 percent gain—despite almost \$2 billion worth of red ink and similar losses expected in 2000. New stock, incredible valuation, and large losses—it's a classic New Economy success story.

Only this particular New Economy offering has an Old Economy lineage: The stock is PCS, the wireless subsidiary of Sprint, a 100-year-old company with a more reasonable valuation and profits as substantial as PCS's losses. Though its roots are in the staid dime-a-minute world of long distance, Sprint's decision to issue stock in its wireless business reflects the latest trend in digital-age corporate finance. By issuing a "tracking stock"—a seldom-seen but suddenly popular financial instrument that enables corporations to cosmetically distinguish one of their growth divisions in order to let the market trade it separately—Sprint raised more than \$600 million and generated a sizable bonus for Sprint shareholders, who were distributed shares of PCS.

Until last year, corporate America squeezed out only one or two tracking deals a year. Then, in 1999, there were eleven. And the pace is picking up. Next month, AT&T shareholders will vote on creating a tracking stock for their wireless business; if approved (and given PCS's performance, it's a near lock), AT&T Wireless will debut in April with an \$8 billion-to-\$10 billion IPO, the largest ever. Bell South may follow in its footsteps. Lucent (of which I own a few shares), itself a full-blown AT&T spin-off, is said to be considering trackers for

its optical-networking or micro-electronics unit. "We'll see them in drugs, finance, certain areas of tech, media, and communications," predicts Barbara Byrne, a managing director at Lehman Brothers with expertise in restructuring.

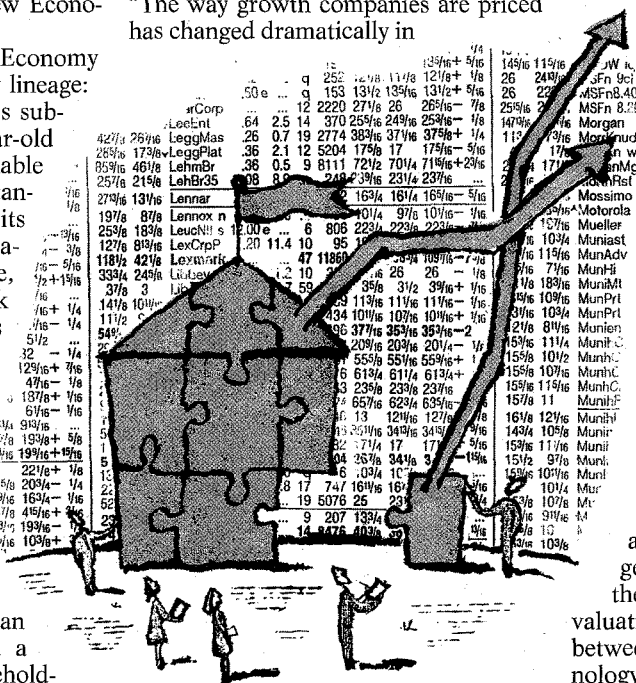
Now that the AOL-Time Warner mating ritual has dispelled even the stodgiest money managers' doubts about the Net, sectors like e-commerce and wireless communications are getting a disproportionately large share of the Street's attention—and investment. "The way growth companies are priced has changed dramatically in

sitions the Sulzbergers couldn't otherwise stomach. Just as crucially, Times Digital stock options—unchained from the Gray Lady's fusty print business and modest valuation—will help persuade top talent that nytimes.com has a twenty-first-century upside.

IN SIMPLE TERMS, A TRACKING STOCK IS A separate class of common share that gives investors a way to link their returns directly to the performance of one or more business units within a large company. Its profits and losses are reported separately from the rest of the company's, but it's not a separate corporation—the same board of directors controls both the core company and its tracked offspring. So in some ways, a tracking stock is merely an exercise in Wall Street semantics: It doesn't represent ownership of a separate company because there is no separate company to own.

The exact legal structure of tracking stocks can sound ambiguous—the practical differences between trackers and spin-offs show up only in extreme situations like bankruptcies and takeovers when tangible assets change hands and the IRS gets involved. But the reason for their current popularity is obvious: valuation, valuation, valuation. The gap between how the market values a technology start-up and how it treats a similar division in a large company has reached unprecedented magnitude, so in order to keep up, CEOs need to "unlock the value" within their empires. Issuing a tracking stock takes a successful division out of a big company's shadow, giving conglomerates a way to mint pounds of shiny New Economy currency without giving up an ounce of control.

But like an employed adult child who still lives at home, a tracked business enjoys an independence that's somewhat illusory. Sure, "he" may be in the early stage of a promising career, and he probably enjoys more lifestyle advantages (a



better credit rating, shared costs) than if he were pushed out of the nest. But when it comes to the major decisions—allocating profits, accepting a merger offer—it's still Dad's house and Dad's rules. Indeed, owning 51 percent of a business's tracking stock gives you no more control than owning none.

For that reason, "we look at them as a bastardized spin-off," says Joe Cornell, a principal of Spin-off Advisors, a Chicago research boutique that specializes in the area. "CEOs get access to cheap capital without having to give up any control, and bankers get a big fee. Investors—I don't see what they get." Except inferior shareholder rights: Tracked businesses often don't get a meaningful vote in corporate issues that directly affect them, so they tend to lose out in the event of a conflict with their parent companies. "These are no different from conflicts in a conglomerate," according to New York Law School securities-law professor Jeffrey Haas. "But here they play out in the realm of shareholders," who can be hurt by a decision they can't affect. (For her part, Byrne notes that some nontracked companies also issue nonvoting shares.)

One extreme example is Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. When the company put out a tracking stock for its online DLJDirect, the prospectus reserved for DLJ the right to open a competing e-brokerage. That's an important advantage for DLJ, but it would mean competition for DLJDirect—and bad news for its shareholders, who have little choice but to sell if the stock stumbles. "A tracking stock," says the professor, "is the ultimate 'trust us' strategy."

Even during the past year, trackers' results have been mixed. PCS has tripled in value, but Disney's Go.com is down more than 20 percent and Ziff-Davis's ZDNet is off almost 10 percent. One reason is that corporate boards naturally tend to float tracking stocks for properties in high-flying, high-risk sectors—often late in the cycle of the trend.

The curious investor might also wonder how all this value got "locked up" in the first place. Are we really that sensitive to packaging? AT&T certainly thinks so: It's betting that today's growth-stock investors are less interested in good ol' reliable Ma Bell than they are in start-up-style companies with little profit but big upsides. The multi-billion-dollar cash infusion generated by the IPO will jolt the wireless business into even faster growth. And the classic AT&T investors—you know, those oddballs who look for steady profits in a proven business—will be happy to see the wireless business stop bleeding red ink all over their blue-chip profit-and-loss state-

ment. Think of it as financial gerrymandering that separates AT&T to each division's advantage—only both sides of the city answer to the same mayor.

IN POINT OF FACT, IT MAY NOT MATTER TO today's average investor whether tracking shares represent anything other than the idea of a separate company, the actual ownership be damned. Once upon a time, people bought stocks because they paid dividends—cash on the barrel due to you because you owned part of a corporation's assets and profits. But the tech sector's ascendance has made dividends the exception instead of the rule. At most start-ups, it's understood that profits are meant to be reinvested rather than paid out, so while you may legally be entitled to a piece of your stock's earnings, you'll

"We look at them as a bastardized spin-off.

CEOs get access to cheap capital without having to give up any control, and bankers get a big fee.

Investors—I don't see what they get."

never actually see it in your hand. The sole point of owning stock is that the share price will rise; the ownership of assets has effectively become a nonissue.

The rise of tracking stocks merely marks the latest step in the gradual uncoupling of assets from investment vehicles—and a sign of the times for a turn-of-the-millennium market obsessed with growth at all costs. (To get pomo, trackers represent the victory of the signifier, growth, over the signified—your ownership of the company that's growing.)

In any case, few technology stocks trade according to a multiple of earnings anyway, for the simple reason that they don't have any earnings to multiply. What does it mean to have a claim on profits that may never actually exist? In today's market, it means not worrying about what you actually own a part of. The only thing that matters is that the next investor pays more for your shares than you paid the investor before you. And if you own a stock in a hot sector, like PCS or, come April, AT&T Wireless, you stand a decent chance that he will.

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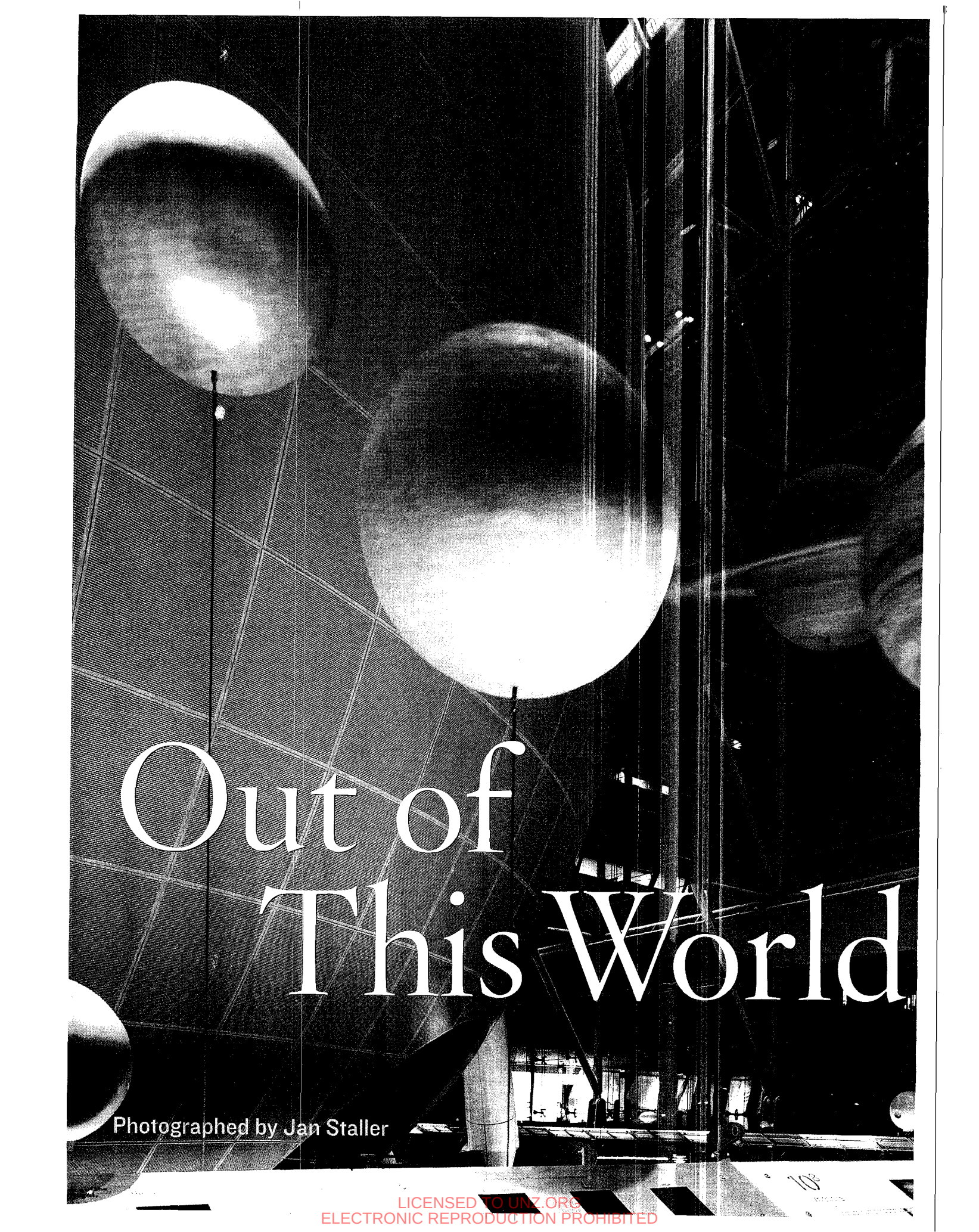
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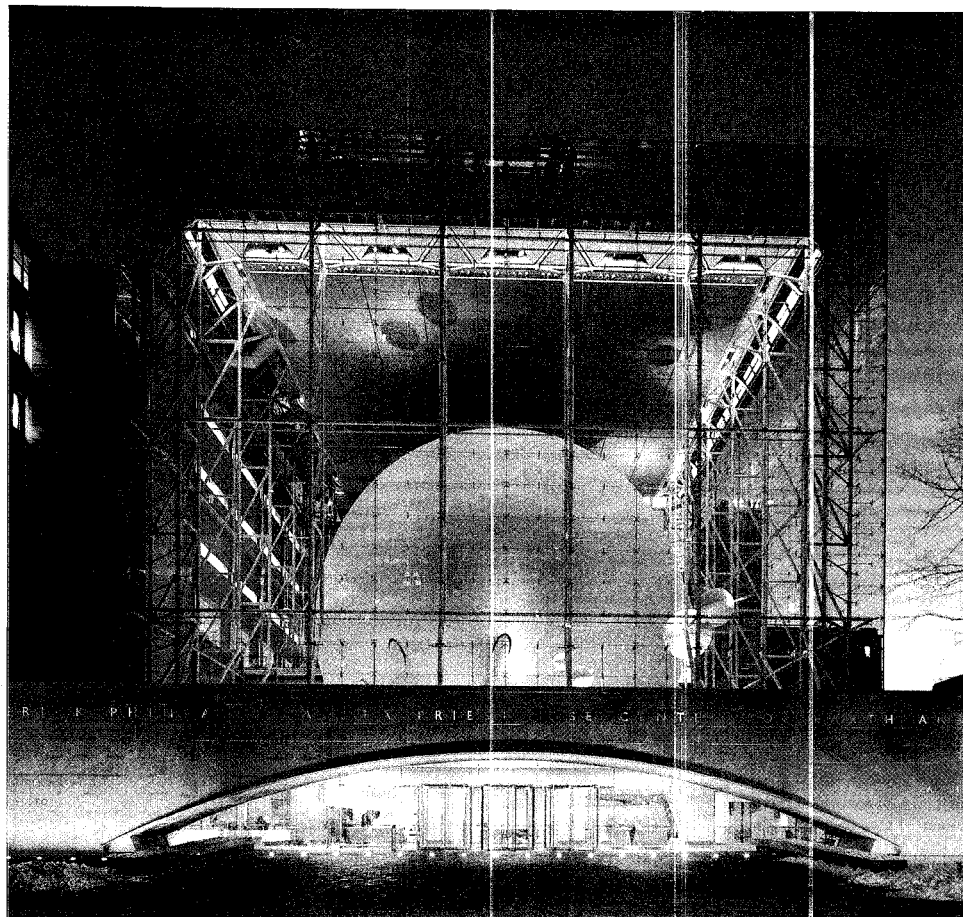
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Out of This World

Photographed by Jan Staller

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSE The aluminum-clad sphere housing the new Hayden Planetarium; right, the Rose Center for Earth and Space, which opens to the public February 19.



Fueled by a national obsession with all things scientific, the Museum of Natural History is about to launch the world's most advanced planetarium and the stunning new Rose Center for Earth and Space. All the attention is shaking the grande dame of Central Park West right down to its dinosaur bones. **By Natasha Singer**

THE SNOW IS FALLING FAST AND HEAVY ONE MORNING IN LATE JANUARY OUTSIDE '21,' where Ellen V. Futter heats up a power-breakfast club with a rousing sermon on "Making New York City the Capital of the Universe." This is not idle bombast: As president of the American Museum of Natural History, she has overseen construction of the \$210 million Frederick Phineas and Sandra Priest Rose Center for Earth and Space, whose main draw is the new Hayden Planetarium, home of the world's most technologically advanced sky show. • "We aim to take our visitors on a journey that reveals the grandeur of the larger universe all around us and, ultimately, humanity's place in it," Futter tells the group in a speech depth-charged with words like *pizzazz* and *edge*. "In a way, we are made to see how small we and our city are, but even so, just as visitors have long had to come to New York for the latest and greatest in financial markets and culture, making us the capital of the world, now they must come here to really see the stars and the larger cosmos beyond, making us, with acknowledged New York bravado, the capital . . ."—well, you know, of *the universe*. With the new planetarium, Futter has also installed herself in the city's cultural fir-

mament. She's propelled one of the city's best-loved institutions from the earth-centric, not to say musty, nineteenth century to the boundless, cyber-friendly twenty-first with the most ambitious expansion in its 131 years. "There is nothing that produces more, both financially and in terms of excitement, than a large-scale, cutting-edge, dazzlingly different, and utterly thrilling new facility like the Rose Center," she tells the crowd.

Futter's hyperbole is breathless—but one couldn't call it inaccurate. The four-story, aluminum-clad Hayden sphere within the seven-story glass cube houses the centerpiece of the planetarium, the Zeiss Mark IX star projector. Visitors looking up at the dome powered by a supercomputer embark on a 5-billion-light-year journey based on a catalogue of astronomical images provided by NASA. The museum touts it as the world's largest, most powerful virtual-reality simulator.

The monumental Rose Center is actually the brainchild of Fred Rose, the real-estate titan and philanthropist who not only contributed the lead gift of \$20 million but oversaw its design (by architect James Stewart Polshek) and construction with the same eye for detail he brought to his own properties. Rose died in September—just three months before the first glittery

receptions her staff gives visitors seeking a particular exhibit: "To get to the Star of India diamond, you might say, 'Go through Asia, past the redwood, down the stairs by the Haida canoe, through human biology, and hang a right at the meteorites,'" she says during a conversation in the third-floor turret office down past the Eastern woodlands, just off the primates. "It always reminds me of the line in *Peter Pan* describing how to get to Neverland: 'Second star to the right and straight on till morning.'"

To use a somewhat more earthbound analogy, one might think of the museum as an archaeological dig in which the history of the natural sciences is stratified. Teddy Roosevelt contributed animal trophies bagged during African safaris, while J. P. Morgan donated Tiffany gems. Margaret Mead returned from the South Seas to her headquarters here. The story of the great museum-funded anthropological and geological expeditions is written in its vast collections, only a small sliver of which is on view at any one time. The rest resides in storage units throughout 24 buildings on the twenty-acre complex. The collections comprise, among many other things, 18 million insects; 900,000 birds, including Harry Houdini's stuffed gray parrot; the world's most important



"My timing was fortuitous," Ellen Futter says of her tenure at the museum.

"I understood it was a powerful age of discovery."

receptions were held to announce the arrival of the city's hottest new highbrow watering hole since the Temple of Dendur.

All that sexy machinery is proving an irresistible lure. At '21, Fern Mallis, the executive director of the Council of Fashion Designers of America, said she'd already scored the Rose Center for a Fashion Week bash. "We're bringing in the kind of lifestyle, fashion, and design press from all over the world that does not usually go to the museum," Mallis related, joking that "I hope the enormity of the universe will keep fashion in perspective for everybody." Then she added, "I'm telling all the fashion people they'd better come to our party, because once the Rose Center opens, it will be so crowded you'll never get in. You can't say you know what's going on in this town anymore if you haven't been to the Natural History museum lately. It's buzz central."

And who cares if it'll cost you \$19 to see the stars?

THE STARS, OF COURSE, ARE ONLY A tiny part of the story. To illustrate how vastly complicated her museum is, Ellen Futter likes to recount the di-

set of petrified mammal bones; some 2 million anthropological artifacts, the majority of them from the Americas; twin dinosaur fossils named Sid and Nancy; the microbiology department's pair of cryogenic vats named Adam and Eve that will house frozen tissue samples; a recently acquired collection of 5,000 leeches; and such curios as a giant sunfish donated by novelist Zane Grey, and Jumbo the Elephant, bequeathed by P. T. Barnum.

But in truth, many of the exhibitions—beloved of generations of museumgoers—might as well be in storage for all the attention they receive today. It would be easy to establish a thematic link—say, with signage—between the dusty totem poles in the Hall of the Northwest Coast Indians, the dioramas in the Akeley Hall of African Mammals, and the popular Hall of Biodiversity. Instead, the hyped new exhibits are roamed by weekend "Explainers" and get special tours—while some of the older ones suffer from disuse.

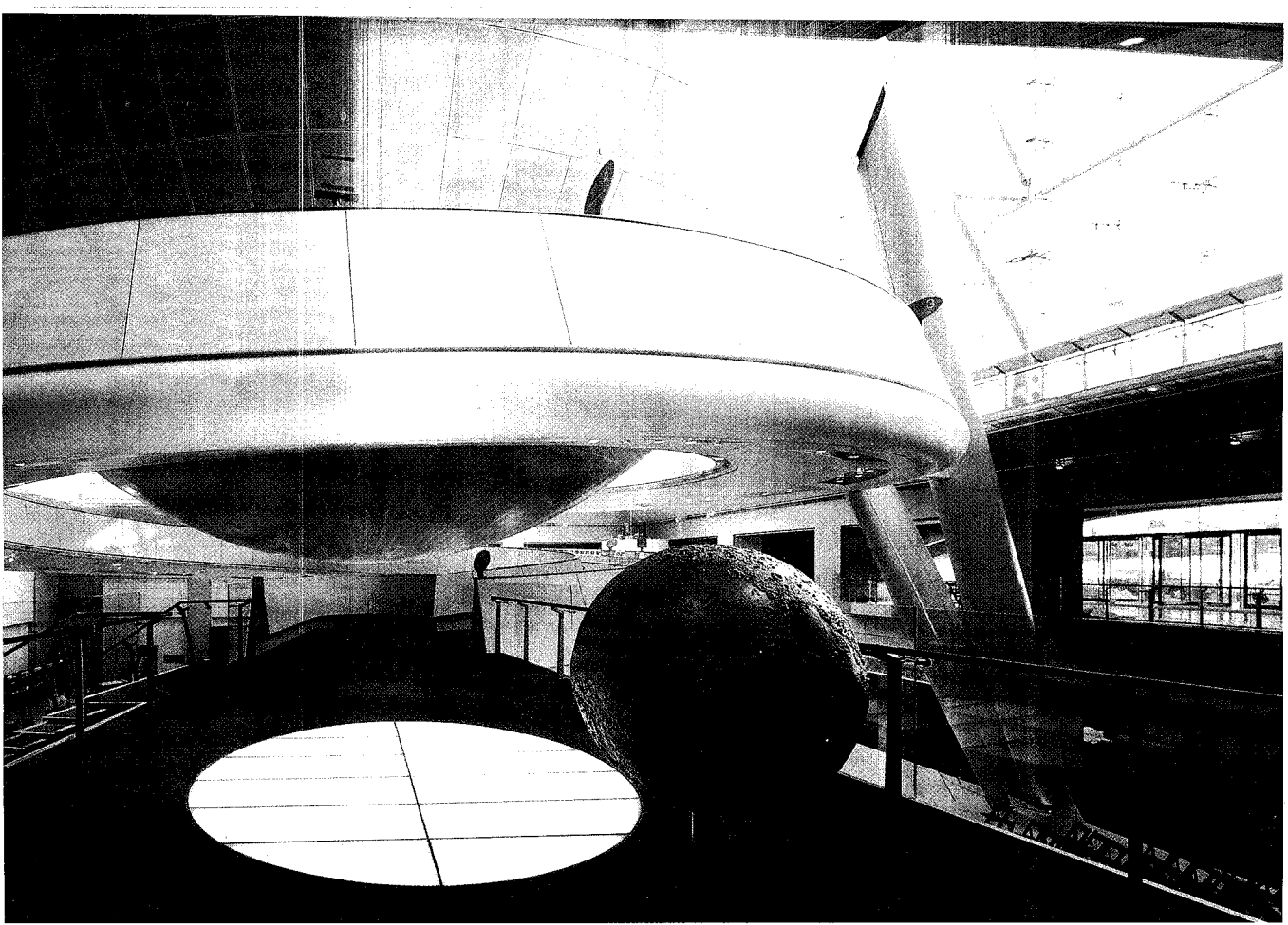
Meanwhile, amid these artifacts, science goes on. The Museum of Natural History is also a research institution, with enough tenured curators to staff a

medium-size college and laboratories where scientists pursue studies ranging from the evolutionary links between birds and dinosaurs to the microbiology of dragonfly DNA.

Futter hasn't focused on remaking and rationalizing the whole institution—it's too vast, too cacophonous for that, and besides, she's not a scientist. Rather, she's worked to bring the museum into the mainstream of the city's life. A skilled fund-raiser, she has made the place corporate-friendly and loaded the board of trustees with activist members, including Harry P. Kamen, former CEO of MetLife; Alan "Ace" Greenberg, chairman of Bear Stearns; and David H. Komansky, CEO of Merrill Lynch. Since she took over in 1993, attendance has increased, and the endowment has nearly doubled.

At the same time, she has revamped old halls, produced an ongoing stream of exhibits devoted to contemporary issues such as biodiversity, and generally offered a broader mix of programs, appealing to a wider audience, than any of her predecessors.

"This is the place where you have the



THE SPHERE CARRIER A spiral walkway includes exhibits describing 13 billion years of history—along with a bronze globe of planet Earth.

nexus between science and culture,” she says. “We’re looking with deep intensity from the smallest—genomes and DNA sequencing—to the largest issues in astronomy. My timing was fortuitous. I understood it was a powerful age of discovery.”

Indeed, the museum has swung back into vogue at a time when science, from space exploration to string theory, has never been more popular. “Twenty years ago, I don’t know that any newspaper had a science section,” says paleontologist and author Stephen Jay Gould. “Now they all do.”

“There’s a concern with the environment that raises interest in natural history that didn’t exist twenty years ago,” adds Gould, who did his dissertation research in the museum’s invertebrate-paleontology department and has written a column for the museum’s *Natural History* magazine since 1974, “and more interest in evolution, probably because of those idiots in Kansas, and more interest in genetics, because it’s so much in the news now.”

FUTTER HERSELF CAME LATE TO SCIENCE; her consuming passion has been as an administrator. At Barnard during the Vietnam War, when others were protesting, Futter joined the college’s board of trustees as a student representative. After graduating from Columbia Law

School, her father’s alma mater, she became a full member of Barnard’s board while practicing corporate law at Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy. In 1981, she assumed Barnard’s presidency, becoming at 32 the youngest person ever to run a major American college.

When Futter took the helm of the museum (earning, at \$400,000 per year, nearly double the salary of her predecessor, George D. Langdon), it was a staid place where fiscal conservatism and traditional displays held sway. Futter—whose other accomplishments include being the first woman to chair the board of the New York Federal Reserve Bank as well as memberships on the boards of Con Edison, Bristol-Myers Squibb, and J.P. Morgan—tapped her extensive contacts not just for funding but to boost the museum’s visibility.

One of her first acts at the museum was to commission a national science-literacy survey with simple questions—such as whether dinosaurs and humans ever co-existed—which, as it happened, many Americans couldn’t answer. The survey was a strategic masterstroke, sounding alarm bells that the American public is scientifically illiterate. The attention garnered by the poll positioned the museum as a leading player in science education. NASA reacted by giving the museum \$8 million to found a National Center for

Science Literacy, Education, and Technology—the largest grant of its kind ever made by the agency.

“I understood we had an opportunity to enhance science literacy,” Futter says, “to combine excellence in science and exhibitions with the capacity of education programs and new technology.”

Now the museum has embraced education with missionary zeal. It is the fastest-growing department, with an increase from 25 to 90 staff members, supplemented by a corps of teaching volunteers. Futter’s troops produce a children’s magazine supplement to *Time for Kids* distributed to 2 million students nationwide; a popular Internet site that has transmitted live Webcasts from expeditions in the Gobi Desert; earth-science and biodiversity curricula for students; and “Moveable Museum” Winnebagos that take artifact-filled paleontological and anthropological classrooms to city schools.

“Many of the major museums are vigorously pursuing similar kinds of things,” says Nina Jensen of Bank Street College. “But the American Museum of Natural History has taken a leadership role in the field.”



THOROUGHLY MODERN PRESIDENT Ellen Futter has made the Natural History museum the hottest gathering place since the Temple of Dendur.

FUTTER OBSESSES ABOUT ANYTHING RELATING to the museum's image, from the choice of butterfly prints for the latest scarves in the gift shop to the entangled eighteen-month process of developing a new logo—a stick figure in front of a broken circle. Under her, the museum's mantras have become *currency*, *content*, and *synergy*. The temporary exhibits she approves focus on trends that engage pop-culture devotees, such as last year's Shackleton-expedition show that appealed to the extreme-adventure *Outside* magazine demographic, and the current "Body Art," which comes in the wake of all manner of body-piercing mania. Futter made sure the Rose Center's exhibits were content-packed with interesting facts, and she has "synergized" the museum's science, exhibition, and education staffs, which were formerly as separate as church and state.

But to the extent that the museum has academic values, it also has academic politics. Former staff members (almost always off the record) gripe that Futter's focus on image and pop science—as well as her powerful connections—are narrowing the scope of the museum's scholarly

work while Disnefying the exhibitions. She has made the museum an often contradictory place where "currency" sometimes prevails at the expense of tradition, "content" sometimes translates to "lowest common denominator," "interactivity" can mean passively looking at a screen, and "synergy" reads to some as conflict of interest.

Take the 1999 exhibit "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Diseases," sponsored by drug behemoth Bristol-Myers Squibb. That Charles A. Heimbold Jr., Bristol-Myers's CEO, sits on the museum's board looked like natural fund-raising synergy. That Futter sits on Bristol-Myers's board had the appearance of conflict of interest. That, as *The Nation* first reported, Richard Colonno, a Bristol-Myers vice-president, served on a special advisory committee that helped "shape the content of the exhibition" suggested in-house censorship that blunted related issues such as pharmaceutical price-gouging. Moreover, the fixation in "Epidemic!" on voracious germs over complex environmental factors in the spread of disease looked like oversimplification for the masses.

"We did not say with infectious diseases that we were going to teach molecular biology," says Futter, explaining what one might call the spoonful-of-special-effects-makes-the-science-go-down philos-

ophy of exhibiting. "When you present science through compelling topics, you can be open and accessible."

In the name of currency and education, some of the museum's offerings seem less ambitious than they could be. The butterfly conservatory, in which tropical *Lepidoptera* flit around a walk-in vivarium, is sweet and pretty but has all the scientific depth of a petting zoo; the most interesting fact about the show—that by importing butterflies from farms in Central America the museum promotes rain-forest conservation—is posted on a sign outside the space.

"The great challenge is *not* to dumb it down," Futter agrees, while disputing the notion that the museum's displays sometimes appear scientifically diffuse. "We have objects that are real. This is about the power of reality and authenticity and creating wonder, which is the predicate for learning. In a world that has a preponderance of the *faux*, it's great to see the impact of the real."

The museum's next real dinosaur show will feature the first appearance in North America of the famed Mongolian "fighting dinosaurs"—skeletons of a protoceratops and a velociraptor that were dug up locked dramatically in a mortal embrace. It's also remarkable because next summer's show represents the museum's first big Spielberg-free, fact-based temporary dinosaur exhibit in a decade.

Sitting on a leather couch in his wood-paneled office surrounded by papers, journals, and guitar sheet music, a world-famous fossil hunter is describing the bonanza of dinosaur bones he and his field crew discovered in a section of the Mongolian badlands nicknamed "Death Row." The woolly-bearded Michael Novacek, senior vice-president and provost of science, is heir to the museum's legendary paleontology dynasty. It began with Barnum Brown, who found the first three *T. Rexes* ever (No. 3, found in 1908, resides on the museum's fourth floor today) and took off in the twenties with Roy Chapman Andrews's expeditions in the Gobi Desert that dug up many of the gargantuan specimens that now inhabit the revamped fossil halls.

"Not to sound arrogant or anything, but it's like we're showing Rembrandt and school of Rembrandt, *and* we once had the painters in-house," Novacek says. He hopes in next summer's exhibition to re-create a night scene from the Gobi of 80 million years ago, promising it will be "a serious scientific exhibit with lots of drama."

The museum's nineties dinosaur shows had lots of drama, too, but were less absolute about the scientific presentation. "The Dinosaurs of Jurassic Park," organized on Langdon's watch, raised eye-

Lost in the Stars

A Hayden habitué returns to the scene of the sublime. By Ken Kalfus

Neil Tyson began taking astronomy courses at the Hayden Planetarium when he was 11 years old, coming in from Riverdale on Saturday mornings. By my reckoning, we were there together in the late sixties and early seventies, attending classes for young people on subjects like celestial navigation and stars and galaxies. Tyson grew up to become the director of the Rose Center for Earth and Space, which opens this week, replacing the old planetarium. I veered off into the literary life, but recently joined him for a preview of the new facility.

To build the Rose, the museum had to dig on hallowed ground. From its opening in 1935, the Hayden Planetarium had been one of the most prominent astronomical institutions in the nation and a place of pilgrimage for generations of schoolchildren. Under its dome, we gazed at stars cast by the mysterious, multifaceted, bug-eyed Zeiss star projector while a lecturer's flashlight pointed out the constellations. The unseen guide introduced us to the starry sky normally obscured by city and suburban lights. He went on to demonstrate how our experience of day, night, and the changing seasons depends upon our residence on a spinning, sun-orbiting planet. For some, the performance was a revelation: It was here that my own lifelong passion for science was kindled, and it was here that Tyson had his first view of a truly star-filled sky.

Everything about the Rose at first seems as new as the twenty-first century, with sunlight streaming through startling vistas of open space. I found myself in the lower-level exhibition space beneath the 87-foot aluminum sphere that appears to float within the glass-walled cube. It impends eerily, like some rogue planetoid, but it also playfully evokes the curve of the old Hayden dome. Keen to the importance of branding its product, the museum has given the sphere the Hayden name, and there are several other echoes from the past. Again scales measure your weight on other planets, with a new one added to reveal your weight on a neutron star, a class of objects that hadn't been discovered when the first Hayden opened.

I met up with Tyson in his office, where we reminisced about having owned the same

model amateur telescope, a six-inch Criterion Dynascope with a white Bakelite tube. He is a large, gregarious man, a working astronomer whose main field of study is the structure of the Milky Way galaxy. He led me on a personal tour of the exhibition area, bouncing on his feet and grabbing me by the arm as he showed me how the sphere—surrounded by models of galaxies, planets, and atoms—will be used as a huge prop to demonstrate the almost ineffable breadth of the universe, a difficult concept freshly illustrated. A walkway that spirals down the outside of the sphere takes you through the 13 billion-year history of the universe.

The old planetarium succumbed to laser shows and *Star Trek* science. The Rose Center returns it to real scholarship at a time of

known as a boy. The Mark IX can project a moving image of any neighborhood in the universe as seen from any other—an effect nearly everyone at the museum claimed would allow viewers to “fly” through space. In the old Hayden, we were presented with the universe as seen from Earth; the biggest conceptual difference made by Tyson is to shift our perspective to the universe in its entirety. In this change he is backed by the history of science, which has worked for five centuries to relocate mankind and the earth from the center of the universe.

However, none of us will ever travel outside the solar system or faster than the speed of light, and by emphasizing fake (the Hayden's word is “virtual”) journeys to the stars, the new planetarium disconnects us from the uni-

verse we *can* experience. The night sky, eclipses, tides, phases of the moon, or the changing seasons—phenomena happening right in our faces—are barely mentioned. Tyson says he hopes that visitors will turn to the library to find out more about the celestial objects described at the Rose; his predecessors encouraged us to turn to our Dynascopes.

In its effort to entertain, the Rose sells short the excitement of the scientific enterprise. The facility wraps science in a conventional package—as a collection of updatable facts—rather than as an enduring means of using observation and reason to think about the world. There is little about how astronomy is *done*.

Starting this spring, twice-monthly evening lectures are to be followed by “star parties,” in which armchair astronomers will be invited to bring their telescopes to the new full-acre terrace and eating area located outside the glass cube. The institution also plans a continuously updated Website and a vigorous education campaign. If Neil Tyson and his colleagues can communicate their enthusiasm for their science, they may do more than inform us of the latest news from deep space. They may get us to step outside on a clear, moonless night and raise our eyes to the sky, just as the old Hayden sought to do.



real progress in the field, and Tyson declares that ours is “the golden age of astronomy.” Research is now being conducted, passionately, upstairs in the new offices beside the sphere, where astrophysics has been added to the museum's ten other research areas.

Tyson gets to play with toys bigger than Dynascopes now, including the custom-built Zeiss Mark IX projector housed in the Hayden's 429-seat theater. This is the home of the Rose's main *son et lumière* experience, and here I was able to assess more coolly the new Hayden's distance from the one I had

brows in 1993 because it was the museum's first major-movie tie-in, but despite its hop onto the Hollywood bandwagon, the exhibit openly debunked some myths; it pointed out, for example, that scientists were nowhere close to harvesting dinosaur DNA from amber. But the "Lost World" show of 1997 went Hollywood one step further, showcasing ten dinosaurs from the movie made up by a prop master. The "school of Rembrandt" debased its own authority by uncritically presenting the school of impostors, prompting the *Wall Street Journal* to run a critique under the headline PRETENDASAURUSES INVADE MUSEUM WORLD.

"Unfortunately, the emphasis on the tie-in to the film shortchanged the information in the exhibit," Novacek complains.

"That wasn't a show about science," a former museum scientist counters. "That was a show about a movie in a science museum."

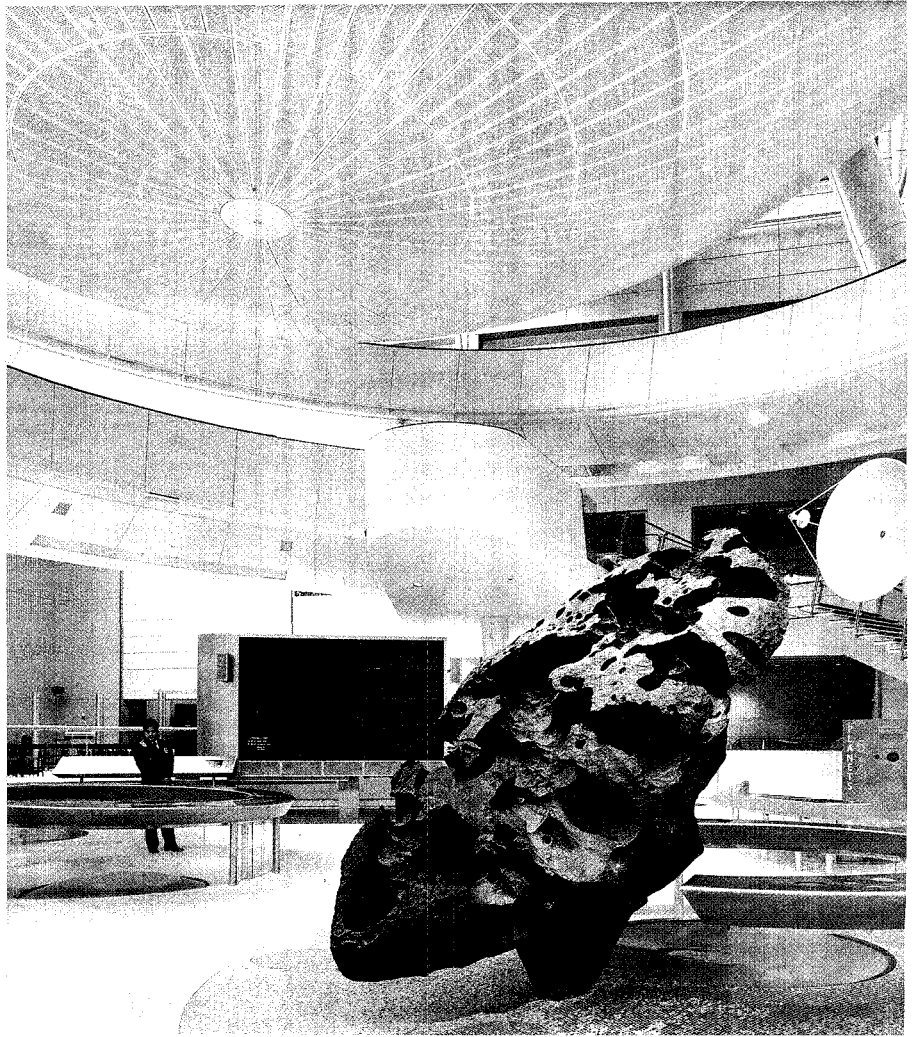
Even more controversial was the off-road vehicle from Mercedes-Benz, the "Lost World" sponsor, installed as a prop among the dinosaurs. The plug represented a radical departure for an institution that had prided itself on being advertiser-free. "We've had almost no questions on sponsorship," says Futter. "Those cars went on expedition in the Gobi. The curators were not troubled by that."

Actually, a few scientists who felt the museum had crossed a line *were* troubled: "Curators objected strongly to the fictional aspects of that show and the pandering to the advertiser," another former museum scientist recalls. "But they were railroaded into doing it."

In a museum that has made such a strenuous effort to insulate itself from political controversy, problematic sponsors have been handled with kid gloves. De Beers, the cartel founded by Cecil Rhodes, sponsored a dazzling show through the Diamond Information Center that included Grace Kelly's tiara and a brooch worn by Jackie Onassis, which, while on the one hand geologically in-depth, was on the other hand anthropologically reminiscent of *InStyle* magazine. Moreover, the program skirted collateral human-rights issues and environmental damage from mining.

"Money comes from biased sponsors with hot-potato issues, and when the exhibition goes up, big parts of the story get left out," a former museum scientist charges. "You'll never find evidence of censorship—except by inference, by information conspicuous by its absence."

Futter counters that "sponsors provide funding and do not interfere with the content of an exhibition. Diamond mining goes on. We reported on how diamonds get mined and produced. I don't think we left anything out."



WHILE FUTTER HAS HEAVILY INVESTED museum resources in high-profile shows and research, the infrastructure of the original landmarked buildings is under increasing pressure. The spillover from the additional Rose Center visitors, expected to increase the museum's box office by another 1 million tickets annually, will only exacerbate the problem. The addition of 333,500 square feet of real estate, which extends the museum's physical plant by 25 percent, is going to make Barbara Gunn's job harder, too.

The museum's senior vice-president for operations and government relations, Gunn, a petite Energizer Bunny in copper-rimmed glasses, oversees maintenance of the colossal labyrinth of aging, interlocking structures that covers the four blocks between West 77th and 81st Streets. Most of those buildings were erected before 1935, and although they are made of granite and brick, they have suffered from decades of benign neglect. A limited survey of the state of the museum's façades, commissioned in 1998 from an architectural-restoration firm by the city's Department of Design and Construction—as a major cultural institution, the museum has its maintenance costs

METEOR CIRCUS The Rose Center was built around the 15.5-ton Willamette meteorite; opposite, older areas don't always get star treatment.

covered by the city—resulted in a two-volume telephone-book-thick damage report chronicling the buildings' repair needs and proposing a ten-year plan for attending to them.

It's hard to keep up with Gunn as she gives a highlights tour of the premises, sprinting down infinite-seeming corridors on patent-leather lace-up boots, from the former library, a hidden two-story jewel with glass floors, to the dark vault of the Roosevelt rotunda where the backside of the plaster ceiling rosettes resembles a fragile waffled honeycomb.

The final stop is the dinosaurs in the Bickmore Wing, the redbrick Victorian Gothic building that was the museum's original permanent home when it opened in 1877 on a lonely plot of land seven years before the rise of its nearest neighbor, the Dakota. Credit for the remodeled interior, with its spectacular exposed lofty ceilings, is partly due to Gunn, whose staff once crawled above dropped ceilings to check out the condition of the original plaster overhead. Unfortunately, the exterior of the building, a stunning stone-trimmed

façade with Moorish arches, is not in such great shape. The façades, being considered for cleaning later this year, are extremely soiled, and the original mahogany windows, with panes supplied by Theodore Roosevelt père (who had a plate-glass business on Maiden Lane), are decaying.

A more complicated issue is the state of the original nineteenth-century entrance on 77th Street, the one used year-round by busloads of schoolkids. Loose mortar and cracked concrete on top of the monu-

marks Preservation Commission never went into construction. "It's a project worth doing and high on our list, [but] in an institution of this age and size, it will never all be up-to-date."

But others suggest the focus on the new buildings has sapped attention from the historic structures. "Fred Rose would have done it!" says a source affiliated with the museum. "He was from the old hard-hat school of building. He loved coming to the planetarium site

teaching tool that anchors a display on planets.

"Now it tells a story line that meteorites have big impacts," explains the planetarium's charismatic director, Neil de Grasse Tyson. "They fall from the sky; they smash into things; they damage environments; they cause extinctions. And now it's propped up and seems a little menacing."

The museum is expecting lines as long as *The Lion King's* and already has hired a crew of lecturers to amuse people stand-

"We're showing Rembrandt and school of Rembrandt," Novacek says, "and we once had the painters in-house."

mental arch let water leak through to the underside, where bricks are eroding and cracking. Meanwhile, the vaulted landing over the entrance is shored up by rusted steel beams and steel mesh, installed ten years ago to catch falling debris. In addition, the DDC report points out that "the steps down to the first-floor entrance are misaligned by an inch or more at their nosings so that adjacent step faces constitute a tripping hazard."

"Bricks have been falling out of that archway for ten years," says a source affiliated with the museum, standing under the troubled span. "If something fell off on a student, you'd have the whole building fixed in two minutes."

"It's *not* hazardous," Futter insists when asked why a 1990 project to repair the entranceway approved by the Land-

marks Preservation Commission never went into construction. He would have been fascinated by the old brick-and-mortar aspects. Unfortunately, now that he's gone, I don't know when they'll get around to focusing on it."

THE ROSE CENTER IS THE MOST talked-about addition ever to the American Museum of Natural History, but it is also the house that Fred Rose built, the magnum opus of a philanthropist who left his considerable mark on the New York Public Library, among other public institutions.

"My father always loved it when form and function were unified, and in the Rose Center, there is the strength of the extraordinary architectural image combined with the content, posing the central questions about our connection to space, that completely captivated him," his son, Jonathan, recalls. "Just before he died, he said one of his greatest achievements was that he had enabled this tool to give people a new way of looking at the universe."

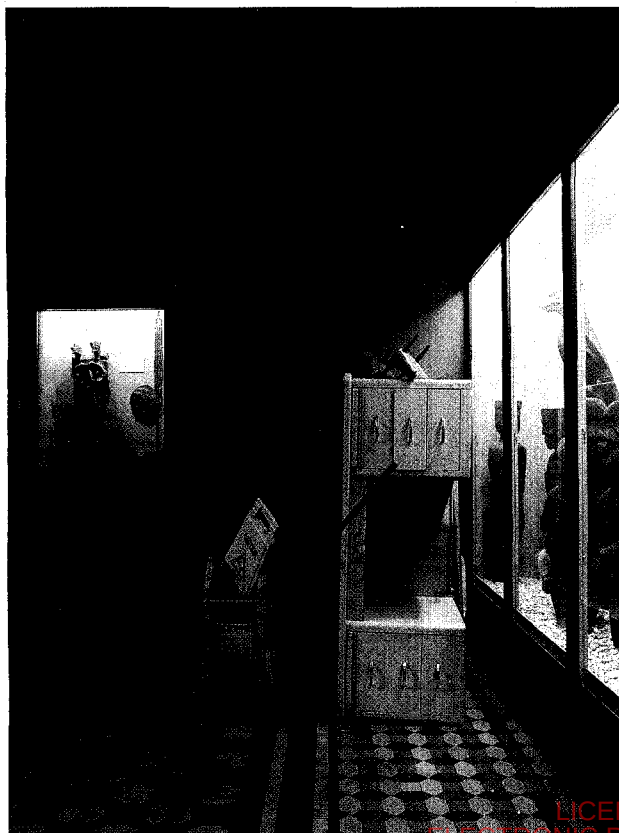
The result is a bravura effort that in subtle ways acknowledges the museum's history. The curved entranceway facing 81st Street echoes its counterpart on 77th Street. The semicircular dome of the old Hayden Planetarium has come full circle in the new sphere that houses the Space Theater. The 15.5-ton Willamette meteorite, a trophy once planted in the old planetarium, has been reincarnated as a

bulletin. Visitors will be asked to pay suggested fees of \$19 per adult and \$11.50 per kid to get into the Hayden (including museum admission; more if you also want to go in the butterfly conservatory). That compares with suggested entry fees of \$10 for adults and nothing for kids at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with no surcharge for special exhibitions. Futter will need to sell all the tickets she can: So far, only about two thirds of the cost of the Rose Center has been raised, while the museum has assumed debt of some \$66 million.

Perhaps the only drawback to the new planetarium is that, after an investment of \$210 million, it seats 200 fewer people than the old planetarium. On one of the museum's crowded days, when attendance hits 20,000, only 6,800 people—or about a third—of museum visitors will get to see the eighteen-minute show.

"The permanent collections were rich and dramatic to begin with, but we've become popular because of the exhibitions that offer things that are of acute interest," Futter insists. "We haven't shifted our mission. What we've done is shown in modern terms what we're about."

Futter may have more accurately captured what her transformation of the museum is about during a speech one month earlier, at a \$5,000-per-plate dinner she threw for the *beau monde* under the big blue whale in the Hall of Ocean Life. "This momentous occasion should put to rest forever the notion that this museum is musty, dusty, or staid," she said, toasting the black-tie crowd of benefactors. "Tonight we reveal that it's not just bones and dinosaurs, not just birds, fish, and mammals, dead and stuffed. No, my friends, the new American Museum of Natural History species is unveiled. We are the party animals, *Celebrataurus perpetualus*, live and raring to go, ready for the third millennium."



How I Got Over Al Gore-a-ph

By Michael Wolff

THE CALL FOR THE PRESS POOL IS AT 5:30 A.M. in the Sheraton lobby. "Let's snuggle!" says Nathan Naylor, Al Gore's tall, thirtysomething, defiantly blasé, perfect-*West Wing*-type press aide. He wears a Secret Service earpiece, flesh-tone corkscrew wires going down his neck, and talks into his sleeve. "Roger, copy," he says.

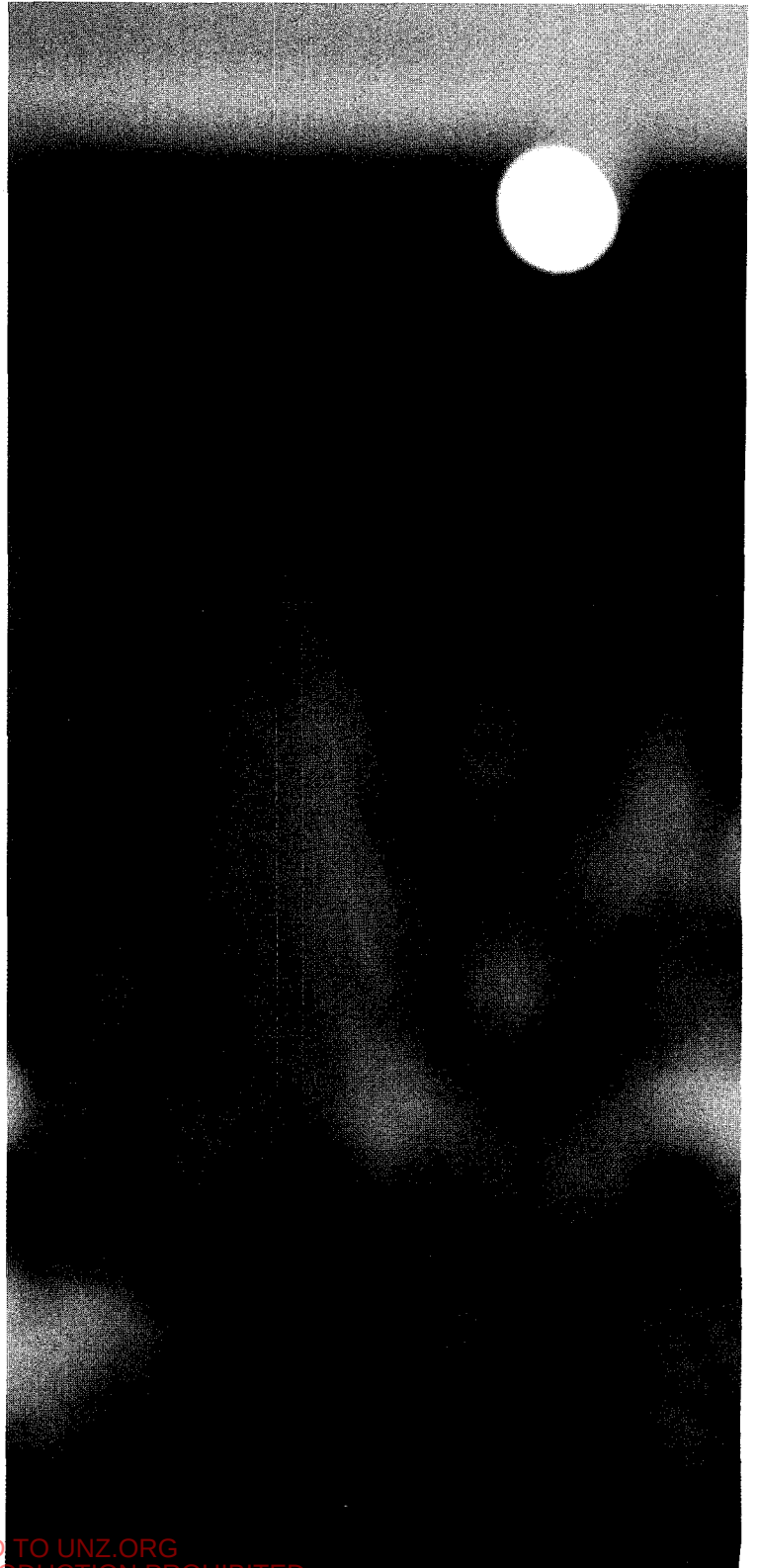
"Spread your bags for the canine," commands a genuine Secret Service agent. The bomb-sniffing German shepherd noses through the luggage. This is what's called the sweep, and it occurs before every vice-presidential departure.

It has been twenty years since I was last on the campaign trail—the worst, if most mythic, job in journalism. Chronic physical discomfort is combined with an almost total absence of real information.

I'm here because I've been promised virtually cheek-to-cheek access to Gore for the day. I've been arguing with Gore's staff over the past month that McCain is transforming the campaign process—"You can't run a campaign on canned stuff alone"—and that Gore is going to have to show himself in a way that he hasn't before and that I would be an ideal agent for this new Gore.

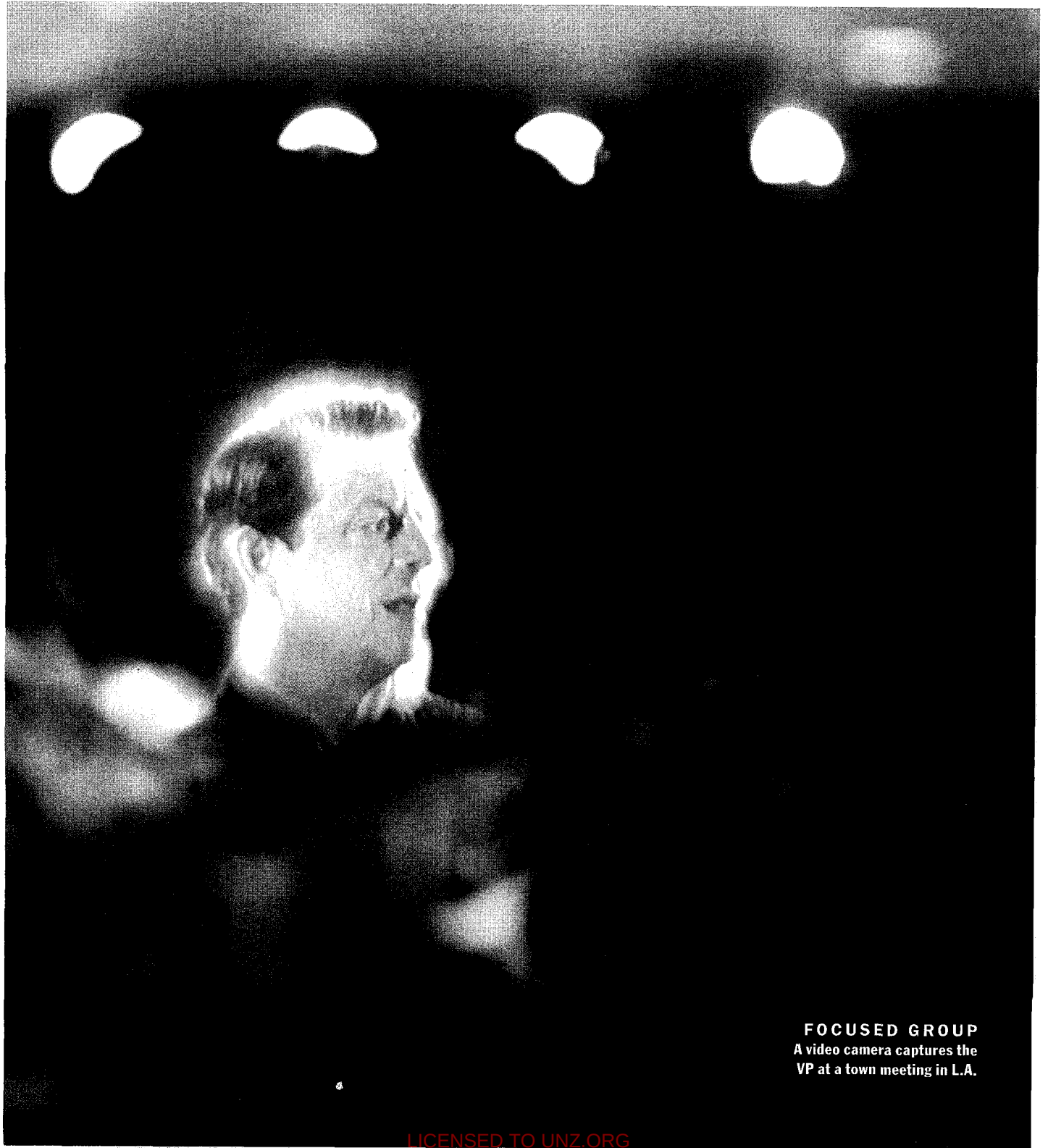
I offered too that I liked the guy (or wanted to). After all, it seemed fairly obvious that he was in the top-top percentile of intelligence for politicians (if he didn't invent the Internet, he at least propounded the metaphor—the information superhighway—that made it possible). And while we might not be able to count on his vision (and whose could we count on?), I thought we could trust his attention to detail, which is no small thing. Then, too, I was old enough to know that nothing means so much as experience. As for the options, Bradley is fast fading (personally, I would never vote for a professional athlete), Bush is an obviously bad idea, and McCain, however ebullient and charming, is a hawk. It would have to be Gore.

Photographed by Jeff Jacobson



My obia

Yes, he's wonky. But shouldn't our leader know his stuff? Yes, he's stiff. So was Abe Lincoln. Gore has what it takes to be a fine president—so what if you wouldn't want him to give you a hug?



FOCUSED GROUP
A video camera captures the
VP at a town meeting in L.A.

"You're in the pool van in the motorcade," says Nathan, voice lowered. "We'll keep you close to him."

"I'm getting time with him, though, right?" I try to clarify.

"Hey!" says Nathan with the greatest authority and good-guy-ness. "Nobody will get more than you."

The motorcade, a few vans, some black Suburbans, police cars, and two funeral-type Cadillacs strong, is moving by six (best case, Gore arrived at his hotel at 1:45 A.M. from a 1:00 A.M. rally at La Guardia, maybe he slept till 5:00 A.M.) down predawn Park Avenue, all of the side streets blocked by police details, to a 6:15 arrival at Grand Central Terminal. It is a pride of the campaign that Gore is one of the few candidates (possibly one of the few candidates ever) to mostly keep to his schedule. No doubt this is because a vice-president is a sort of event-and-appearance machine. But perhaps it's also a reaction to the Clinton inability or unwillingness to stay on schedule. (I wonder how much this has bugged Gore?)

At Grand Central, the pool reporters are "diverted" to a "holding area" on one side of Michael Jordan's restaurant while the vice-president is brought to the far side of the balcony for morning-show interviews. Bus reporters complain that Gore as vice-president prefers to deal with upper-echelon national shows rather than with campaign reporters. He's a media snob.

"Peace Corps position, guys," says one

do, it's as an entity, the vice-president, the VP, seldom Gore, never Al, no personal or anecdotal stuff. There aren't any real insiders. There isn't a Gore mafia.

I'm watching Gore across the station floor. He's silhouetted by the television lights, doing a chop-chop motion, one hand into the other. It's a tight-shoulder, Kennedy sort of posture. Patrician. Harvard. Cold War. He looks good from afar. He's doing one morning show after the other. Between interviews, a makeup person powders him and fusses with his hard-coiffed hair as he reads his press clips from the day before and sips bottled water.

The assumption I'm working on is that Gore can't be Gore. Nobody is wooden—people are just described as wooden by people with poor descriptive powers. The media can't see past seven years of familiarity—Gore as wallpaper, Gore as potted plant—and all its various Clinton resentments. We can't let Gore be something other than a guy with egg on his face, a semi-guilty party.

Gore is certainly no help to himself. He is a literalist (in the recent abortion flap, he was unable to articulate the surely sympathetic fact that he'd had a doubt or two), He has no evident irony—irony would be helpful when you've been Clinton's vice-president (not to mention running for president in these post-political times). And he works too hard. He's a grind. The minutiae of government are what he excels at. In many ways, he is the opposite of an empty suit—he's stuffed so

Michael Jordan's. He's perfectly creased. Precise. In his CEO or catalogue-model pose. Frozen eyes. Turn-on-turn-off smile. Is it so bad that he's learned to shut people out?

Commuters are fed up the steps in gauntlet fashion to press his flesh. Political handlers say a good candidate "feeds" off the crowd. A sort of frenzy rises. The candidate wants to be touched. The crowd wants to touch. Everybody goes a little crazy. It's all sex.

Not with Gore.

He does what he has to do—concentrating.

There is the idea of the good Clinton: Clinton the artful centrist, Clinton the powerful analytic mind, Clinton the workaholic, Clinton the genuinely compassionate guy. Clinton without the cravings, without the neediness, without the sex. In other words, Al Gore. (But do we really want the good Clinton?)

I annoy myself by helplessly thinking about this *West Wing* show. I can't keep from comparing Gore and his people with that pleasant and energetic cast. The fictional people on television are smart, good-looking, professional, liberal, Ivy League. Top-drawer. They're not hacks, bumpkins, ideologues, tax-cutters. They are, almost convincingly (courtesy of fabulous set design), the kind of government, or style of government, we people who once dreamed of being president dreamed of. Gore and his crew probably come as close to that—that is, reasonable, educated, intelligent, liberal people (Maureen Dowd recently described Gore as a "phony, smarmy, sniveling, preppy sneak," which would also describe the characters we like on *The West Wing*)—as any possible presidential team in my memory. Of course, you have to look hard to see that, partly because Gore is disinclined (and probably unable) to romanticize the above traits. You need writers for that.

I annoy myself by helplessly thinking about this *West Wing* show. I can't keep from comparing Gore and his people with that pleasant and energetic cast.

of the photographers, crossing his legs on the floor.

"My news director calls," says one of the drive-time-radio reporters to no one in particular, "and wants to get a few minutes live with Gore. I said, 'Ha ha ha ha.'"

"McCain would give you a few minutes," puts in another of the reporters.

Chris Lehane, the Gore-campaign press secretary, a slicked-back-hair, wiseguy-looking fellow, is busy deflecting a series of requests and protests from the press pool. Lehane and Nathan Naylor and many of the other Gore staff have spent their entire careers in the Clinton-Gore administration; they are less campaign cowboys than employees taking the next step up the corporate ladder. They don't talk about Gore much. When they

full of facts and work product, he can hardly move. Can I animate such a figure?

"He can balance anything on his nose," says one of the press-pool people. "In the '92 campaign, he'd come back into the bus balancing stuff. He was a pole-vaulter in high school and practiced balancing the pole."

"On his nose?"

"Hey, guys, pep talk," says Nathan. "He's going to do a walk-through. So let's not do the Cuban-grandmother thing. I know you want to get close, but getting close all depends on if we can move as a cohesive unit and not spaz out."

Almost everyone is saying, "Nathan . . ." in a beseeching, pleading, desperate-ingratiating sort of way.

Gore is positioned on the steps up to

THE GAME IS AFOOT, GENTLEMEN," says Nathan as we saddle up into the vans, bound for what is described on the schedule as only a "private residence," and then, after that, on to an event at a hospital in Brooklyn. Then on to Ohio and California.

Even in tough-guy campaign terms, today's schedule is a bitch—even on a full night's sleep. Gore himself has ramped everything up; three-event days are now five-event days. This new determination is probably not just from seeing the winning light in the distance but also from having come so close to blowing everything. He's running against surprises and uncertainties. If he pushes as hard as he can to March 7, he no doubt thinks, the last seven years will not have been a waste.

There's speculation that the private res-

FEEDING THE FRENZY
Meeting commuters early in the morning at Grand Central.



idence is the home of a donor, a fat cat, a Park Avenue pit stop. But then the consensus shifts. We're headed up a blockaded Park Avenue, *Imus* on the radio, to his daughter's home, where Gore will spend a quality half-hour with his new grandson, we come to believe (although that destination is neither confirmed nor denied).

"Ahem, guys," says Nathan, riding shotgun in the press van. "Just want you to know that today is going to be, ahem, fucked up."

"Are we scratching the private residence or the hospital event?" asks one of the pool.

"All will become clear," says Nathan.

"We're obviously not going to his daughter's house, unless she lives in the Bronx," observes someone else in the pool.

"We're heading to the airport."

"Okay, listen up," Nathan says, "but swear—everybody put your cell phones down—that you won't call your desks. Okay? All right, he's returning to Washington."

"We're bombing Iraq," I offer.

"What do you mean, he's going to Washington?" several people demand at once.

"How is he going?" Someone asks the more basic question.

"He's going by commercial carrier," Nathan announces.

Separation anxiety starts to roll through the van. Maintaining contact,

knowing the exact whereabouts, the minute-by-minute relationship of him to us, is the overriding job.

There's a vote, a potential tie vote, an abortion vote, we learn, that Gore will have to break. Nathan takes a few seconds to pump the abortion thing—Gore will do anything to support abortion, etc.—as though this vote were a great affair of state.

There's intense speculation now about who might go where, under what means of transportation, under whose auspices. There's Air Force Two, which is still being serviced; the press plane, which is a less secure appendage to the vice-president; and now, novelly, the shuttle, a commercial carrier, which, apparently breaking some taboo—the president and vice-president do not fly commercial—will take Gore to Washington.

The mounting anxiety could not be more acute if we *were* bombing Iraq or if some national emergency were taking place. It is the panic of the head being severed. It is the panic of people who have no access anyway being given even less.

But Nathan, after talking into his sleeve, has something for us—a photo op, a historic photo op: the vice-president buying a ticket on a commercial carrier.

It occurs to somebody that if it's the shuttle, we can all just buy a ticket. Why not? And tail the vice-president on our own steam.

Nathan is getting marching orders piped into his ear: Yes, the vice-president will continue on with the day's schedule, heading out from Washington to Columbus, Ohio, and then on to Los Angeles. Air Force Two will head down to D.C. and pick him up. The press plane will fly directly to Columbus.

I lean forward to remind Nathan that I am supposed to be with the vice-president. "You are with the vice-president," he says.

Then something happens. It is not clear what—a wrong turn perhaps, a misinterpreted signal. The press pool is diverted from the motorcade. We're suddenly in a sort of access free fall. "We're diverted, we're diverted," Nathan is yelling into his sleeve.

"Come on!" he says, as panicked as everyone else, jumping from the van, curbside at LaGuardia.

In movie fashion, then, a dozen middle-aged men from the press pool, several with awkward, outsize dangling cameras, are running through the terminal (cell phones flying out of their pockets). We are following, to a wholly unclear destination, the vice-president's boyish and determined staff member, who barrels down the concourse and, with little thought or fare-thee-well, suddenly charges through the metal detectors amid the hysterical protests of the Hispanic ladies working the machines. "We're

with the vice-president," Nathan shouts. That, clearly, does not impress the metal-detector ladies.

"So arrest me!" Nathan proclaims with the greatest *West Wing*-ish misguided enthusiasm. "Call the police! We're coming through. We have to maintain contact with the vice-president."

After a moment of uncertainty, the press people, who seem unaccustomed to breaking rules, are running down the US Airways gate area—suddenly being hotly pursued by various security forces of the airline, airport, and FAA.

In short order, as the vice-president is peaceably boarding his commercial flight, the press pool is, in fact, corralled and detained.

"Oh, fuck," says Nathan.

"This is really serious," says one of the poolers. "This is really, really serious. You could get five years for this."

"Shit, we're really going to have to kiss some butt," Nathan says.

A long while later, after we are identified by the metal-detector ladies and have surrendered identifications and Social Security numbers, we are released. ("I've made a call and believe me this will be handled at a very high level and will all go away," says the *Daily News*' Harry Hamburg).

"I never asked anyone to follow me," Nathan keeps saying.

lishments at a major airport that's not a chain; rather, it could be a small-town diner—with Tony Coelho, the campaign chairman, waiting for Air Force Two to get gassed up.

Coelho may or may not be the genius of the revived Gore campaign (there is divided opinion on this), but he is certainly its most interesting figure. In leather jacket and jeans and dark glasses, he's some unexpected aging hipster. A cool and mysterious operator. He's not *West Wing*. He's an old-fashioned pol.

When I bring up the character issue, that Gore remains a blurry figure, that our sense of his motivation remains unclear, that the basic details with which you draw a character have not been supplied, that, in fact, the character traits that we have are actually the absence of traits, his woodenness, his robotic quality, because we haven't been let in, Coelho looks at me with something just this side of lack of interest.

"No, he's energized," Coelho says. "He used to be freaked out by the crowd, but now he's okay."

I wonder if Coelho really thinks this is true, or if he thinks the wooden issue, the failure-to-connect issue, isn't all that important anymore. Gore is obviously playing better in the personality department than Bradley is (if he had to run against someone, think how lucky he was to get Bradley). And more and more, they're confident that whatever Gore is or isn't will play just as well

against Bush. Gore's virtues are clear: He's intelligent, he's experienced, he performs under pressure. Likewise, Bush's failings have become clear: Not too smart, not too experienced, unimpressive in the clutch.

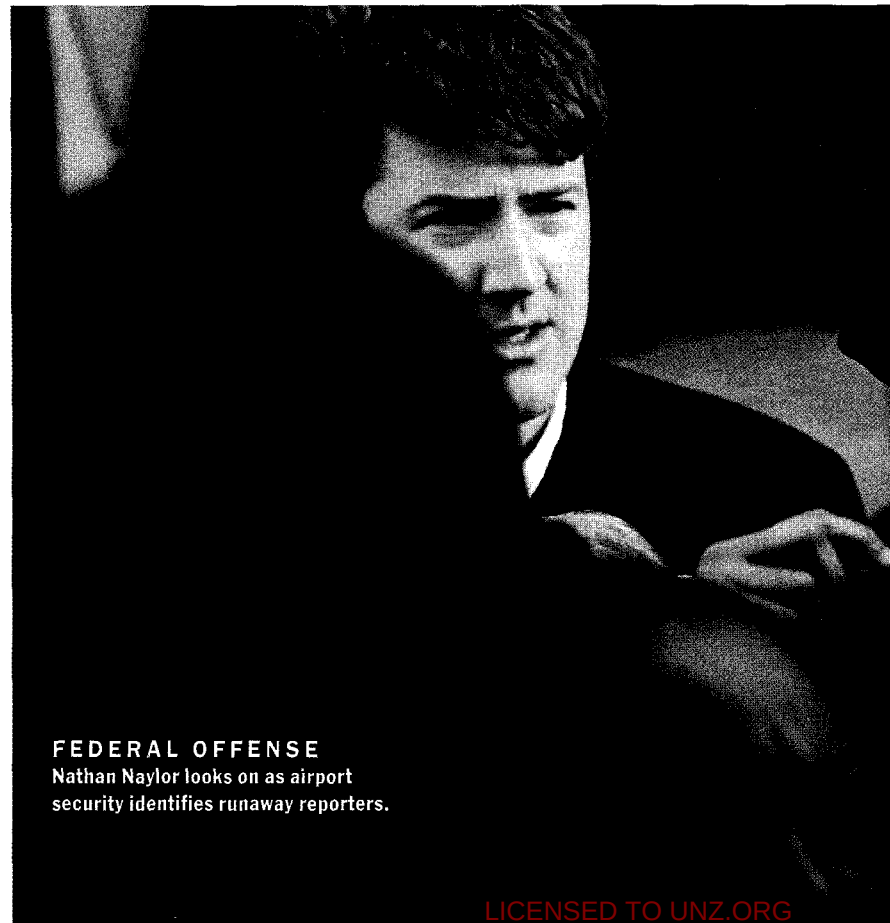
Everyone around Gore is pleased with his new ferocity—the debating Gore, Gore as litigator. He really, it seems, wants the job, which has come as something of a surprise to a lot of people. He's been pacing the hotel halls at night urging aides to add more stuff to his schedule. He gets an A for effort; Bush is strictly a gentleman's C.

But what, I say, if it's McCain? (*Hello?*) Don't you think that what McCain is doing is fundamentally changing the terms of this business? A redefinition of political personality. He talks to anybody. There are no barriers. There's no resistance. It's all just here-I-am. He's deconstructing the whole campaign artifice. As a Gore partisan, however mild, I suggest that Gore has got to start hanging out, or something.

"Bush is where we were in August, when we had to fix the campaign," says Coelho, meaning Bush will get his campaign up and running again. That's their thinking: Bush wins the Republican nomination, and they'll be in good shape. Gore is the clear contrast gainer. Bush is a gift.

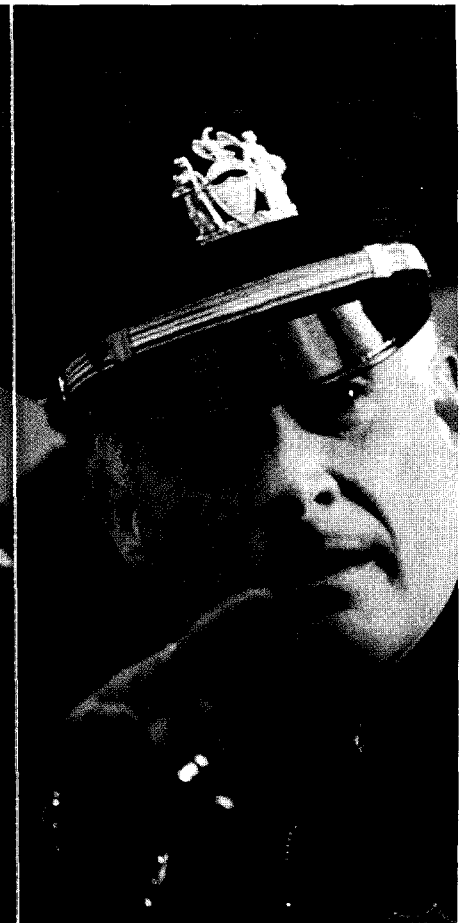
"We've gotten through the persona issue," Coelho adds. They're not yet thinking of what an incredible problem it would be if they get McCain.

I'M SITTING AT A TABLE IN THE LUNCHEONETTE in back of the Marine Air Terminal—one of the few eating estab-



FEDERAL OFFENSE

Nathan Naylor looks on as airport security identifies runaway reporters.



I AM BUMPED UP FROM THE PRESS PLANE TO Air Force Two with the handful of pool reporters. The schedule is that the press plane will fly directly to Columbus, for the rally at Ohio State, and Air Force Two will swing down to Washington and pick up Gore and then head to Columbus. Even stuck sitting on the tarmac on line with every other plane ("Without the VP aboard, we're just like any other Cessna," says Marty Kasindorf, the pool reporter from *USAToday*), we're able to make up the time and get back close to the published schedule.

I've been promised face time on the Washington-to-Columbus leg (and I don't think I'm the only one), but Gore stays shut in his compartment, a sort of handicapped-bathroom-type arrangement on Air Force Two.

The other pool reporters spend the flight trying to reconstruct what might have happened on Gore's commercial airline flight.

"Sleepless from a post-midnight flight from New Hampshire and a predawn wake-up call . . ." the AP reporter, Sandra Sobieraj, dictates into her cell phone. Later, working the phone, she comes up with the fact that Gore himself stowed his tray and returned his seat to an upright position.

THE COLUMBUS STOP IS BILLED AS A 3,000-person rally, but really there aren't more than 500 or 600 people—the room couldn't have held too many more. Lots of kids from different Ohio schools have been bused in—I see some Kenyon and Dennison sweatshirts; on the stage, there's an Up With People-type group of kids in Gore regalia.

A plump girl steps to the microphone: "Welcome to Ohio State, where the vice-president of the United States will talk to our student body."

Then the Columbus mayor introduces Gore.

The loud music has a heavy bass line, and Gore, coming through the crowd and onto the stage, is trying to move to it. It's awful—or endearing.

He is wearing cowboy boots. It's hard to figure the message of this look, the boots with the Italian no-vent suit (must be inside-the-Beltway fashion; on the bus, they're still talking about last week's too-tight jeans).

He hugs the plump girl. It's a curdling hug, painful for him and for the girl and for the audience. He hugs the mayor, and this is horrible, too. He can't wait to let go (as opposed to Coelho, who is working the edges of the room, getting the local pols into no-escape headlocks). He doesn't know where to put his hands. He knows he's in someone else's space.

You can make a case for Gore's lack of

seductiveness—that it might be good to get the nation off its sex-appeal binge. But it's pretty terrible to watch.

"Thank you," he says into the microphone to the mayor, using some exaggerated kind of syllabification (*tha-ank* gets two syllables, for instance), "for your support, your enthusiasm, and for the leadership of this great city—and hello, Buckeyes!"

He could obviously give a great Power Point presentation. It's just that he's not good at being everybody's friend. I don't think he gets much from the adulation (and, accordingly, doesn't get much adulation). The problem is, he's trying to be Clinton. This is Clinton shtick, down to the boots, I suddenly realize. The hugging, the beat, the coming through the crowd.

The loud music has a heavy bass line, and Gore, coming through the crowd and onto the stage, is trying to move to it. It's awful—or endearing.

Is that what being vice-president is all about? You just lose yourself in the other guy? Or is it that Clinton has reinvented how politicians have to behave—and everybody in this campaign is doing Clinton (McCain most successfully)?

Now, there is an argument here, if you're a sucker for subtlety, that the more sincere you truly are, the harder it is to mask your insincerity.

Gore speaks for about twenty minutes and says nothing remotely of any interest. It's disconcerting how hard he works at it, too, as though the job is to make it even more vacant. Undoubtedly, he thinks this cornball stuff is communication. You'd hate him for his condescension if he didn't seem so exposed by it.

He does five local TV interviews after the speech.

I'm staring at Gore (intently, rudely actually), and he winks at me. Yes. There it is: an ounce of irony. I'll take it.

His demeanor in front of the cameras for these little local interviews is all fifties TV dad—good guy, tolerant, not a lot of fun (no sex). The practiced calm and bedside manner voice are a little frightening.

"I want to fight for . . ."

"Prosperity means we have a responsibility . . ."

"I have always supported . . ."

"I want to make available resources at the local level . . ."

Then, between camera setups, he looks at me again, and grimaces. A gargoyle gri-

mace. For a half-second, his tongue is out, hangdog, or retch-like, to the side.

I think: There's someone in there.

In the only vaguely human question of the five interviews, a reporter asks, "What pets do you have?"

He misses a beat—it becomes nearly a blush. "I'm only thinking," he says, "about winning." But then, realizing that's no answer, he says he has two dogs and Tipper's mother has a cat, and she lives with them, so, he says, he has a cat.

More telling, I note, is that he lives with his mother-in-law.

HE'S SLEPT AND CHANGED CLOTHES BEFORE the 9 P.M. arrival at Burbank Airport. He's gone casual—although it's Nordstrom rather than L.A. casual. There's a crowd

of a few hundred mustered from various unions (SEIU 660!) standing in the hangar, and a line of minor dignitaries waiting to receive him on the tarmac.

Jay Leno in jeans and Harley jacket, carrying a gym bag and talking on a cell phone, wanders out near Air Force Two and over to the head of the receiving line.

Gore is a Leno kind of guy.

After greeting the dignitaries, Gore, followed by photo scrum and a boom mike, works his way down then back along the rope line. He gives high-fives aggressively, hitting hard.

I have a brief talk with Lehane, the press secretary, pointing out that I've yet to exchange a direct word with Gore.

"But it's been a good day, right?" he prompts. "You've gotten close to him. Tonight's town meeting," he says, "will be cool."

Motorcycle cops part the way for us across L.A. to Los Angeles City College.

These *Oprah*-style town meetings, first used by Clinton to powerful political effect, are now credited with the revival of the Gore campaign over the past few months. But where Clinton used them to do his I-share-your-pain thing, Gore uses them to demonstrate his stubborn, determined, immovable, even stoic presence. In Lebanon, New Hampshire, a few nights before, he conducted a town meeting that went on for three hours 35 minutes (a personal best).

You're voting for pure stamina here. His absolute determination to do what

does not come naturally. A fat boy who won't be shamed.

"I will stay here," he says to the crowd of a few hundred (I cannot get a ready answer as to where these demographically correct people, willing to sit into the early-morning hours, come from), "as long as anyone has a question. I'll stay here until March 7 if that's what it takes." And no doubt he would.

He begins with a moment of silence for the Alaska Airlines crash victims, then goes into a 30-minute rendition of the Albert Gore story. It's rote, memorized, one-man-show stuff. "Tipper and I have been married for 29½ years . . . How many other grandparents here? . . . Give the grandchild anything he wants, and if that doesn't work, give him back to his parents . . . Can I ask all the teachers to stand? You are heroes . . ." Then there's the story of his parents, both poor, both striving; his mother becomes a lawyer, his father a school superintendent, then a fabled southern senator. Al grows up in Washington. He tells his sixties biography: "The civil-rights moment lifted and inspired me—and then Martin Luther King was assassinated."

Does the absence of charm, the inclination to retreat from people, say something about your presidential abilities?

He says then: "I became the most disillusioned young person you'd ever meet."

This is a wholly improbable, indeed preposterous notion.

Still, you strongly feel the presence of the achieving parents. You get a sense of the intensity of the pressure and the expectations—perhaps that's what he means about his disillusionment. You can imagine he had nowhere to turn. This might explain the enlisting-and-going-to-Vietnam business—which does seem like either a remarkably calculated career move or an ass-backwards order of rebellion.

If I ever get the chance, I'd surely like to ask how he might imagine his life without a political career. I'll bet he's imagined it, too (in a way that Clinton obviously hasn't).

I'm sure he would have been a terrific business guy. A modern CEO dealing with an intellectually challenging, technologically complex world. But he's here, instead, in some way, you even suspect, not living up to his full potential.

The questions begin—the first one from a Lyndon Larouche, which he dis-

patches with alacrity (and without meanness). The most interesting and telling thing is that he doesn't really answer the questions. That is, he seems intent on making the questions, all relatively simple and direct, larger than they are. He's looking for grand themes and substantial meaning. He's looking to impose what is obviously a prodigious amount of information and thought and experience on some pretty basic stuff.

This is much more of a conversation with himself than it is with anybody here.

The worldview he seems to be trying to project is about reasonableness. There is no reason for extremes, for polarization, for bad things to happen to good people, he seems to think. Hence his constant effort to navigate between interest groups and his tendency to reduce issues to a question of semantic blurring, with the result that he appears to be a hairsplitter and dissembler—not to mention a gasbag.

"Do you profess to be a born-again Christian?" he is asked.

"The answer to your question," he replies, "is yes. But what I want to say hard on the heels of that answer is that there is a tendency to hear that phrase

and to associate it with Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson . . ."

Indeed, five or ten minutes later, he has reduced and redefined being a born-again Christian into being, well, a Protestant.

Again and again, whether the question is about the Internet or reparations for slavery or his position on abortion, he manages to return to some bedrock, fundamentally bland, infinitely uninteresting middle ground—and stay there, and win his point (mind you, no one else is competing for the point) because he can talk longer, even on virtually no sleep, than anyone can listen.

It is a sort of torture.

A FSCME DISTRICT COUNCIL 37—THAT IS the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees—on Barclay Street near City Hall is roiling in the turmoil of union members, New York politicians, and press, a scene vainly orchestrated by inept union officials, inept campaign officials, and resentful Secret Service agents.

"Okay," Nathan says, grabbing me and doing an elegant maneuver through the

crowd and down a corridor, pushing me into one of District 37's large executive offices.

There are two aides in the room, and Gore behind the desk on the phone. He looks like a powerful Midwest business executive. His aides are silent. Gore does not look happy. He seems to be absorbing bad news. He closes his eyes, appears almost to be near tears. But then he responds—in Spanish. So that's it: He's concentrating. Not only is he trying to understand Spanish, but he's getting his ear chewed off in Spanish.

He's doing phoners, remote radio interviews. After the Spanish interview, his aide dials another call, but the station isn't ready yet. The two aides and I, and Gore, sit there in dead, breathless silence. Gore is a wax figure behind the desk. Red tie, power blue shirt, mouth slightly open, thin-lipped. Waiting . . . frozen . . . no one breathing . . . finally Gore's eyes glance at the laptop in front of him.

Does the absence of charm, the inability or unwillingness to take responsibility for other people's social well-being, the inclination to retreat from people rather than advance on them, say something about your presidential abilities?

Or is it just that we feel we're paying for well-developed presentation skills? Though one more schmoozer is precisely what we don't need in this marketing age.

Gore is actually authentic—he is an authentic political professional. A hard-working, earnest guy in government. A reasonable idealist. A plausibly honest elected official. He is the prince of a southern political family, but without unusual arrogance or over-the-top airs of entitlement. What's more, he's studiously, assiduously prepared for the job.

Still, we begrudge him it. Oddly, as the likelihood that he will become president becomes stronger and stronger, we begrudge him the job even more.

It comes back, I think, to my *West Wing* feelings. Al Gore in many ways is a kind of fantasy president—with the qualifications and the preparation, and looking the part as well. But the fantasy, his as much as ours, has taken a bit of the life out of him. Or the fantasy, realized, is, of course, a disappointment.

What's more, being the president—the notion of the presidency (which we people who still vote largely carry from another era)—is and has been for some time, a disappointment.

It's my turn.

He moves to the couch, holding a copy of *New York*. He is wearing his black cowboy boots.

"What if McCain wins the Republican nomination?" I ask. "How do you match him for openness, humor, accessibility, joie de vivre?"

RAISE THE ROOF

Gore celebrates at Burbank Airport.



"I'm not very good at tactics and political analysis," he says in his slow cadence—a patent falsehood that I'm sure seems harmless enough to him (a southern white lie, an I'm-just-a-country-boy sort of thing). "And you know we're in the semifinals now—we haven't made it to the finals yet. I'm concentrating on March 7." He doesn't, in other words, believe he'll ever be facing McCain.

"What's your sense of the meaning of a personality-driven campaign? Good? Bad? Is it something that we're evolving to because of our enormous prosperity and because there's no risk of war?"

In other words, it's a party, and McCain is the guy having the best time.

"The kind of person a candidate would be as president is always a central issue for voters," he says, trying to rationalize the issue. "As the campaign continues, people learn how a candidate reacts to pressure, how they react to the issues that arise in a campaign."

"Is there a line that you draw in your head where you think, *I'm not going to go beyond that—I don't owe voters everything?*"

"I have a line I won't cross in my refusal to make a negative personal attack," he says, offering one of his stock answers to a question that hasn't been asked—which he realizes. "Or do you mean about privacy?"

"Really, I mean about how much of yourself you'll give. McCain, for instance, seems to be saying, 'Take all of me—'"

"Oh, I see. I see what you're getting at

now. And your theory is that's changing the nature of the campaign? Okay. Ahhh—I mean, I think openness is a good thing. I think each candidate has to decide what approach he's going to take for the desire of the media for all news all the time. I prefer to be in a relationship that's all voters all the time," he laughs, pleased with his formulation, "and try to communicate directly with them as much as possible. But there are some common features between my campaign and his. I've relied on what I call open meetings. Did you go to the Los Angeles open meeting? Did you stay?"

"I certainly did," I lied.

"Bare-bones, open format, so you never know—but I don't plan to go to extremes."

"In thinking about this whole campaign process," I ask, pressing slightly (his formality keeps you from pressing more), "at what point do you feel, *I'm just freaking out*—the exposure, the emotional cost . . ."

"I don't experience that. I'm motivated by the mission. I want to make our country a better place. Education—we're in an information age. Health care. The environment. I'm driven by that, and I'm driven right past any concern about daily Q&A with the press and shouted questions. I don't mind that at all. I used to be a journalist. But I don't think a campaign for president has to be *The Truman Show*—all campaign all the time. McCain is as close as it comes to that."

He sees McCain, I suspect, as some kind of fool—a clown. McCain doesn't get it: He's become a national entertainment. In fact, he's the only one who doesn't know the whole process is fake, scripted. On the other hand, you could argue, it's Gore who seems like Truman, at war with the dawning understanding that people are looking at him all of the time—wanting him to entertain them.

"Well, who," I ask, "Bush or McCain, would you rather run against?"

He easily avoids the question, chuckling.

"If you couldn't have been a politician—"

"A writer." Then he says: "David Halberstam."

At that moment, maybe for the first time, I see Gore clearly. I see him as a Halberstam figure, from an era when politics and governing were intellectual, social, professional disciplines, more than pure media plays. Then, you could weave your own personality with the great issues of the day instead of having to go it alone, inventing yourself out of whole cloth. Indeed, his personality traits, personal reserve, Ivy League classiness, mild southern corn, are the stuff of Washington in the fifties and sixties.

He is undoubtedly the best and the brightest of this campaign, but he is also a man out of place.

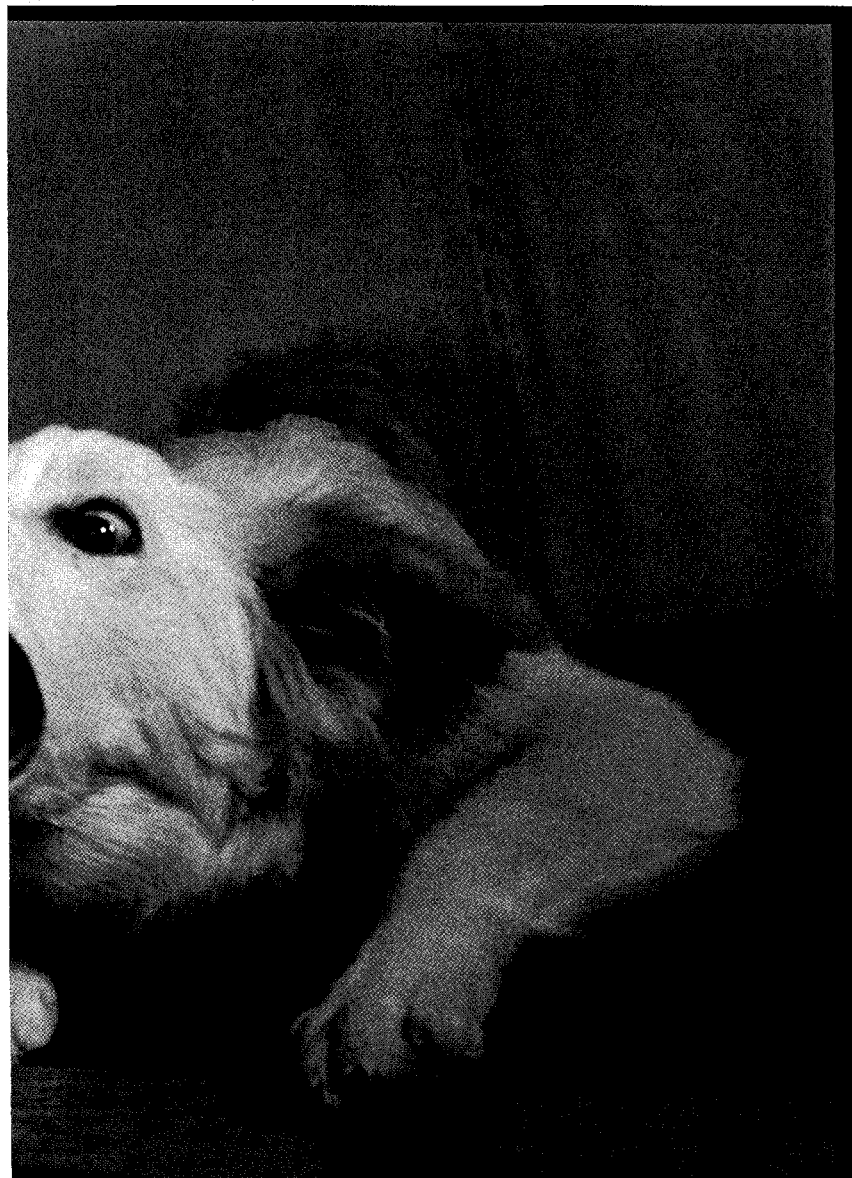
Can we get comfortable with that? ■

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TAKING A BITE OUT OF CRIME
Dr. Stephanie LaFarge and Sophie,
her newest rehabilitation project.

Cine



When an animal is abused, most people see an act of petty violence. Dr. Stephanie LaFarge sees a warm-up crime—and an offender who may soon move on to a human victim. By Elizabeth Hess

Photographed by Mary Ellen Mark

ANIMALS WILL CHANGE your life," says Armando Laboy, age 19, describing the series of events that ended with his incarceration on Rikers Island. It's a rainy afternoon, and Armando is sitting in the office of Dr. Stephanie LaFarge, a psychologist on staff at the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He wears baggy pants, a large ank around his neck, and big black boots that lace up the front like a corset. Splashes of girlish pink run through his brown hair. Armando looks more like a club kid than like an inner-city animal abuser, if that's what he is. • "It all started when we got the dog." The "we" refers to Armando and his lover, David (not his real name), a veterinary technician in a small Bronx practice. The dog in question is a wolf hybrid named Wolfgang, Wolfie to his friends. Wolfie was a hit-and-run found on the FDR Drive who was about to be euthanized for want of an owner. Instead, Armando and David adopted him. "The dog was kind of gray, and he looked like David's dad, who was very homophobic and never knew about us," recalls Armando, a look of disgust passing over his face like a shadow. "Wolfie reminded David of his old dog, who had died, so I said, 'Okay. We'll take him. I do love animals.' " • Apparently not enough. According to the court record, on December 12, 1998, Armando bound Wolfie's legs, beat him, and stabbed him with a sharp object. David rushed the dog to a hospital and had Armando arrested for animal cruelty. Which is what landed him in the office of Dr. LaFarge, a tall,

On the Couch



CAT SCAN Armando Laboy snuggles up with Strife, his sister's cat.

handsome woman in her early sixties who is wearing a vintage suit and a look of intense concentration.

LaFarge's office is a small, windowless room filled with a friendly clutter—books, dog paraphernalia, video equipment, a fish tank, and piles of papers—that leaves barely enough room for visitors to enter and sit. It is on the third floor of the ASPCA, or the “A,” as it is called by the humane community, an imposing five-story brick building on East 92nd Street that is New York's corporate headquarters for animal advocates. LaFarge has been on staff at the ASPCA for almost three years, working with a variety of clients. She regularly treats people grieving for a recently lost family member—a dog or cat—but she also works with a steady flow of criminals and sociopaths, many of them teenagers, who have been convicted of animal abuse in New York City. Her clients commit the kinds of crimes that sell tabloid newspapers and send chills up readers' spines. LaFarge, it can be argued, is the person who stands between them and their next victim, or victims.

Armando is one of the first to go through a new intervention program that has been set up by LaFarge for people who have been convicted of animal cruelty, the first program of its kind in the country. Until recently, crimes against animals were ignored or considered nuisance misdemeanors, meriting a slap on the wrist from an apathetic judge. Most cases never made it into court. “The courts are beginning to take animal cruelty seriously now that it is more widely understood as a rehearsal crime,” LaFarge explains. By “rehearsal crime,” she means that people, frequently children and teenagers, experiment with violence against animals before moving on to humans.

In a landmark FBI study of 36 incarcerated multiple murderers, conducted from 1977 to 1983, investigators found that cruelty to animals popped up in the personal histories of a large percentage of serial killers. The first police report against David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam, was filed after he shot his neighbor's dog. As a child, Jeffrey Dahmer practiced surgery on dogs and cats in preparation for what his parents thought would be a medical career. Albert DeSalvo, the Boston Strangler, trapped pets in crates and then shot them with a bow and arrow. The list goes on. Today, at the FBI's National Center for the Analysis of Violent Crime in Quantico, Virginia (the profiling unit used as the model for *The Silence of the Lambs*), two special agents, Jim Fitzgerald and Alan Brantley, have become experts in animal cruelty. It isn't because they love animals but because animal abuse is a key factor in the psychology of violent killers.

Experts outside law enforcement also consider animal abuse an indication of future anti-social behavior. LaFarge notes that animal cruelty has been a factor in the recent wave of teenage crimes across the country. In 1997, 16-year-old Luke Woodham stabbed his mother to death in Pearl, Mississippi, then went off to school, where he killed two classmates and injured seven others. Earlier, Woodham had beaten, burned, and tortured Sparkle, the family dog, to death. In Jonesboro, Arkansas, 15-year-old Mitchell Johnson and 11-year-old Andrew Golden shot and killed their student teacher, firing a .22-caliber rifle. A school reporter, David Golden, accused one of the boys with a knife. There were so many similarities that the link between the two cases became very clear in the eyes of the police. The reason for the resemblance was not the animal abuse but the human abuse. In each case, the boy who hurt the animal was also violent to people. Her mother was also violent to her mother.

is going to talk about his relationship with David and Wolfie. “I've had dogs before that I never mistreated, but this dog was different,” he says. “I don't know what his problem was, but he had seizures, and he would bite me. One time, he was so hyper he bit me and then he bounced into the wall. David was more concerned about the dog than he was about me.” Once, when Wolfie got into a fight with a pit bull, Armando got hurt separating the dogs. “I came home with blood on my shirt and a busted lip, and David didn't even look at me. He just bandaged the dog's paw. He had a tiny cut. I told him, ‘I want the dog out of here. I don't care if he's killed.’”

Although Armando carries David's photo in his wallet and insists, “I'm still in love with him, no matter what,” the feeling is not mutual. David has a signed order of protection against his ex-boyfriend, forbidding Armando from coming near him or Wolfie again. He has changed the

When Armando harmed the dog, it wasn't because the dog didn't count. It was because his rage entitles him to do whatever violent thing he feels he can get away with.”

bitious, is to develop the baseline protocol for a preventive treatment program.

ARMANDO LABOY SEEMS TO ENJOY the spotlight, but he does not always perform well. Right away, he got off on the wrong foot with the criminal-justice system. He missed his court date (“I didn't have the subway fare to get there,” he claims) and showed up a week later dressed as a woman, which he explains away by saying, “I was doing a drag show, and I had an audition.” Armando's lawyer failed to recognize him, and they argued. By that time, Armando was sporadically homeless, living off and on with a high-school teacher and making a meager living selling sexual favors on the street. Whatever else Armando did that afternoon to anger the court, suffice it to say that his behavior was outrageous enough to get him locked up. He spent a week on suicide watch in Rikers.

This is Armando's fourth session with LaFarge, but when he walks in, he gives her a big hug, as if they've been working together for years. The first time she met him, she thought he might have a gender-identity disorder. Armando describes himself as bisexual and bipolar. Today he

locks on the apartment they briefly shared. Armando admits only to hitting the dog in the face that day and tying his front legs together with rubber bands. He argues vehemently that the veterinarians who examined the dog exaggerated his condition. From his point of view, the whole incident seems trivial in comparison with the violence he has known all his life.

DR. LAFARGE HAS BUILT HER CAREER exploring the cutting edge of research and therapy. It began with her Ph.D. project in 1973, an unconventional and highly experimental language-acquisition study conducted at Columbia University under the auspices of Professor Herbert Terrace, a protégé of B. F. Skinner. She was selected by Terrace (her undergraduate mentor) to raise a newborn chimpanzee in the bosom of her own family in New York City—a family that, at the time, included seven children, three from her first marriage, to renowned artist-puppeteer Ralph Lee, and the four children of her second husband, the late WER LaFarge, a playwright and poet. The idea behind the experiment was, to put it simply, to convince the animal that he was human. “There was a theoretical contest

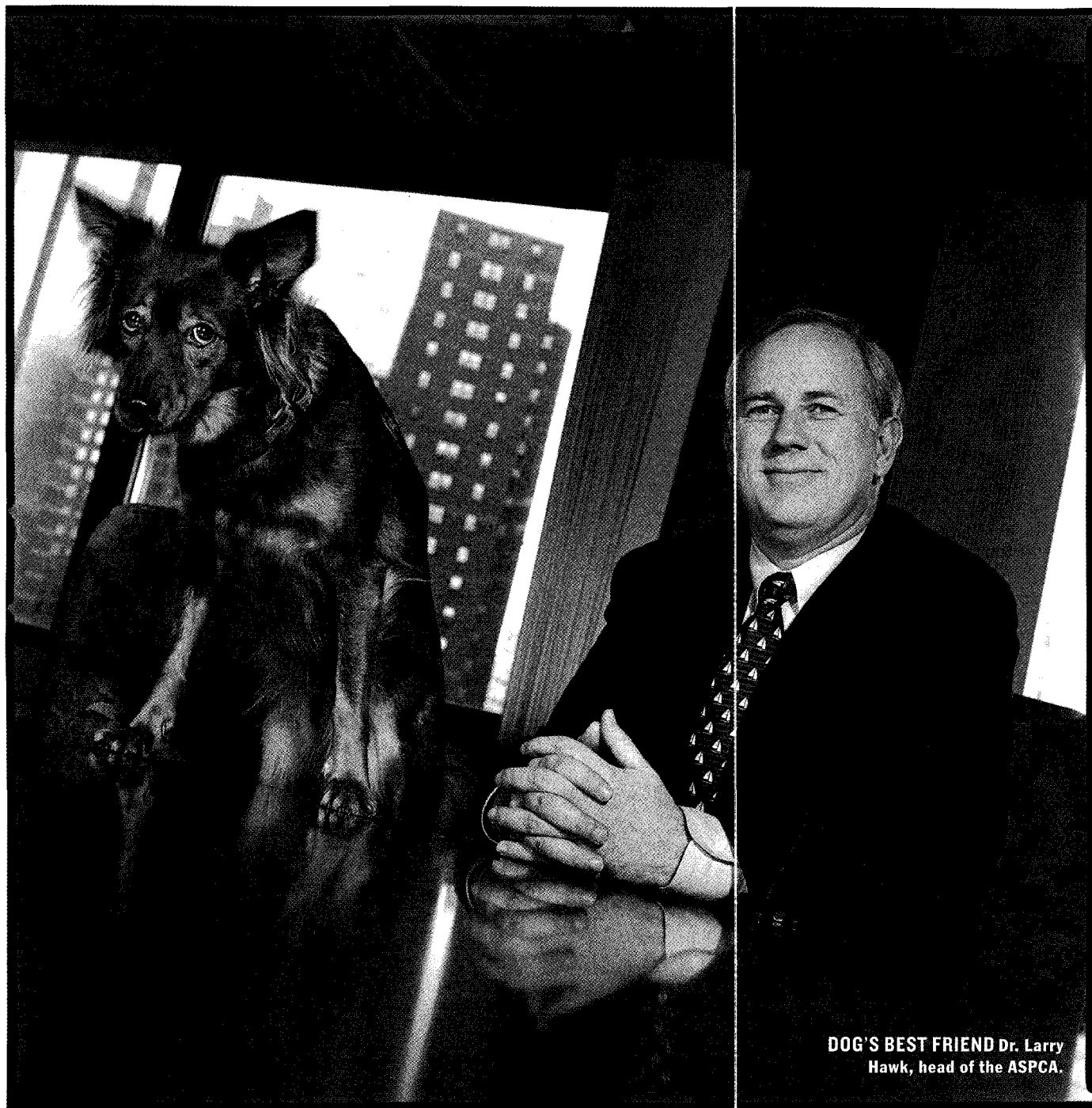
going on between B. F. Skinner and Noam Chomsky," LaFarge explains. "If Skinner was right, then every animal with intelligence of a certain level could learn to talk, or use language. If Chomsky was right, then only human beings had the language gene for deep structure, for underlying grammatical word order."

LaFarge brought a three-day-old chimp, Nim Chimsky, home to live in the family brownstone on West 78th Street. Nim quickly became a celebrity on the Upper West Side, where he was closely watched by the scientific community and the media as he thrived in his human

family. The chimp even made it onto the cover of *New York* on February 24, 1975, with an accompanying article that described this experiment as "revolutionary." At one point, ABC Television approached the LaFarges about doing a *Brady Bunch*-plus-chimp pilot based on the family. But nothing ever came of it, possibly because the reality of having a chimpanzee in the home was not sufficiently heartwarming for prime time. Eventually, several books were written about Nim and the meaning of this four-year experiment.

Jenny Lee, one of LaFarge's daughters,

was 14 when Nim arrived. "It was like getting a new baby brother—but better! I fell in love with Nim," she said in a brief interview from her office at the Bronx Zoo, where she recently designed the highly acclaimed Congo Gorilla Forest. But raising Nim was infinitely more complicated than raising a human child. "Baby chimps cling to their mothers for their first year, never letting go," LaFarge explains. "I had this chimp physically attached to my body, whatever I did, wherever I went, 24 hours a day." Nim was affixed to her whether she was buying groceries—or making love with her hus-



DOG'S BEST FRIEND Dr. Larry Hawk, head of the ASPCA.

band. Not surprisingly, there were problems. "Nim's instinctual feeling toward my stepfather was aggressive," remembers Lee. "His entrance into the family widened a crack that was already splitting in their marriage." LaFarge took the chimp's side, and credits him with helping her end an unsuccessful marriage.

Nim lived with the family for two years. He readily learned sign language, became an active participant in the LaFarge household, and eventually was moved to a mansion in Riverdale, courtesy of Columbia University. Then, suddenly, the grants weren't renewed. Nim was scheduled to be transferred to a laboratory for the next medical experiment down the line. Thankfully, LaFarge got him accepted by the Black Beauty Ranch, a sanctuary in Texas founded by animal-rights activist Cleveland Amory. Nim remains there today.

THE INTERVENTION CLIENTS ARE ASKED to take a hard look at what triggered their violence against animals. Not surprisingly, the therapist soon focuses on the clients' personal histories. "I've learned that I need to address the position of the pet in the family," LaFarge explains. "That's where we are going to start."

Armando can rattle off dark stories that begin with his childhood. He paints a picture of an adolescence rife with physical abuse, family squabbles, and neglect. He claims to have been unwanted because his biological father was white (his mother is Hispanic), and put in foster care in Boston when he was three days old. For years, he was shuttled back and forth between his foster mother and his biological mother, who, he says, eventually kicked him out altogether.

The other big problem was his sexuality. Armando claims he was raped by a male friend of the family when the man discovered Armando was gay. He decided to end his life. "I tried to overdose. Then I tried to cut my wrists, but I didn't cut deep enough," he says in a monotone. Some time later, Armando says, "I called my mother up and told her, 'I'm gay, I'm fruity,' but she didn't believe me." So he came out of the closet on the *Ricki Lake* show. His mother happened to be watching. "Then she believed me," he adds. The two are now estranged.

Perhaps most disturbing, Armando describes watching his 16-year-old girlfriend hemorrhage to death in a Boston hospital after giving birth to their daughter. "She started bleeding," he says. "A nurse tried to stop it. I was just holding her hand and she was shaking and shaking. Then the nurse took the baby and left the room. I was screaming because her hand just got colder and colder. She was calling out my

name." Today, their daughter is 3 years old. According to Armando, she lives with his grandmother—his deceased father's mother.

LaFarge rarely interrupts, unless Armando comes to an incident particularly fraught with drama, whereupon she asks him to describe his feelings. How did he feel when his foster mother, the only person he feels really cared about him, died? All he will say is "I have no tears left." Mostly, Armando feels angry and abandoned. Yet he is not without charm, and is so candid about the details of his struggles to find that it is difficult to keep in mind that this is potentially violent, unstable, and maybe even psychotic. He seems to have a diagnosis with a mental-health problem, possibly a multiple personality disorder, and he is prone to Mel-laril. Like the other clients, Armando got lost in the past.

Asked whether Armando's stories are true, LaFarge doesn't doubt a moment. He

that she neglected her daughter. But her intimate experience of the hospital wards, and the families coping with terminal illnesses, led her to a deeper investigation of the process of dying. In 1983, while teaching a class at Brown University called, simply, "Cancer," she began an experimental therapy workshop for a group of terminally ill children at the Rhode Island Hospital in Providence. She decided to capture the children's battles with cancer on video. In a series of emotionally wrenching discussions about death, the children conveyed an extraordinary depth of insight into the medical treatment they had received and their own family pathologies. One teenager took over her video, directing a documentary on her own death. The tapes were shown on *60 Minutes* that year.

Five years later, LaFarge left Rhode Island and accepted a position running a street-level drug-rehabilitation clinic in downtown Newark. "We got used to hear-

Whatever the barrier, whether it's between the therapist and the substance abuser, between the living and the dying, or one species and another—I'm drawn to that."

is telling *his* truth. He's come to believe that this is his reality. More important, the gap between what he is able to communicate and what he probably feels is huge. That's where he's a time bomb." She adds, "Armando will abuse people at the drop of a hat. When he harmed the dog, it wasn't because the dog didn't count; it was because his rage entitles him to do whatever violent thing he feels he can get away with."

LAFARGE'S INTEREST IN TROUBLED OR marginalized clients has been one constant in an uncommonly diverse career. "All the threads of my working life have led to the job I have now," she says. Another psychiatrist once said to her, "What you like doing is communicating across a barrier," she remembers. "That really is exactly right. Whatever the barrier, whether it's between the therapist and the substance abuser, between the living and the dying, or one species and another—I'm drawn to that."

When Nim was living with her family, one of LaFarge's children became seriously ill and had to be hospitalized for four months. To this day, LaFarge accuses herself of being so absorbed with Nim

ing gunshots outside," she recalls. "My clients walked me to my car at night." While at the clinic, she ran safer-sex workshops for addicts, a radical project then as now. "To change high-risk sexual behaviors, you had to offer something, so I offered them better erections—stiffer penises in exchange for wearing a condom," she offers by way of explanation.

An interest in sexual dysfunction eventually led LaFarge to the Park Avenue practice of the prominent sex therapist Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, where she became an associate in 1990. "That's where I began to have conscious feelings about the human-animal bond," she says. "Frequently, these women would come in and say, 'If I could just kick my husband out of the bed and sleep with the dog, I wouldn't have a sexual problem.' They were not talking about genital contact, they were saying that there was a level of intimacy that they were able to reach with their dogs that they could not reach with their husbands. And that's why they were not orgasmic. I must have heard this from dozens of women."

When Kaplan died in 1995, LaFarge maintained a private practice for a few years but soon realized that she wanted to

work with, or at least around, animals. When she applied for a position as director of counseling services at the ASPCA in 1998, the intervention program was not in the job description. But within a year of her arrival, the agency was on the verge of a transformation under the new leadership of Dr. Larry Hawk, a veterinarian from Michigan who came to the ASPCA from Pet Smart. Hawk's goal is to modernize the \$30 million agency; to that end, he is expanding the humane-law enforcement division, which investigates charges of animal cruelty, seizes injured animals, and is empowered to make arrests throughout the city and New York State. (HLE officers, as they are called, are responsible for 50 percent of the arrests of LaFarge's intervention clients.) He has opened up the ASPCA's new Center for Behavioral Therapy, has started a free program to spay and neuter pit bulls and pit-bull mixes, and is working on expanding the ASPCA's small shelter, currently home to dozens of dogs and cats—all up for adoption. A fortyish executive with a casual, welcoming demeanor, Hawk is enthusiastic about LaFarge's innovations. "Developing programs around the link is the future for animal welfare," he says. "Whenever I am around Dr. LaFarge, I learn something new."

The intervention program is new not only to the ASPCA but to the various agencies that constitute New York's complex judicial system. The program's first client was 17-year-old Tommy Dunbar (not his real name), arrested in Brooklyn for allowing two pit bulls to starve—one eventually cannibalized the other—in his backyard. Ironically, he was first sent to the ASPCA to clean kennels in what LaFarge describes as "a totally ineffective community-service program." She suggested to the district attorney that the ASPCA could do more by actually offering treatment. The idea was immediately embraced. Dunbar was ordered to go through twelve one-on-one sessions with LaFarge, and the program was officially born. There are currently nineteen men and three women who either have passed through or are in treatment. Only two have dropped out of the intervention, one of whom (an alcoholic who beat his pit bull to death with a barbell) was subsequently arrested for drunk driving. The fact that he had not completed the program helped to put him in jail.

Now the city's social agencies and the judicial system are beginning to work together, cross-referencing victims and offenders. "We had to knock loudly on the doors of the domestic-violence and child-abuse justice systems," says Dr. Randall Lockwood, vice-president of the Humane Society of the United States and a psychologist who pioneered research into the human-animal bond. "But in the end, we are

all dealing with the same perpetrators."

LaFarge remembers the day she got a particularly chilling call from the Homicide Division of the Domestic Violence Unit in the Bronx. A woman whose husband had attacked her with a machete refused to go to a shelter for protection because she had no place to put her dog, whom her husband, on another occasion, had dipped in bleach, poisoned, and beaten. He had also gone after her children—one of whom had been pushed out a window and was hospitalized in a psychiatric ward. Her husband was back on the street because she had been too frightened to file a police report. The ASPCA agreed to pick up the dog, a tiny teacup Maltese covered with red sores. Only after the owner saw her dog taken to safety was she willing to leave her apartment.

Back at the ASPCA, LaFarge greeted the little dog, named Precious, when she arrived. The dog took an immediate liking to the therapist. "I said, 'Well, it's a shame to make him cope with a cage. I'd just like him home.'" She's caring for Precious until he can be safely returned to his owner or placed in a permanent home. The dog practically never

to be developing an interest in women. "After a while, we were talking and there were all these similarities," continues Arianne—they were both into vampires and liked the same music and accessories. "Then he mentioned his dad's name," Arianne says slyly. "I didn't know my dad very well. I only met him once or twice. But I said, 'Wait a minute. That's my father! If I'm dating my brother, this is going to really suck!'"

There is a palpable chemistry between the siblings. LaFarge asks if they've had sex. "We did when we first met," says Armando, giggling. "But we don't anymore. She has a boyfriend. I might kiss her, but I won't go any further." Armando is no longer homeless; that's the good news. He is living with Arianne, her boyfriend, and their cat—named Strife—in exchange for housekeeping services. "We are inseparable," Armando adds, bubbling over with pleasure at having connected with his sister. That's also the bad news. LaFarge doubts that Armando and his sister can keep their hands to themselves. Now he has to not only control his rage but worry about the incest taboo, too.

Asked if any of her clients have the potential to become serial killers, Dr. LaFarge replies, "Many of them do. The scary thing is, you never know which ones."

leaves LaFarge's side and is sometimes present during therapy sessions. "I like to see the interaction with an animal when it's appropriate," she explains.

A FEW MONTHS INTO HIS TREATMENT, Armando is sitting in LaFarge's office with Arianne Santiago, who he says is his half-sister. In an earlier session, Armando had told LaFarge that he was one of a set of triplets, and that his sister had killed herself (his brother, he claims, is still alive). The therapist was unaware of any other siblings. Today, he announces that he is changing his name to Mitch T. D. Hansen, which he says is the name that his biological father gave him. Arianne, dressed in black with heavy goth makeup, nods her approval of this change while scarfing down chocolates from a bowl on LaFarge's desk.

They explain to LaFarge that they only recently found each other. "It's a funny story," Arianne says with a shrill laugh. "He was a blind date!" Armando seems

LaFarge has begun to wrestle with the problem that the intervention program is much more ambitious than she initially realized. "The people who can be helped the most are the ones who anchor their lives to the therapist," she says. "You can't just drop them." LaFarge hasn't terminated anyone who wants to continue, but there are only so many hours in the day. "It was naïve to think we could stop at short-term therapy," she says. "Look at the kids in Littleton, Colorado. They had broken into a car and subsequently done really well in a juvenile alternative-sentencing program." Then they blew away their classmates. "If we're going to help, we have to give ourselves to these clients," she adds. "I don't want to read about Armando in the newspaper."

Unlike Armando, some clients may be beyond the program's reach. Joey Cohen (not his real name) was perhaps LaFarge's most frightening client. "He just went through the motions to satisfy the court," she says. Joey came from a

wealthy family and somehow got a mail-order bride from China. She arrived with her daughter and her daughter's shar-pei. One afternoon, the daughter walked in on Joey sodomizing the dog. She called the police and had him arrested. The wife and daughter fled. The dog was taken to the ASPCA's clinic, where Dr. Robert Reisman, one of the A's eleven full-time veterinarians, adapted a human rape kit on the spot in an attempt to collect evidence of human sperm from the dog. Because sexual crimes against dogs are surprisingly common—and illegal in New York—Reisman is now working on creating a canine rape kit, so that forensic evidence of sexual abuse can be collected and standardized.

Joey pleaded guilty to the cruelty charges and was sentenced to the intervention program. But the psychotherapy had little positive effect. "Joey is not sexually attracted to dogs," LaFarge explains. "He's sexually out of control. He was so overstimulated by my attention, and the door being closed during the therapy, that he was at risk of being sexually out of control with me." Before his treatment with LaFarge even began, Joey moved on to humans, masturbating in front of a woman sitting in a parked car. He was arrested, but the woman failed to show up in court. The case was dismissed. Today, Joey is a free man.

LaFarge doesn't keep track of Joey, in part because she doesn't think it would do any good. "I called him once and he was convinced that I was calling because I missed him," she says ruefully. During their conversation, she was aware that he was masturbating. "It's only a matter of time until something else happens," says LaFarge. But there's nothing more she can do.

When asked if she thinks any of her clients have the potential to become serial killers, LaFarge replies, "Many of them do. The scary thing is, you never know which ones."

IN THE FALL, ARMANDO TELLS LAFARGE that he is planning a move to California. A relative has offered him free room and board. His sister wants to go with him. Armando has finished the intervention program, gone back to court, and done everything required to close this chapter of his life. LaFarge is willing to keep the therapeutic relationship going, and certainly wants to do everything she can to prevent him from slipping through the cracks again. "Armando is not a criminal. He's not exactly a solid citizen either, but he has a social intelligence," she says with cautious optimism. "Armando has a chance at a reasonable life."

Right before the new year, LaFarge gets

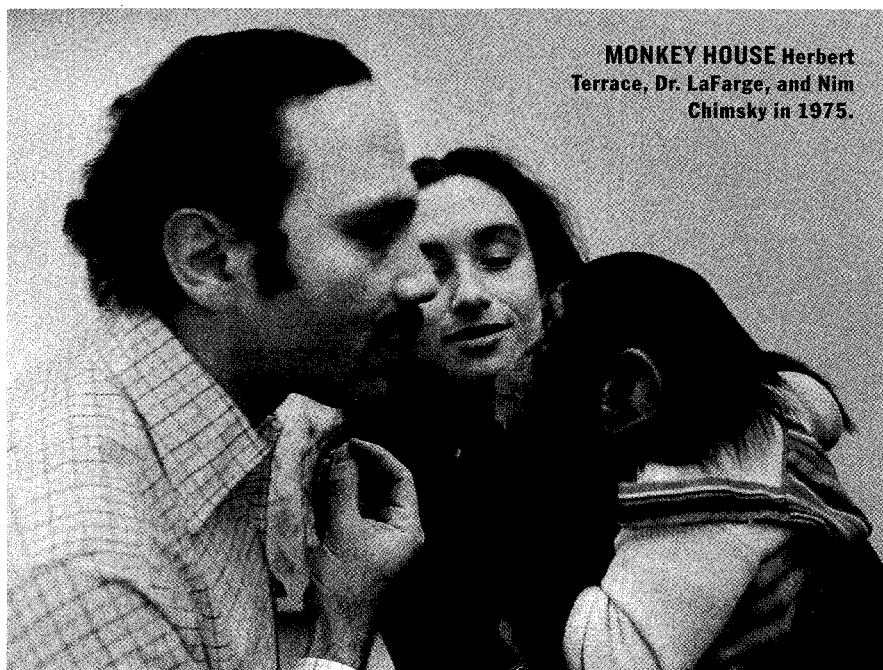
a call from Armando, who, it seems, has not moved to California. "He sounds terrible," she says. "He's very depressed." She arranges an immediate appointment.

Armando arrives at her office with a buddy, a quiet young man in a duckbill cap and baggy chinos. Armando—who still refers to himself as Mitch—looks tired and different. His hair is a rainbow of colors, crinkled like confetti. "I went to California, to Florida, to Philadelphia, and then to Ireland for Thanksgiving," he tells LaFarge, who gives him an interested but quizzical look. His travel plans, apparently, were arranged by his grandmother, who still has custody of his daughter. "She lives in Ireland but moved to New York to spend time with me," he claims. "I still have a long way to go before I can gain custody. But this will be our first Christ-

structed romantic, imagines making a new family with Cheri and bringing home his daughter to a fantasy house that has painted dolphins frolicking all over the kitchen ceiling. "When I die, I want to be reincarnated as a dolphin," he says wistfully. In the meantime, he plans to go back to school.

LaFarge inquires about his recent depression. "It began with the death of my foster brother. He came to New York to visit me and died in a car accident, and I drank for a week," he says matter-of-factly. "Then I called you. I felt better right away. You're the only counselor I've met who listens—who I haven't thrown a chair at."

LaFarge ends the session apologizing that she's late for a meeting. Armando grabs some chocolate for the road, gives her a hug, and says, "I'll call soon." La-



MONKEY HOUSE Herbert Terrace, Dr. LaFarge, and Nim Chimsky in 1975.

mas together," he adds enthusiastically.

When LaFarge asks about his sister, Armando says, "Her boyfriend is my roommate now. We got together and threw her out." He has a list of complaints against his lost-and-found sister. "She was cheating on her boyfriend anyway, and she maxed out my credit cards," he says. But Armando kept the cat, briefly. "Strife always slept with me, anyway," he says (Strife is now at the ASPCA for evaluation). Armando tells LaFarge that he is working three jobs, although he just lost the one he really liked, at La Nouvelle Justine, an S&M dinner club for sexual tourists in the East Village. He becomes most animated when he mentions a girl he just met over the Internet named Cheri. "I really like her. I did the biggest no-no," he says, implying that they've already had sex. Armando, an unrecon-

Farge goes to get Sophie, her new dog, who has been playing in a nearby office. (Precious has recently been adopted into a new home.) A stray transferred from the Center for Animal Care and Control, the city's municipal pound on East 110th Street, to the ASPCA's shelter, Sophie is maybe twelve weeks old, a tan-and-white Eskimo-mix pup with a long nose. At first glance, she looks adorable. But Sophie, it turns out, is a biter—a puppy who was so vicious that she was deemed unadoptable and scheduled for euthanasia. "Watch your fingers," LaFarge warns as she cradles the dog in her arms. Sophie owes her life to the therapist, who, needless to say, is determined to turn the little dog around. "The behaviorists are already amazed," LaFarge says in a rare moment of immodesty. Sophie looks at LaFarge and snarls.

BEST BETS

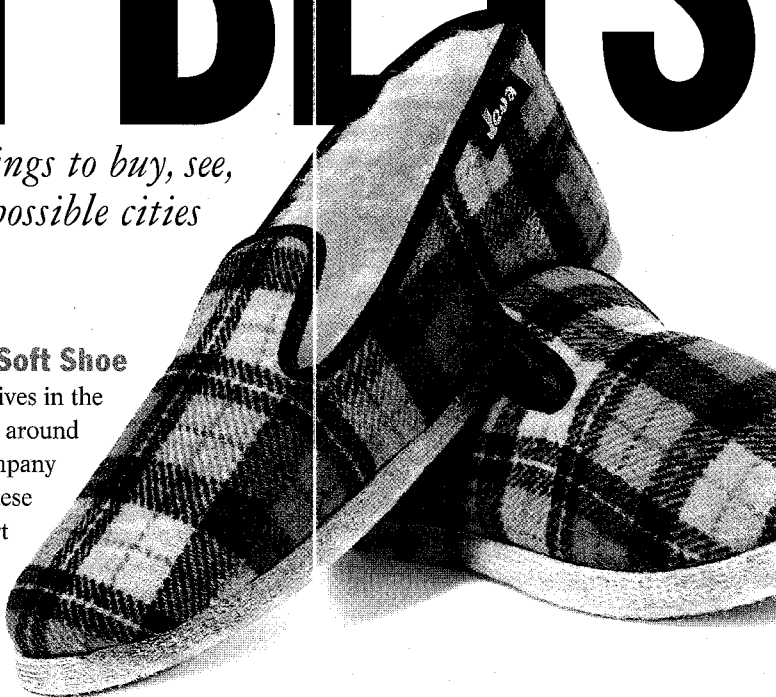
*The best of all possible things to buy, see,
and do in the best of all possible cities*

BY CORKY POLLAN

The Old Soft Shoe

For at least 100 years, farmers and their wives in the Charentaise region of western France have padded around their houses in cozy plaid wool slippers. Jeva, the company responsible for the originals, is still hand-making these slippers the old-fashioned way, and Tam and Robert Arbor have recently imported a cache. Which is great news for frostbitten New Yorkers shuffling around their chilly city digs (\$45).

LE GAMIN/114 West Houston Street/646-654-6685



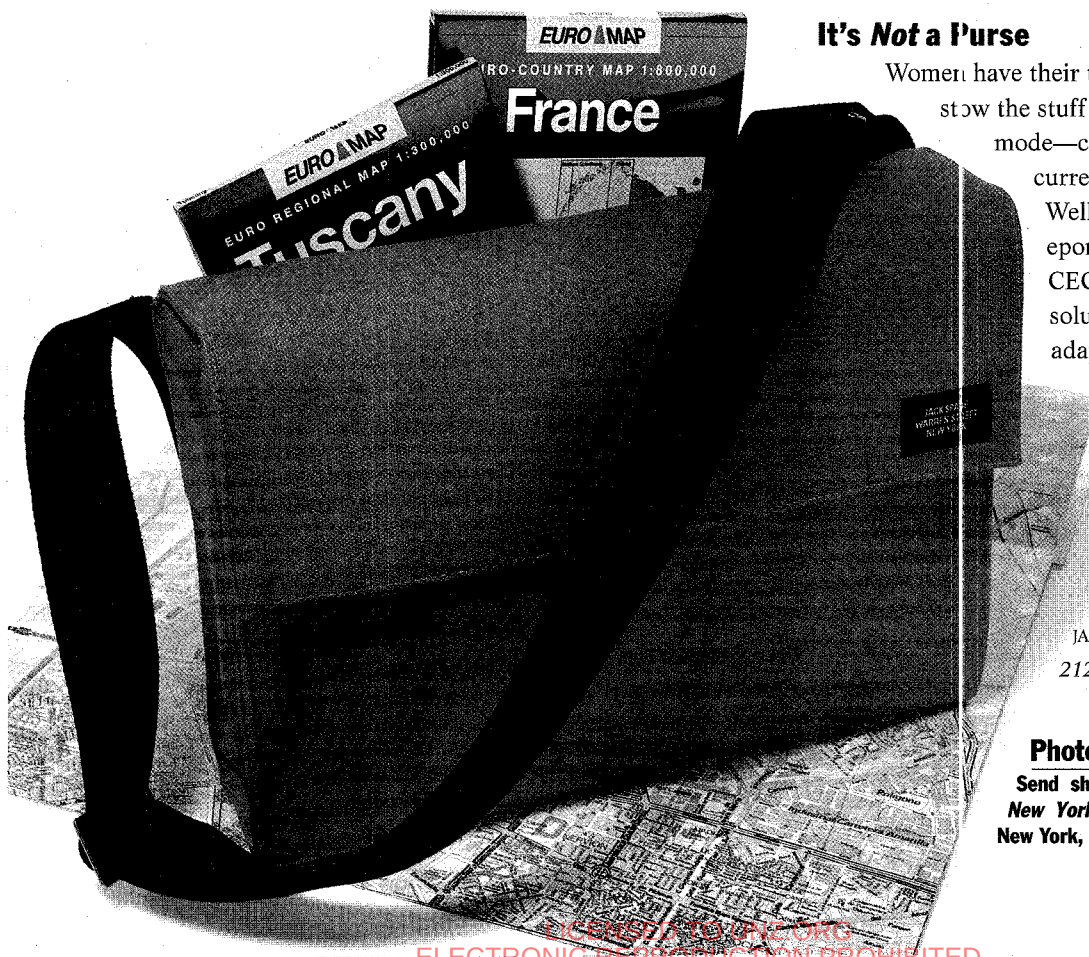
It's Not a Purse

Women have their totes, but where can men stow the stuff they need when in tourist mode—camera, maps, guidebooks, currency converter, and the like? Well, Andy Spade, of the non-eponymous Jack Spade (and CEO of Kate Spade), has a solution: a map bag. It's an adaptation of a venerable Swiss navigator's satchel. He's made it of sturdy waterproof canvas and added pockets for pens, cell phone, whatever (\$185; in black, navy, and olive, too).

JACK SPADE/56 Greene Street/
212-625-1820

Photographed by Ted Morrison

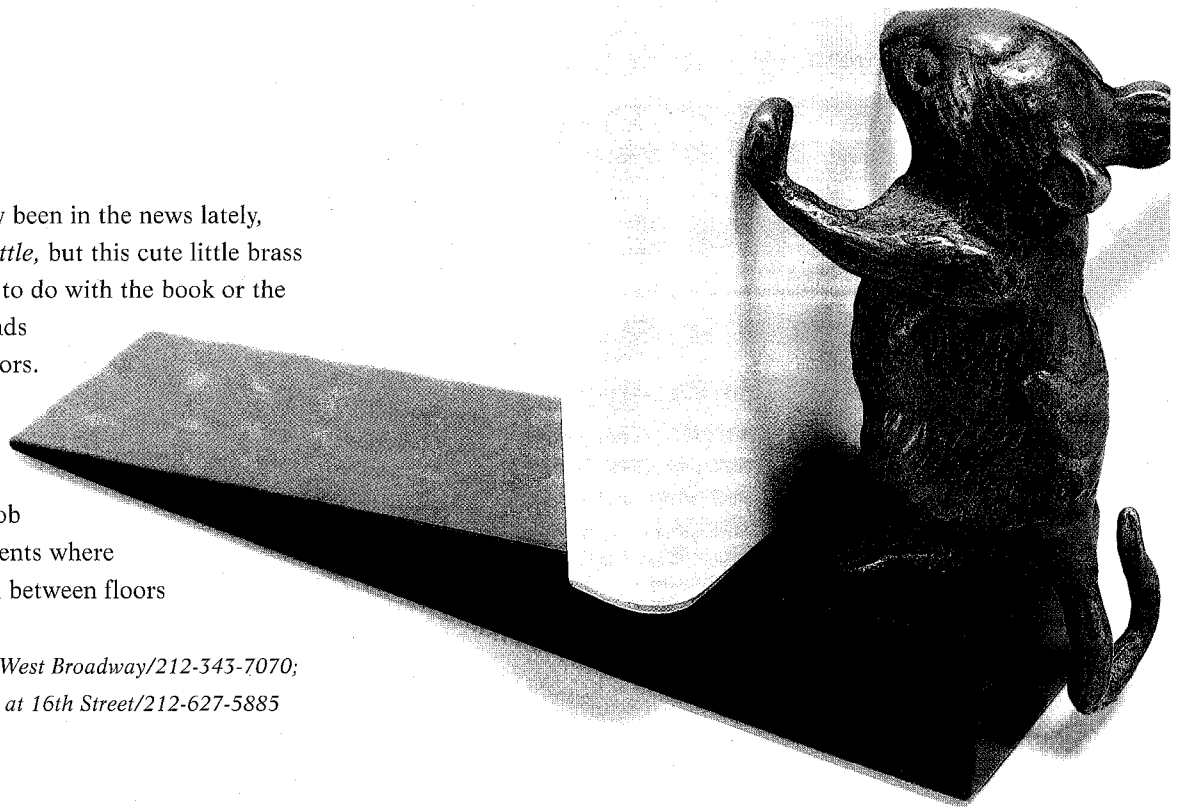
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan,
New York Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



Mighty Mouse

Mice have certainly been in the news lately, thanks to *Stuart Little*, but this cute little brass critter has nothing to do with the book or the movie. He just stands around opening doors. And since he's mounted on a thick wooden base, he does the job even in old apartments where there's a wide span between floors and doors (\$16).

ANTHROPOLOGIE/375 West Broadway/212-343-7070; and 85 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/212-627-5885



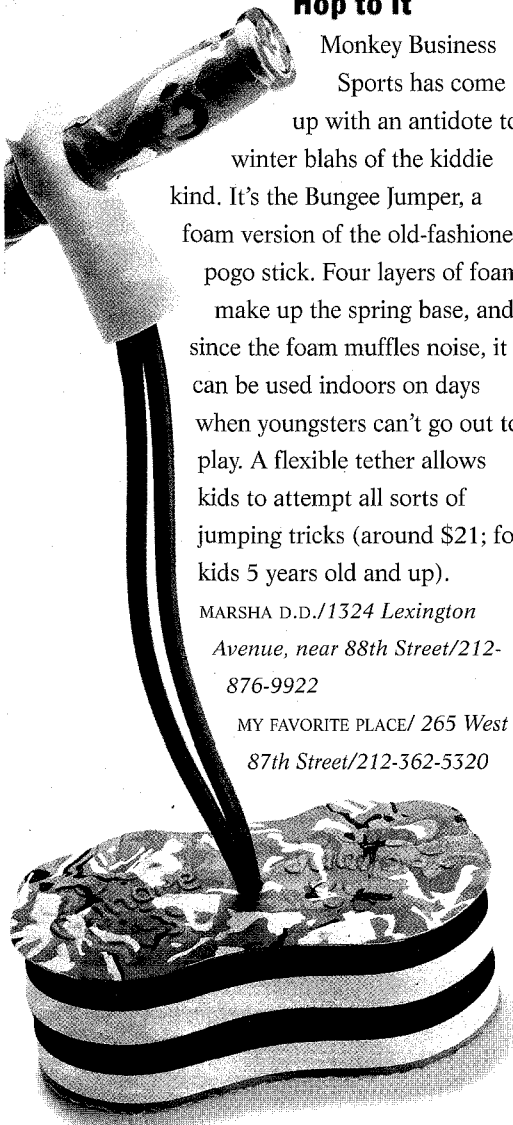
Hop to It

Monkey Business

Sports has come up with an antidote to winter blahs of the kiddie kind. It's the Bungee Jumper, a foam version of the old-fashioned pogo stick. Four layers of foam make up the spring base, and since the foam muffles noise, it can be used indoors on days when youngsters can't go out to play. A flexible tether allows kids to attempt all sorts of jumping tricks (around \$21; for kids 5 years old and up).

MARSHA D.D./1324 Lexington Avenue, near 88th Street/212-876-9922

MY FAVORITE PLACE/ 265 West 87th Street/212-362-5320



Palm Beach Story

Suddenly, Palm Beach is hot, and the country-club look is in. At A Perfect Day in Paradise, Denice Summers's new store, it's resort time year-round, so for guys there are baby-blue cords, pink cable-knit cashmeres, and polos and oxford shirts in a rainbow of pastels. And for Palm Beach-princess types, bold Lilly Pulitzer-ish print dresses and skirts, macs in dreamy shades, pink-and-green leopard-print bathing suits, and strapless evening gowns. The shop's name? It's a line from a Jimmy Buffett song. (From \$35 for leather-and-ribbon belts to \$135 for men's cords to \$350 for four-ply cable-knit cashmeres to \$1,500 for a custom-made beaded-satin evening gown.)

A PERFECT DAY IN PARADISE/153 East 70th Street/212-639-1414



Photographs by Kenneth Chen (2).

SMARTCITY

Slim Gyms

Pilates trainers swear you'll lose the love handles, stand up straighter, maybe even grow an inch—but first you have to strap yourself into something called the Reformer. By Maura Egan

BALANCING ON MY TAILBONE WHILE bending my knees and grabbing my ankles, I am instructed to press my navel back into my spine and initiate a rocking-chair motion. I'm concentrating so much that Brooke Siler, my instructor, must remind me to breathe—inhalé as I roll back, exhalé on the return. I give it my best, but somehow gravity locks me into an upside-down crab position, while Siler rolls forward and springs to her feet. "You'll be able to do that," she offers exuberantly. Looking at Siler's lithe body—and at the many framed photographs of the lean, muscular bodies of her supermodel clients—I want to believe.

I am attempting my first Pilates floor routine at the **re:AB** studio. Like a lot of people, I have been suspicious of this exercise fad from the moment it started popping up in fashion magazines. The testimonials of body-changing miracles, the pictures of stick-straight supermodels who swear by "the hundreds," the zealots who claim to have dropped several dress sizes or, more weirdly, to have grown an

extra inch or two after only a handful of sessions—it all seemed either too good to be true or too hyped-up to believe.

Siler, who recently published a how-to bible on Pilates (*The Pilates Body*; Broadway Books, \$18) is an expert, and her enthusiasm is catching. We move on to the notorious "hundreds": Lying on our backs, legs pointing up to the ceiling and arms to the side, we pump our arms up and down slightly. The movements are intentionally quite small. "Pretend you're slapping water," she suggests. The goal is to strengthen the abdominal muscles, what Pilates instructors call the powerhouse. Siler explains: "When you sit and stand, you tend to sink all your weight into the gut area. If you concentrate here and build these muscles, they no longer sit on top of each other. It improves your posture." (And, one hopes, does away with love handles too.) After 45 minutes with Siler, I am sweating and my stomach muscles are quivering.

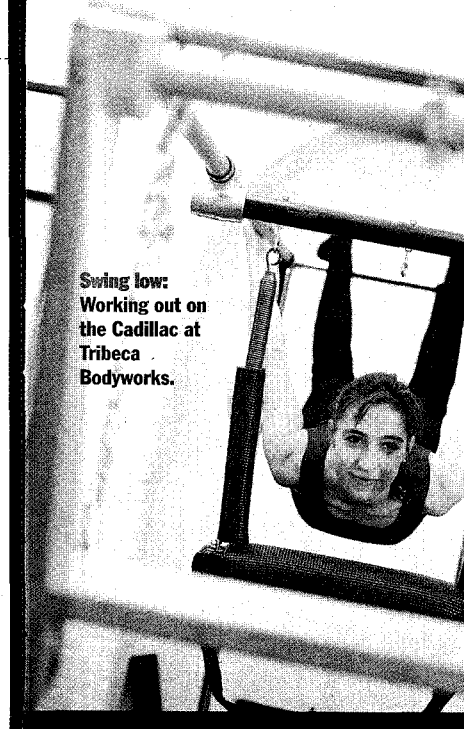
Pilates may be the workout du jour among the professionally beautiful, with the likes of Uma Thurman and Courteney

Cox Arquette attributing their lanky looks to the practice (even Monica Lewinsky has jumped on the bandwagon, incorporating it into her slim-down regimen), but Alycea Ungaro, owner of **Tribeca Bodyworks**, has tired of all the hype. "Do we have to talk about the celebrities?" she pleads. The former dancer turned Pilates instructor and physical therapist has certainly drilled plenty of Hollywood heavyweights at her six-year-old establishment, but she'd rather talk about more practical matters. Such as how her pregnant clients are able to continue their Pilates routines almost until the day of delivery.

Like many dancers, including Martha Graham and George Balanchine, who were into Pilates long before it became a fad, Ungaro began doing Pilates as rehab for dance-related injuries. In fact, Joseph Pilates originally conceived of the exercises as a way to help injured soldiers recuperate during World War I. "As a dancer, you need to be streamlined, and lots of times you overdevelop certain muscles. Pilates conditions you evenly with these very controlled movements," Ungaro says. She detects my own unevenness immediately. "Do you have slight scoliosis?" she asks after a brief massage of my shoulders. It's true—after years of schlepping bulky bags, I have a crooked alignment.

My first challenge here is the Reformer—a bed outfitted with springs and pulleys that wouldn't look out of place in a medieval dungeon. (Joseph Pilates fashioned his original makeshift equipment by adding springs to hospital beds.) Lying face up, I rest my heels on the raised steel bar and keep my arms to the side. Pushing my feet into the bar, I straighten my legs

Swing low:
Working out on
the Cadillac at
Tribeca
Bodyworks.



EXPERT TESTIMONY

Face Reality

Getting a facial is as much about indulgence and relaxation as it is about cleansing and extraction. Even dermatologists, who don't need to pay someone to apply a mask, enjoy having their pores pampered. "There's nothing like a good facial to make you feel terrific," acknowledges Diane Berson, assistant clinical professor of dermatology at New York University School of Medicine. Her favorite facialist is Regine Berthelot at Frédéric Fekkai Beauté de Provence (15 East 57th Street; 212-753-9500). Before you book an appointment, however, check with your doctor—sometimes seemingly harmless skin-care services can exacerbate existing problems. Which is another reason Berson likes Berthelot. "She knows what to tackle and which lesions are suspicious," says Berson. "Someone who knows what could be particularly harmful is serving a higher function than just clearing out your pores."

ELAINE HEINZMAN

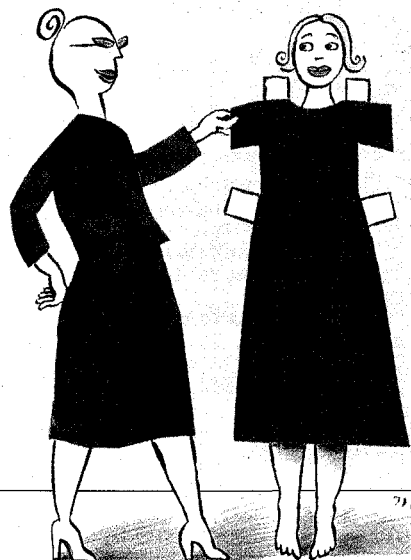
Q: I've just been promoted, which means it's time to move beyond my standard shirt-and-khakis combo, but I don't know the first thing about fashion.

A: After a day with a personal shopper, you'll accept the executive-washroom key with pride. These image consultants can tune your style up a notch without doing anything so drastic that your dog won't recognize you.

In order to help shape your outer appearance to your best advantage, personal shoppers need to know your personality. Industry vet Emily Cho (212-289-7807) sees herself as a kind of therapist. She'll meet you in your closet, notepad in hand. "Then," she says, "everything comes out. Your clothes tell the story of your life." One intense shopping session later, your look will be drop-dead chic and fool-proof, thanks to the list of outfit combinations Cho tacks up in each client's closet.

Betty Halbreich (at Bergdorf Goodman; 212-753-7300) doesn't have the platinum-card attitude you'd expect from someone who's dressed Candice Bergen and Meryl Streep. "I can do your whole wardrobe off the markdown rack," she boasts. You won't end up with a closet full of castoffs—it's just that she's more concerned with fit and fabric than with labels.

Mona Reilly at Paul Stuart (212-682-0320) has turned many clueless men into savvy shoppers during her seven years at the store. Spread collar or straight? Pinstripes or checks? "Just ask," she says. "I love shopping with men. They're so open to my suggestions." **SUZANNE D'AMATO**



and move the padded carriage back. Ungaro orders me to pull in my abdominals and use my stomach muscles to move the machine instead of focusing on my legs. The resistance is light, so doing this won't build bulk. I concentrate on the Pilates mantra of "scooping the belly button toward the back of the spine"—which is very different from just sucking in your gut. Instead, you're pressing your abdominal muscles toward the mat and anchoring your spine, which prevents you from straining your lower back. The repetitions are quick, and by the time I figure out what all

my body parts should be doing, the circuit is complete. Although my pulse is not racing, Ungaro reassures me that as I progress, the pace will intensify, giving me more of a cardio workout.

If you're looking for an alternative to aerobics, Pilates is not a fat-burning phenomenon, although Kelly Kane, the owner of the **Kane School of Core Integration**,

Abs solution: Kelly Kane, owner of the Kane School of Core Integration, believes slow, controlled motions are the key.



warns, "Pilates can be taught like it's Jack LaLane if there is not a lot of attention being paid." Kane offers a fairly cerebral regimen—as the anatomy charts lining the walls attest—intended to, in her words, repattern some of my muscles and realign me. She insists that rethinking the way one views the body is key to getting results, that by performing each move

with the torso acting as the core source of strength, one can build a stronger spine and better posture.

Kane positions me on the Cadillac, a gurneylike apparatus that is the mother of all machines, offering a little bit of everything, including a trapeze bar for more seasoned students. She guides me through a series of slow-motion sit-ups. It sounds innocuous enough until your feet are dangling above you in stirrups designed to isolate your abdominals. The idea is to slowly move up, one vertebra at a time, using the stomach muscles only rather than the shoulders or legs. Because it's impossible to cheat, ten reps on the Cadillac easily equal 100 old-fashioned sit-ups.

While the atmosphere at Kane's studio was slow, serene, and despite all my exertions, actually quite calming, the **Power Pilates** studio is bustling with the energy of half a dozen women frantically squeezing a workout into their lunch hour. One woman hangs upside down on the Cadillac, while another stretches her back over a large rubber ball. Even though the students are at various levels, they all share looks of intense concentration.

Pilates himself once claimed that "in 10 sessions you'll feel the difference, in 20 you'll see the difference, and in 30 you'll have a different body." As I'm a novice my body hasn't gotten any less familiar, but when instructor Melanie Rosamond begins to guide me through the motions, I realize I am getting better at this. On the Reformer, pulling the springs with my arms, I can sense my abdominal region doing most of the work. In earlier sessions my shoulders would tense up to help pull in the springs; now they naturally sink down for better posture. And rather than my stomach's caving in, the muscles tucked under my waistline have toned up: I can actually sit taller, and my trunk is more elongated. So far, I haven't gotten any taller, but thanks to a stronger, straighter posture, I am standing at my actual height for the first time in years, and when I step off the Reformer at the end of the set, I walk chin up amid the well-toned abs in tiny tank tops that surround me.

re:AB (33 Bleecker Street; 212-420-9111. Mat classes, \$20 per session; private, \$75 per session). Tribeca Bodyworks (177 Duane Street; 212-625-0777. Mat, \$20; private, \$60). The Kane School of Core Integration (7 East 17th Street; 212-463-8308. Mat, \$35; private, \$75). Power Pilates (138 Fifth Avenue, at 19th Street, 212-337-9952; Mat, \$15; private, \$65).

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL Simon Says

Warehouse of style: *With creative director Simon Doonan as a guide to the annual sale extravaganza, any shopper can find gems amid Barneys' rubble.*

IT'S TIME FOR THE ONE fashion event no shopaholic can resist: the **Barneys Warehouse Sale**. In a few months, the space it occupies will be turned into a downtown branch of the store's Co-op department (don't worry—there will still be warehouse sales). But for now, the old haunt is charmingly scruffy as ever, and it's where we've met Simon Doonan (the hand behind Barneys' famously stylish windows) to get the skinny on the best items for guys. "It's a great place for women to meet straight men," Doonan confides as his terrier, Liberace, leads us downstairs to sniff out the spiffiest suits.

"These men are young, they're respectable, and"—he says knowingly—"they're buying business attire."

Doonan heads straight for the classics: "We're the absolute authority on men's suits, shirts, and ties," he reminds us. "We've been in this business for 80 years." He pauses at a rack of coats: "Sheepskin. Yum!" (a Barneys New York shearling jacket, was \$995, now \$395). "Camel hair, from one of the most important tailors on Savile Row" (a Huntsman coat, was \$1,295, now \$499). Among the suits, he spots "a lovely pinstripe from a very major Italian maker" (a Piatelli suit, was \$1,350, now \$399) and an Armani tuxedo for \$499 (was \$1,550). "What's your opinion, Liberace?" Doonan asks, pulling it off the rack. "You have to tell us what you think, you little ham!" He also points out loads of sleek ties (average price, \$34) and shirts (average \$49)—all at half the original prices.

Lurking alongside those treasures are the lesser items that have made most of us overspend wildly at sales past. "Just



Sniffing out a deal: No little plaid sweaters for Liberace (or for Simon Doonan).



keep your head, be vigorous, and don't be shy—try things on," insists Doonan, who believes that anyone can learn to navigate the sale successfully. As for the lack of changing facilities: Plan ahead. "Wear gym attire—or those Chippendale's pants that tear off," he recommends. "Just don't look too schlumpy—with all those hot chicks walking by, you might meet your life mate."

Barneys New York Warehouse, 255 W. 17th St. (212-450-8400); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Thurs.–Fri. 8–9; 2/17–2/18. Mon.–Fri. 10–9, Sat.–Sun. 10–7; 2/19–3/5.

Picks of the Week

Red Tape by Rebecca Danenberg's trendy, downtown-style winter staples are 75 percent off at the sale. Wool pants are \$34, jersey tanks are \$30, and mohair sweaters

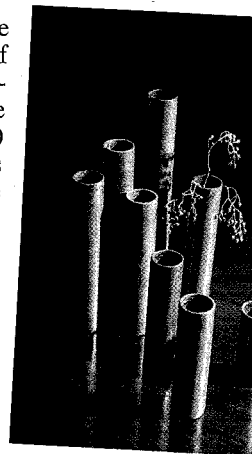
are \$63–\$75. The resort collection is half off. 333 E. 9th St. (212-529-8483); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun. noon–8; 2/15–2/28.

The Gown Company has eveningwear and bridal gowns by Carolina Herrera, Helen Morley, Cynthia C. & Co., and others at up to 80 percent off, from \$500 to \$1,300; Sizes 2–12. **Lombardy Hotel**, 109 E. 56th St. (for information, call 212-979-9000); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Fri. 10–6:30, Sat. 10–5; 2/16–2/19.

Calypso St. Barths's sample sale means bins full of trendy, colorful coats, knits, separates, and swimsuits from designers like Paul & Joe, Miguelina's, and 3 Dots—with all items priced from \$5–\$100. 150 Lafayette St., third floor (212-274-0449); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sun. 9–7; 2/17–2/20.

ERNY, coat-maker for top European and American designers, is clearing hundreds of fur, shearling, and leather styles at 50 to 75 percent off. Sheared-mink jackets are from \$1,000; a fur-lined women's coat is \$1,200; a reversible men's shearling is \$2,000. 223 W. 29th St. (212-244-2990); cash only; Mon.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. noon–5; 2/14–2/25.

Desiron has three shops' worth of sharp, modern metal-and-glass furniture marked down by 40 to 60 percent. Beds start at \$600, coffee tables at \$215, and accessories (pictured) at \$45. 139 W. 22nd St., ground floor (212-414-4070); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Tues.–Sun. noon–7; 2/15–2/20.



DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Before planning your big event, come to ours

NEW YORK PRESENTS

City Weddings THE BIG EVENT

Consultations, bridal fashion previews, honeymoon destinations, sampling, prizes, cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, and everything you need for the perfect wedding—except the groom.

Thursday, February 17
6-8 p.m.

The New York Palace
455 Madison Avenue
(between 50th and 51st sts.)
second level

Tickets are \$25 in advance and \$30 at the door. Space is limited. To register, please send a check payable to New York Magazine:

NEW YORK Magazine
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444 Madison Avenue
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Tickets for checks received after February 10 will be held at the door.

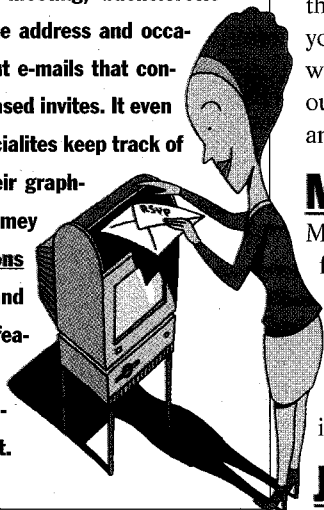


NEW YORK
Palace

NET NEWS

Open Mouse

Receiving an invitation via e-mail used to be like getting a movie-theater gift certificate: It's still the thought that counts, but you're just not sure how much. But as competition in the online-invitation field has intensified, e-vites have left the realm of novelty and become a legitimate time-saving tool. The best such site is Invitemetoo.com, which lets users choose among several types of events (kaf-fee-katsch, book-club meeting, bachelorette bash), fill in details like address and occasion, and then send out e-mails that contain links to the Web-based invites. It even lets would-be-cyber-socialites keep track of R.S.V.P.'s. Although their graphics have a less homey touch, Yahoo Invitations (invites.yahoo.com) and Evite.com offer similar features and can display your guest list to promote your social cachet.



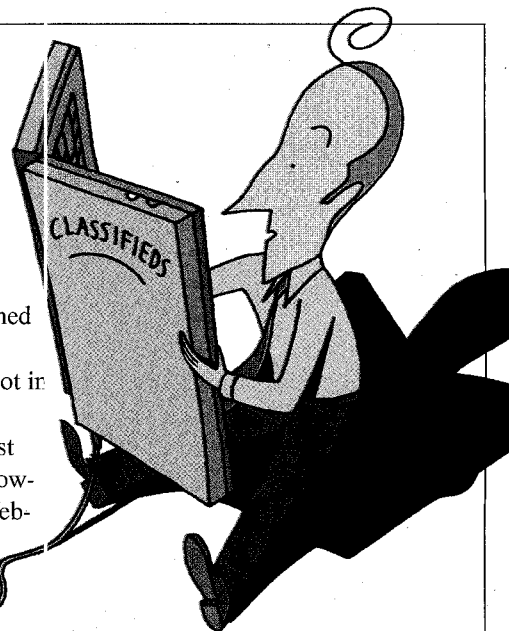
I.T., Phone Home

On the Internet, there is such a thing as a free lunch—not to mention free long-distance calls. The Web has long allowed the cyber-savvy set to pay locally and talk globally by calling other computer users over the Net; now Dialpad.com lets anyone in the U.S. whose PC has a microphone and speakers talk directly to anyone with even an old-fashioned phone. The only drawback is that the free meal in question isn't quite a gourmet meal: You may have to shout unless you use a headset.



Net Working

"We can't call you," admonished the old Apex Tech ads. "You have to take the first step." Not in the new economy, you don't. Now, the theory goes, you post your résumé on one of the growing number of job-hunting Websites, sit back, and wait for the phone to ring. While you're waiting, check out what opportunities are out there and scope out the competition—many sites let you log on as a "guest" employer and declare open season on other people's résumés.



Monster.com The 800-pound gorilla of online job listings, Monster.com (inspiring motto: "Work. Life. Possibilities") claims to offer more than a million résumés and receive 300,000 more each month. Besides listing roughly 11,000 jobs in the New York area at solid companies like Emigrant Savings Bank and Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, the site allows users to ask for advice in question-and-answer "communities" aimed at interns, CEOs, and everyone in between.

Jobs.com Almost as enormous as Monster (inspiring motto: "When you love what you do, you're alive") but less popular locally—a search for "Broadcast/Publishing" opportunities came up empty—is Jobs.com. (It's best for technology-related positions.) But it offers e-mail updates of job postings and lists almost 450 prospective employers under the letter A alone.

FreeAgent.com An even more ambitious site is Freeagent.com (inspiring motto: "For a brave new workforce"), which not only lists freelance gigs in fields from tech to translation—it's as much a one-stop shop as Staples is. The site can also handle freelancers' invoicing, file their tax returns, and help them create online showcases.

Vault.com For the inside scoop, don't miss the message boards on Vault.com (inspiring motto: "Career advancement for professionals"), which include postings from employees about what it's really like at various companies. It's the next best thing to taking a job out for a test drive.

Jobmonkey.com If big job sites are the online equivalent of college employment fairs, Jobmonkey is like the notices hanging in the student center, a clearinghouse for occupations like seasonal ski instructor and Alaskan-fishery worker. Great for slackers—or anyone with some time on his hands between e-commerce start-ups.

BY HILLARY ROSNER

Special Advertising

CITY *Weddings*



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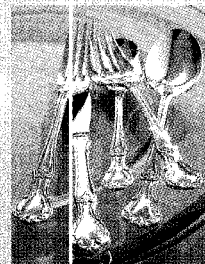
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*Burdines, The Bon Marché, Rich's, Lazarus and Goldsmith's.

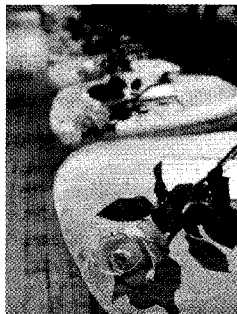
CITY Weddings

Cheri Grand and Todd Anderman set their sights on a wedding location that was quintessentially New York. They found just that at Windows on the World, which sits atop the World Trade Center. "We looked at a number of locations in New York City," recalls Cheri, now Grand-Anderman, "but when we walked into Windows on the World, we knew that we'd found the perfect place."

Besides the to-die-for American cuisine, the fantastic atmosphere and decor (thanks to a recent \$25 million renovation), and a second-to-none wine cellar, Windows on the World offers a truly unique setting. The staff will attend to every detail—including consulting with couples via e-mail. That's a feature Cheri and Todd needed in planning their wedding. As executives in two different dot.com businesses in New York City, they are very busy people and rely on e-mail to stay connected to the world—even to their banquet manager. "Todd and I wanted to make all of the wedding decisions together, but Todd travels quite a bit for work," says Cheri. "E-mail was a great way to go over all the details together with the staff, even if we weren't all in the same city at the same time."

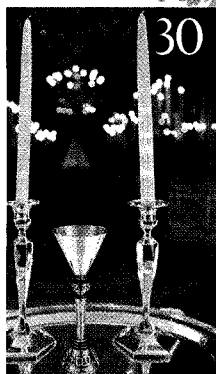
Our fair city (and its surrounding suburbs) features a number of vendors and venues that specialize in customized weddings. We've gathered the cream of the crop here in City Weddings, New York Magazine's bi-annual guide to planning sensational city weddings. Read on for ways to create an affair to remember.

Cover Photos: Fred Marcus Photography. This Page: Bottom left, Antony Nagelmann. Top left: Sarah Merians Photography and Company. Bottom center and center right: Fred Marcus Photography. Bottom right: Sarah Merians Photography and Company.



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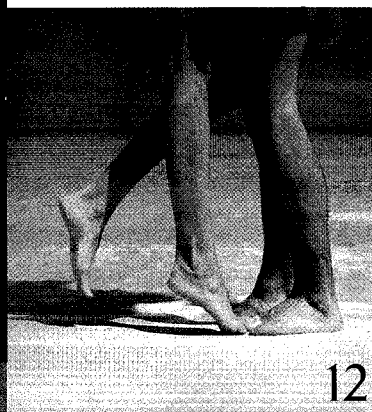
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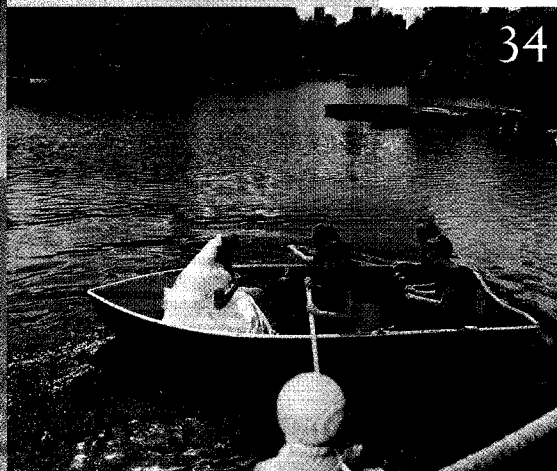
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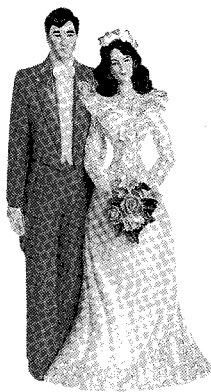
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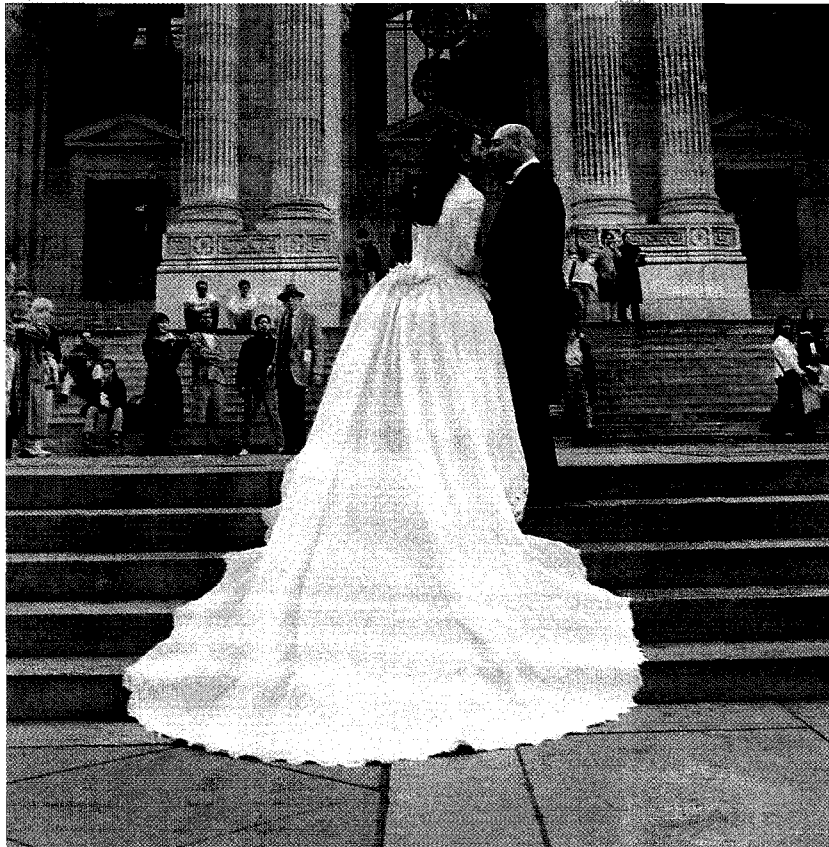
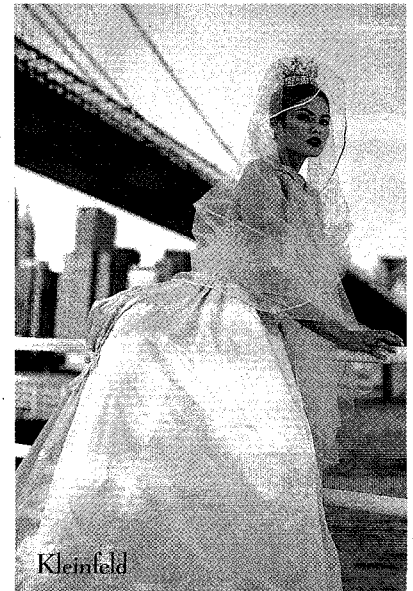


Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company



Kleinfeld

than 800 styles of wedding dresses here," says Betty Lou Aluisio, executive vice president and general merchandise manager. While that's admittedly a lot of dresses to look through, it's easy at Kleinfeld; each bride receives her own personal consultant at her bridal appointment. The personalization doesn't stop there. "When a bride comes back for her

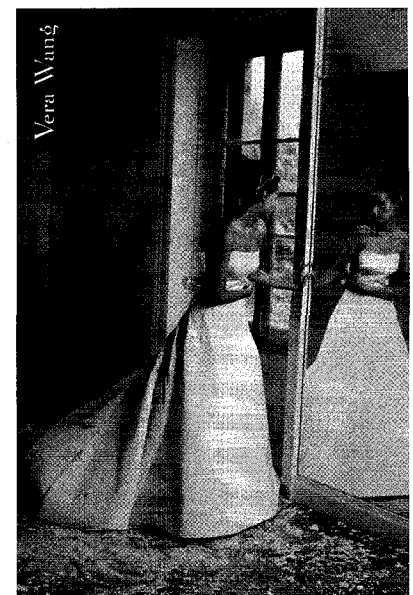
Even before Karen Bierman Hirsh was engaged, she had her wedding gown picked out. "I was watching a television show called *The Single Guy*, and there was a bride wearing this gorgeous dress," recalls Karen, 28, an entertainment publicist in Manhattan. "The moment I saw the dress I knew it was the one I would get married in. It looked like something that Vera Wang would fashion—beautiful, princessy, elegant, traditional, yet modern."

Karen videotaped that episode. Months later, when then boyfriend Peter Hirsh, 28, a fund administrator, proposed, she used the video to confirm that it was, indeed, a gorgeous Vera Wang (991 Madison Ave. at 77th St., 628-3400) creation. "When I tried on the dress, it was like meeting the person you are going to spend the rest of your life with—you just know,"

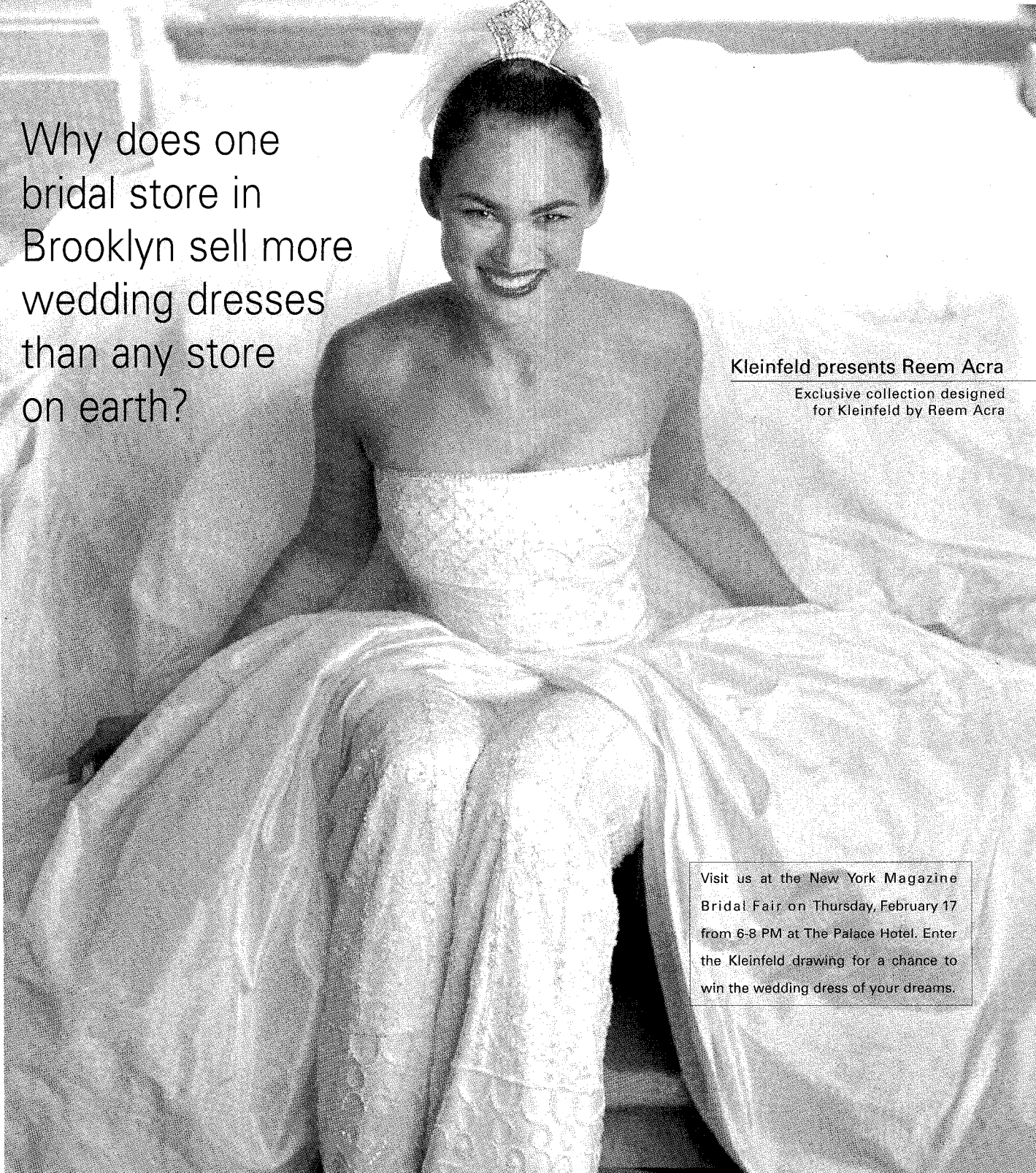
Karen remembers. "The second that dress was on my body, I knew." What also convinced Karen that her dream dress was ideal was the way she was treated at the Madison Avenue salon—"like I was the first and only customer they were servicing that day," adds Bierman. "At Vera Wang, they create an experience that goes along with the elegance of their dresses."

We're happy to report that Karen did indeed wear her Vera Wang gown down the aisle when she and Peter tied the knot.

The first stop for many newly engaged women is Kleinfeld (8202 Fifth Ave, Brooklyn, 1-888-383-2777), a wedding dress mecca for more than 60 years. One of the reasons brides choose Kleinfeld is its selection and service. "We have more



Vera Wang



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first dress fitting, she is assigned her own fitter who stays with her from the first fitting to the last," adds Aluisio. Brides can expect the service at Kleinfeld to improve—since July, it has been under new management. "We're here to make the customer happy in all aspects," says Aluisio. The owners are present at this comfortable salon to assure complete perfection. They will go to any extreme to see to it that the bride walks down the aisle in the perfect dress with the perfect fit. One of the latest service amenities Kleinfeld is offering is car service to and from Manhattan. For more information about Kleinfeld, visit Kleinfeld's Web site www.kleinfeldbridal.com (under development).

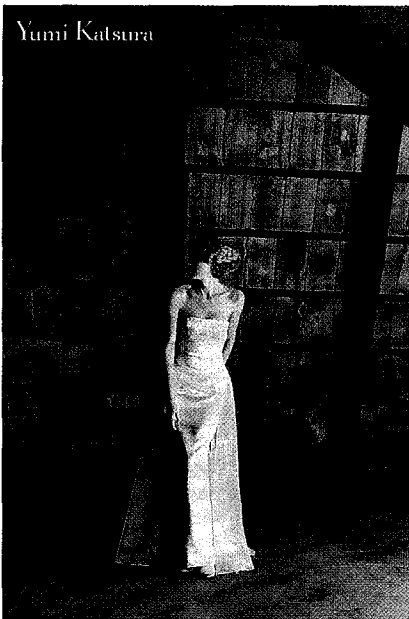
Brides who shop at **Yumi Katsura** (907 Madison Ave., 772-3760; www.yumikatsura.com) are looking to "shatter the mold of traditional bridal dressing," says Erisa Katsura, designer for Yumi Katsura and Erisa Katsura collections. Her dresses tend to feature whisper light fabrics for slight silhouettes and a sleek A-line or sheath shape. For both collections, the designer works with the finest silks and sumptuously rich satins, charmeuse and chiffons.

The bride who is looking for a different silhouette for her wedding gown—perhaps one that is form fitting—should check out the designs of **Mika Inatome** (11 Worth St., Suite 4B, 966-7777; www.inatome.com), who custom creates each bridal gown. Currently, her



Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

Yumi Katsura



stylists are working with finely spun sterling silver, which they embroider right onto their dresses. "The overall effect of this delicately rich texture," says Mika, "is both sophisticated and elegant."

Bridal designer Michelle Roth of Michelle Roth (24 W. 57th St., Suite 203, 245-3390; www.michelleroth.com) helps brides make a statement by offering them gowns of color. "We've seen 50 percent growth in brides choosing gowns in anything but ivory or white," says Roth, who creates gowns in such stunning colors as maize yellow and French blue. In addition, she notes that brides are leaning towards a sexier silhouette, such as with a plunging backline.

Michelle Roth



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Special Advertising Section

For the Bridesmaid

For years, we've been hearing that bridesmaid's dresses can be worn after the wedding. Yeah, right, you sigh. Well, in the year 2000, that claim is finally true. Designers have finally woken up and smelled the Champagne, and this year they are offering a highly fashionable collection that can definitely do double duty as evening wear or a party dress for other formal (and not so formal) occasions in their lives. Here's what is walking down the runway from four New York pros:

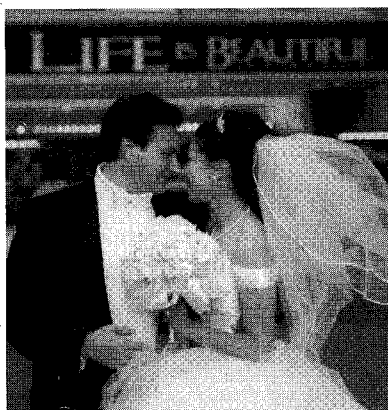
✿ Nicole Miller (1-877-777-9363) offers a line of bridesmaid apparel that she says will help you "keep your friends while selecting dresses for your bridesmaids." Recent additions to her collection include satin ball gowns as well as separates, such as beaded organza bustiers and ball-gown skirts.



✿ These gorgeous outfits come in lavender, daisy yellow, or pink orchid.

Fred Marcus

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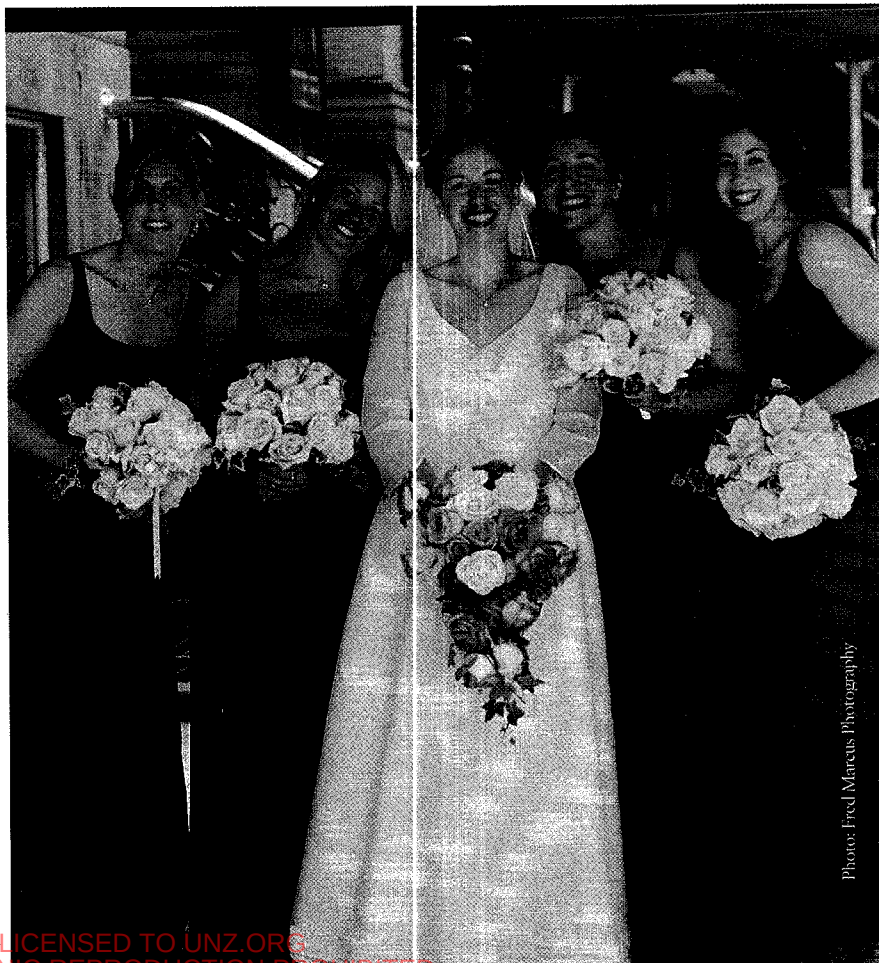


Photo: Fred Marcus Photography



The Bridal Party—
Dresses for Bridesmaids

Nicole Miller doesn't stop at dresses, though. At the 32 Nicole Miller boutiques nationwide, as well as at Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Nordstrom, you'll also find dyeable satin shoes that are strappy, comfortable, and sexy, and beaded or satin clutches.

✿ The philosophy behind the new Vera Wang Maids on Madison (980 Madison Ave., 628-9898), situated across the street from the Vera Wang bridal salon, is that "the entire bridal party should be as beautiful as the bride," says Laura O'Brien, a Vera Wang spokesperson. The salon makes bridesmaid dress shopping easy by stocking the store with "every dress Vera has created," O'Brien adds. In addition, "while



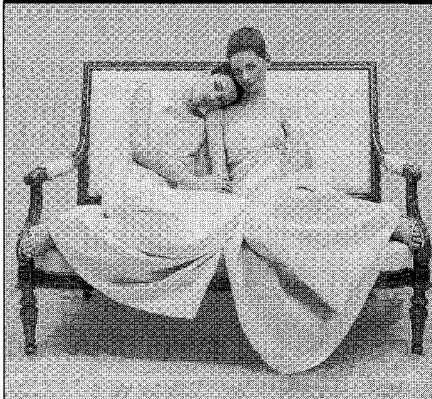
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Photo: Watters & Watters, NYC, Bridal Party

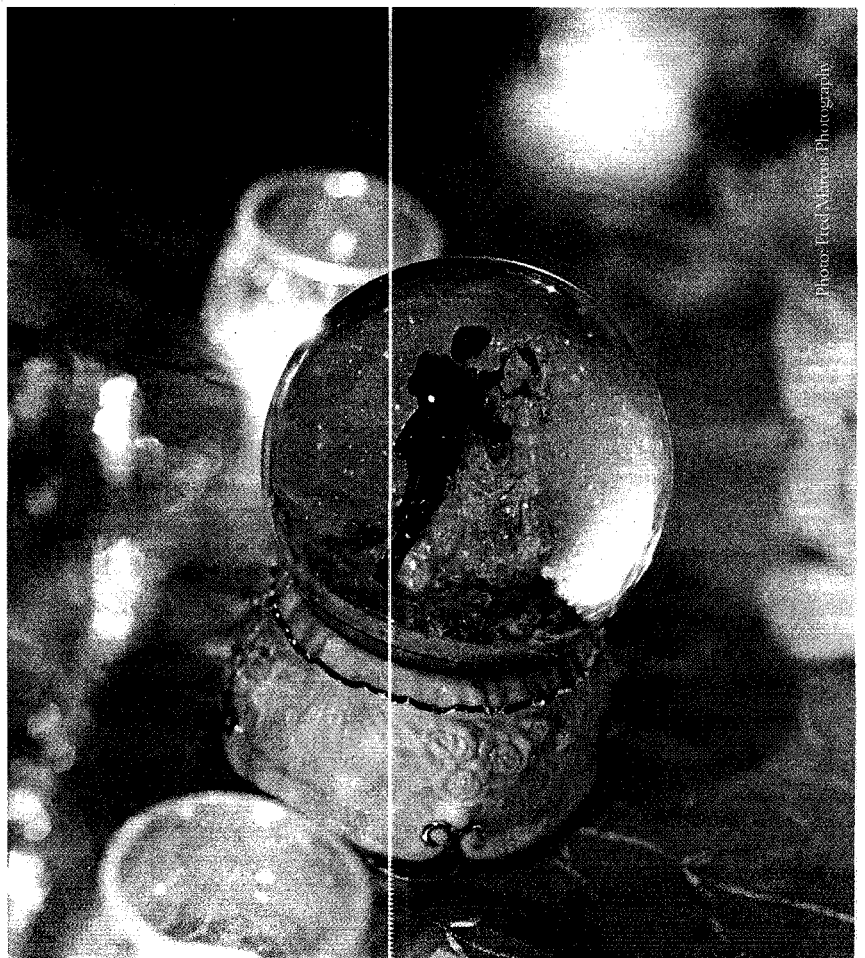


Photo: Fred Miras Photograph

there are dresses, there is a variety of separates, such as blouses, camisoles, sweaters, and skirts. Vera feels very strongly about dressy separates, which come in such delicious colors as Champagne, navy, burgundy, winter melon, candy pink, maize, and lilac.



Bride's Best Friend

✿ At *Bride's Best Friends* (11 E. Palisade Ave., Englewood, NJ, 201-541-1333), Vera Wang mix and match tops and bottoms are all the rage with the brides who travel to this store just over the George Washington Bridge in New Jersey. Here, they find Wang's complete line of attendant wear, plus personalized service from the shop's co-owners, Elizabeth Schwartz-Fisher and Ilene Rauch. Best of all, because of the shop's Garden State locale, they pay no sales tax on clothing.

✿ Separates are hot as well at *The Bridal Party—Dresses for Bridesmaids* (243 E. 82nd St., 861-2318). "What's great about separates," says owner Daphne Silverstein, "is they allow the bride to find clothes that flatter her bridesmaids, no matter what their body type." Skirts here are full length and ball-gown style, plus some new skirts from Jim Hjelm are knee length. The Bridal Party also offers cashmere sweaters to match with the skirts. The Bridal Party is online at www.weddingcentral.com/ny/bridalp/.

Honeymoon In Paradise



After the big wedding day is over, you've got the honeymoon to look forward to. And one of the most popular honeymoon destinations is **Jamaica**, where you'll find something for everyone. You can stay at an all-inclusive resort or a small inn in one of the island's many resort areas, which include Montego Bay, Negril, Ocho Rios, Port Antonio, and the South Coast. New this year is the Aguasol Theme Park in Montego Bay, which includes a giant waterslide, a go-kart track, and a state-of-the-art nightclub.

The island is a veritable natural paradise, with turquoise waters, tropical temperatures, and a variety of activities—from golf and horseback riding to tennis and snorkeling. If you'd rather sit back and relax poolside, the prevailing sentiment is, "No problem, Mon."

If you're considering honeymooning in Jamaica, why not get married there, too?

Getting married in Jamaica is virtually hassle free. One of the few requirements is that the couple is on the island 24 hours prior to tying the knot. For more information on honeymoons and weddings in Jamaica, call the Jamaica Tourist Board in New York City at 856-9727 or log onto www.jamaicatravel.com.



Photos this page: Jamaica Tourist Board

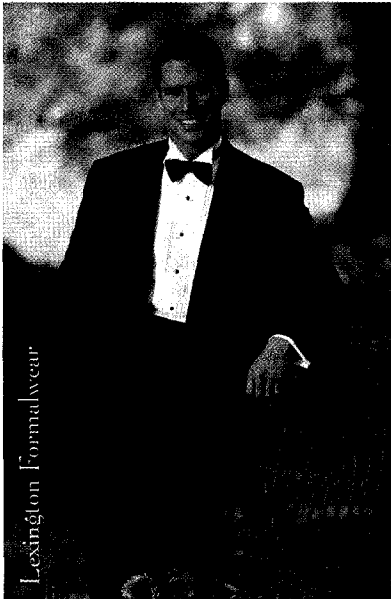
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A black and white photograph of a bride and two bridesmaids. The bride is in the foreground, looking down, while the bridesmaids are behind her, one looking to the side and the other looking down.

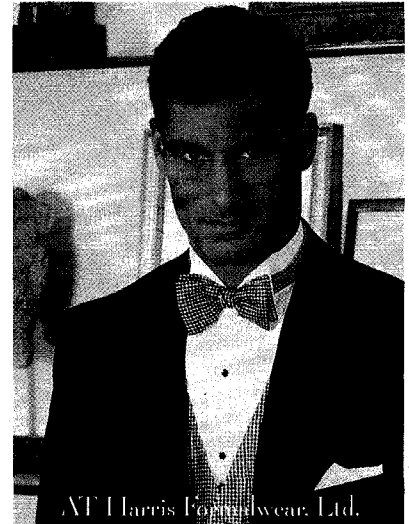
For the Groom

✿ While most people equate a gentleman's wedding attire with a tuxedo, grooms are showing a "great deal of inter-



est in cutaway jackets and morning suits," notes Susan Schreiber, president of Lexington Formalwear (12 E. 46th St., 867-4420). This 3,000 square-foot shop contains New York's largest in-house selection of tuxedos, white tie and tails, morning suits and accessories from such designers as Perry Ellis, Oscar de la Renta and Givenchy. "Recently, Windsor evening ties with matching vests have been popular among grooms and groomsmen and add a unique, elegant touch to any tuxedo."

"The groom and his attendants' attire is dictated by the length of a bride's gown and her train as well as the time of the wedding service," says Margaret Gillin, owner of AT Harris Formalwear, Ltd. (11 E. 44th St., 2nd Floor, Suite 201, 682-6325; www.atharris.com), which has been dressing New York men for 108 years. "Whether a white dinner jacket, cutaway, white tie and tails, top hat to spats, we do it all." The staff is well versed in the eti-

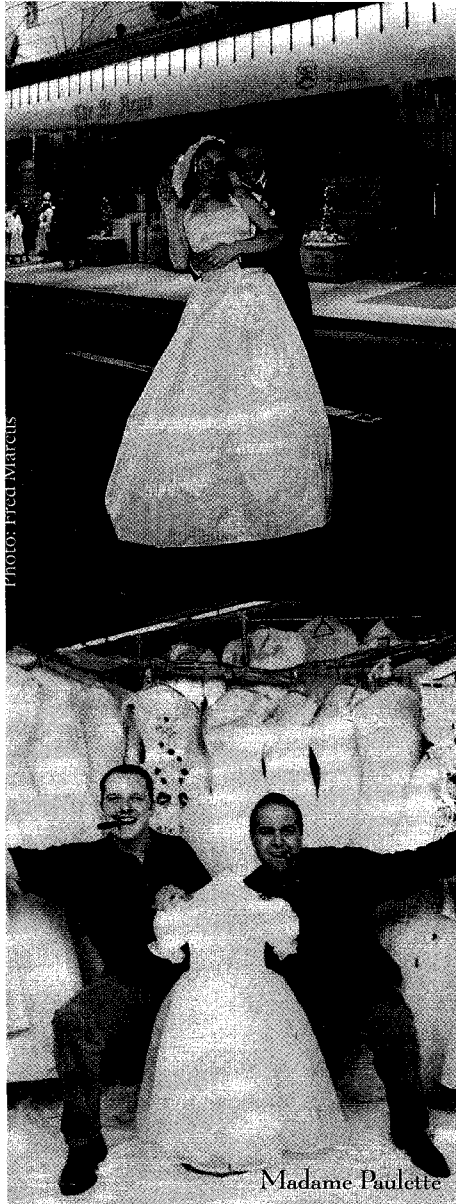


quette of wedding attire, and this company "on the move" will go the extra mile to assure perfection. "We will do everything we can to minimize the stress of putting the bridal party's attire together, and we love pleasing people."

Benevolent Bridal Gowns

✿ The Bridal Garden (122 E. 29th St., 252-0661) resells donated couture and designer gowns by Ulla Maija, Nancy Issler, Marissa, and One of a Kind Bride, among others, for a fraction of their original price. Many of them have never been worn. All proceeds go to Sheltering Arms Childrens Service, which has been helping disadvantaged children since 1823. Those who donate a wedding gown to The Bridal Garden may even get a tax deduction for their good deed. This is one of those New York finds that has become a smash hit through word of mouth. While you can't expect miracles, you just may find the dress of your dreams for a price that will drop jaws.





Dress Masters

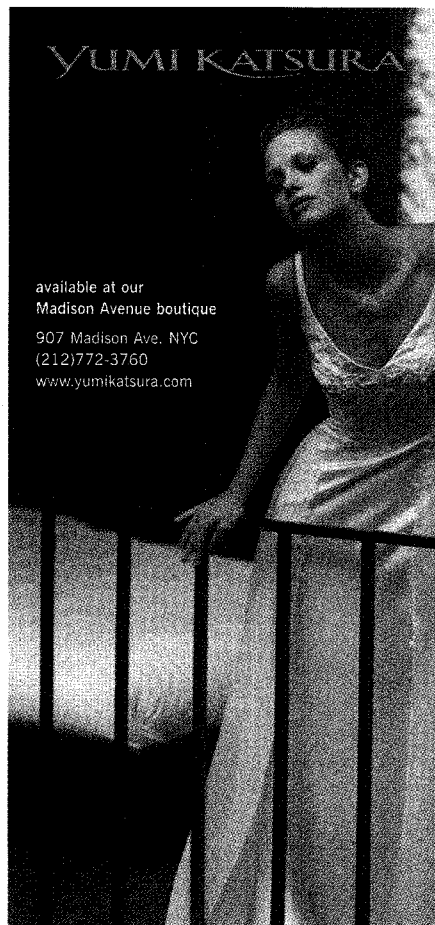
After the big day, the bridal specialists at Madame Paulette (1255 Second Ave., 838-6827 or 1-877-COUTURE) will carefully clean and restore your wedding gown to its original splendor, arranging the piece in an acid-free chamber. For over 40 years, Madame Paulette has specialized in couture cleaning, finishing, tailoring, restoration, and preservation of the finest wedding gowns in the world. Worldwide shipping is available.

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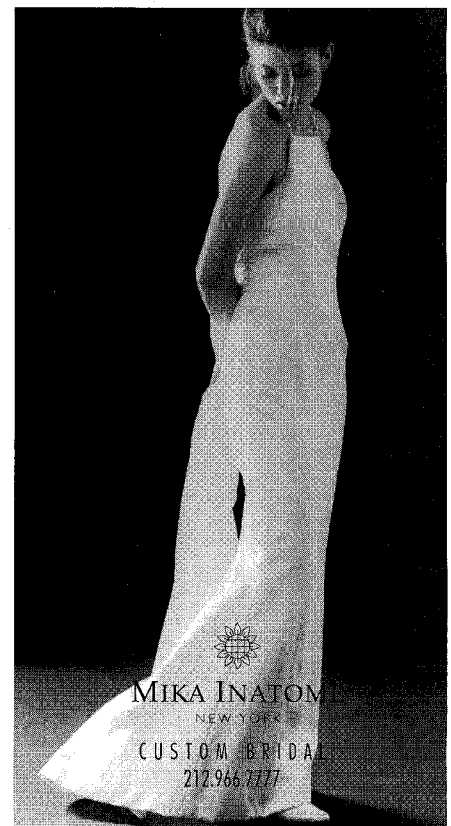
Nicole Miller

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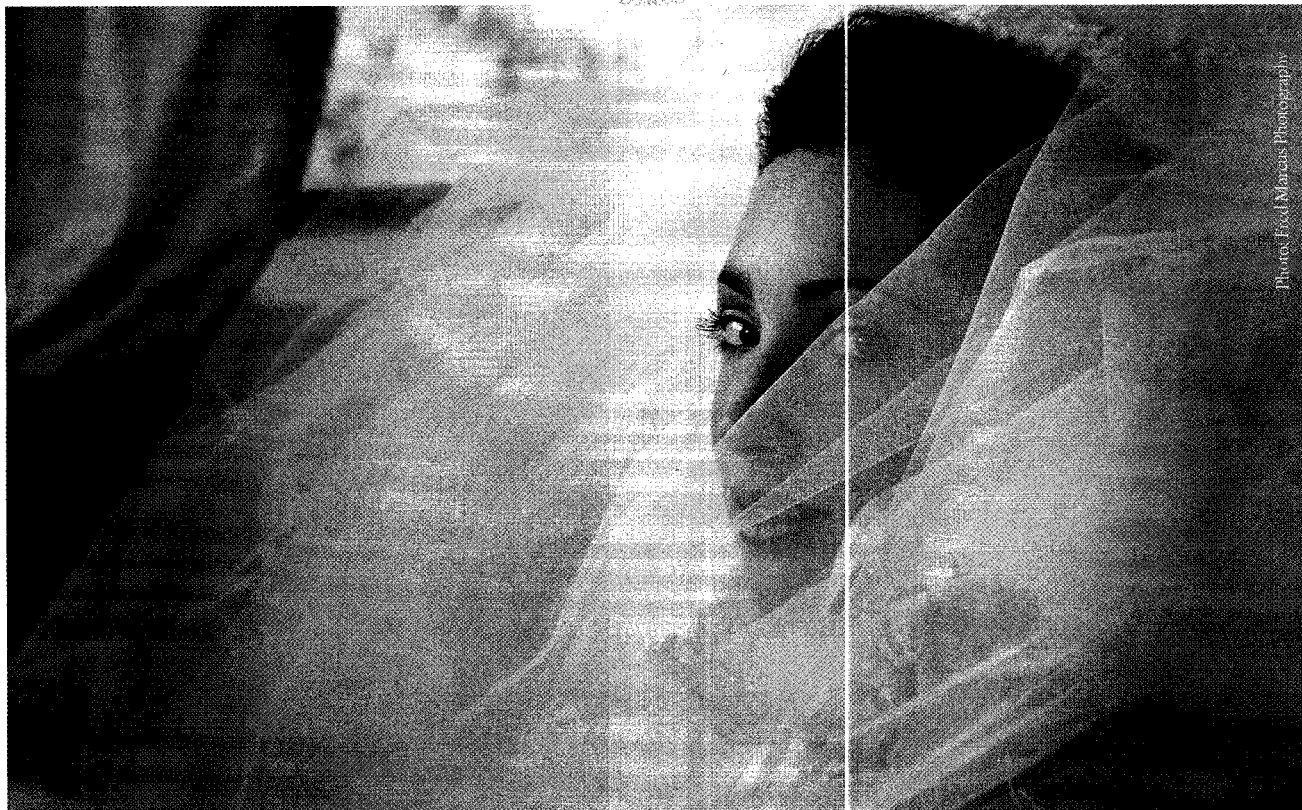
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Looking Gorgeous



Look your absolute best on your big day, thanks to these three New York salons that make brides beautiful:

✿ Lia Schorr of **Lia Schorr Skin Care** (686 Lexington Ave., 4th Floor, 486-9670 or 1-800-782-7212) recommends that “brides schedule four consecutive facials up to two weeks before the wedding to clean skin. Lia Schorr Skin Care, a leading full-service salon in midtown, can also host a pampering bridal shower. Visit them online at www.liaschorr.com.

✿ One of a kind, **International Hair Salon** (560 Fifth Ave. 3rd. Floor; 869-1147; call for other locations) with Angelo David, specializes in the latest unique methods for women with fine, thin, problem hair. In comfortable surroundings, highlighting, hair additions, extensions, and volumizing, are provided for the most important time in your life.

✿ At the **New York Hair Restoration Surgicenter** (308 E. 79th St., Suite 1D, 988-4343, www.nyhairrestoration.ba.web.com), Robert Bonvino, M.D., performs hair transplants for men and women. “We use only the latest techniques of micro- and mini-hair grafting,” he says. The result is a “natural looking hairline that’s virtually undetectable.” The procedure can take from three to eight hours depending on the number of grafts that have to be transplanted.

✿ **LeMetric Hair Center** (124 E. 40th St. Suite 601, 986-5620 or 1-800-217-9052; www.lemetric.com) focuses on women who have lost their hair or who have thinning hair. “The last thing they want at a big event is a shiny scalp,” says owner Elline Surianello. LeMetric can give brides, their mother, or other women with thin hair the fuller-looking head of hair they always dreamed of for

the special day and beyond through a range of techniques.

✿ When considering your hair and makeup for your wedding day, remember that “no one should look different on their wedding day, and no one should be shocked at the altar,” advises Angela Cosmai, owner of **Angela Cosmai Salon** (16 W. 55th St., 541-5820; 1701 Post Rd. East, Westport, CT., 203-259-5909 or 1-800-992-9585), which specializes in corrective hair coloring and helping women with thinning hair get a flowing mane. In fact, Cosmai was recently voted “Best Corrective Colorist of the Year” by *New York*. Her team, which also travels to service clients, sells its own line of haircare products and makeup, can help everyone in the wedding look gorgeous on the special day—from the bride’s updo to the flower girl’s curls.



Angela Cosmai

Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

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Special Advertising Section

Bridal Event

Mark your calendars. On Saturday, March 18th, from noon until 4:00 p.m., the Hotel Inter-Continental New York (111 E. 48th St., 906-3124) is holding its annual Bridal Style New York wedding fair. On site will be 25 of New York's most renowned wedding experts, such as Sylvia Weinstock, Steven Scott Productions, Sarah Merians Photography & Company, and Michelle Roth. Throughout the day, participants will be able to sample the hotel chef's specialties while sipping Champagne, enjoying a fashion show featuring the latest designs in bridal gowns, and vying for the chance to possibly take home such grand prizes as a Sylvia Weinstock wedding cake, a Michelle Roth bridal gown, or even a Paris honeymoon.

In addition to all the festivities at the Hotel Inter-Continental, limousines will be at the ready to take couples to the newest Inter-Continental hotel in Manhattan, the Central Park Inter-Continental (formerly the Ritz-Carlton), which is available for distinctive weddings.

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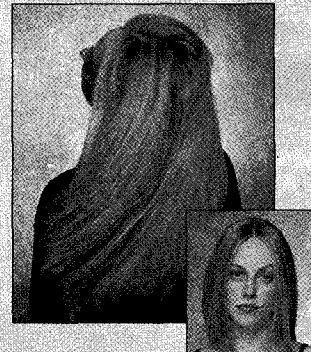
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Photos: Top right: Sarah Mevian Photography & Company
Bottom right: Fred Marcus Photography

DON'T ELOPE

Capturing The Moment



Derek Photography

Wedding photography has come a long way from stiffly posed pictures and bad lighting. Today's wedding photographer knows how to capture the special moments of your wedding without intruding on your affair. Here are three fabulous photographers who each offer a unique take on wedding photography.

"We've had enormous success with our coffee table wedding album, which is a digitally reproduced version of it, and looks like a standard book rather than an album," says Derek Jackson, of **Derek Photographers** (628-5100 or 1-800-44-DEREK). "Instead of putting it away on a shelf, couples keep this book out for people to look through,"

adds Jackson, who excels at natural-looking photography in both black and white, and color. Check out Derek's work online at www.derekgroup.com

At **Sarah Merians Photography & Company** (104 Fifth Ave., 4th Floor, 633-0502), they have a staff of thirteen unique photographers, each of whom offers a distinctive style, ranging from traditional to photojournalistic. "Couples choose the photographer who best reflects their personal style," says Merians, herself an accomplished photographer. "We are with you every step of the way—from the engagement portrait to the finished artistic album." Sarah Merians is online at www.sarahmerians.com.



Derek Photography

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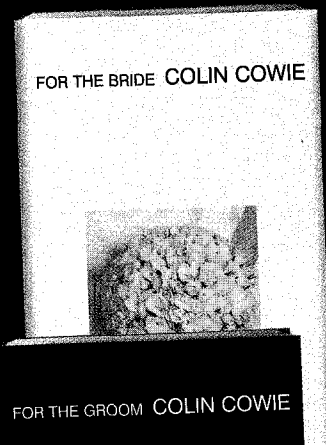


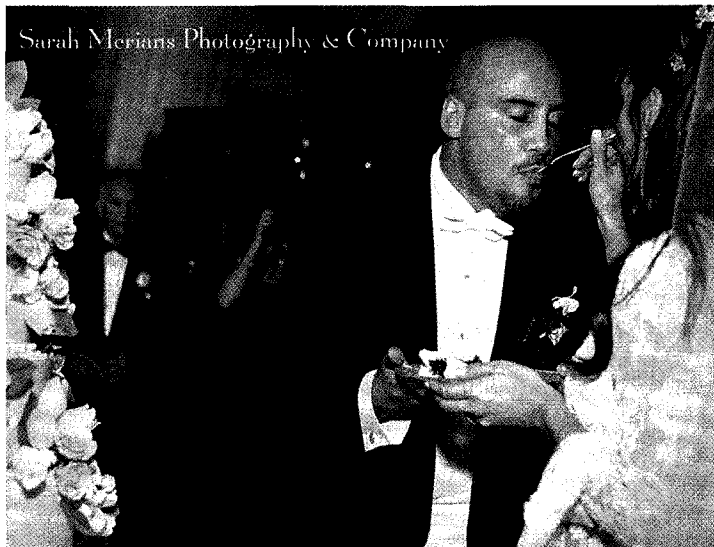
Photo of Colin Cowie by Deborah Feingold

In two new lavishly designed books, wedding stylist extraordinaire Colin Cowie offers both bride and groom personal advice on how to make their wedding, and life together, a grand and gracious event.

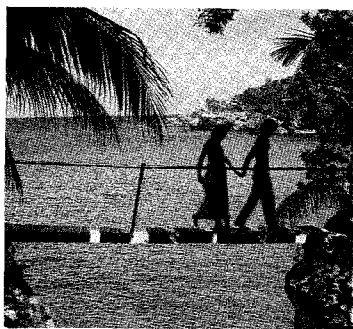
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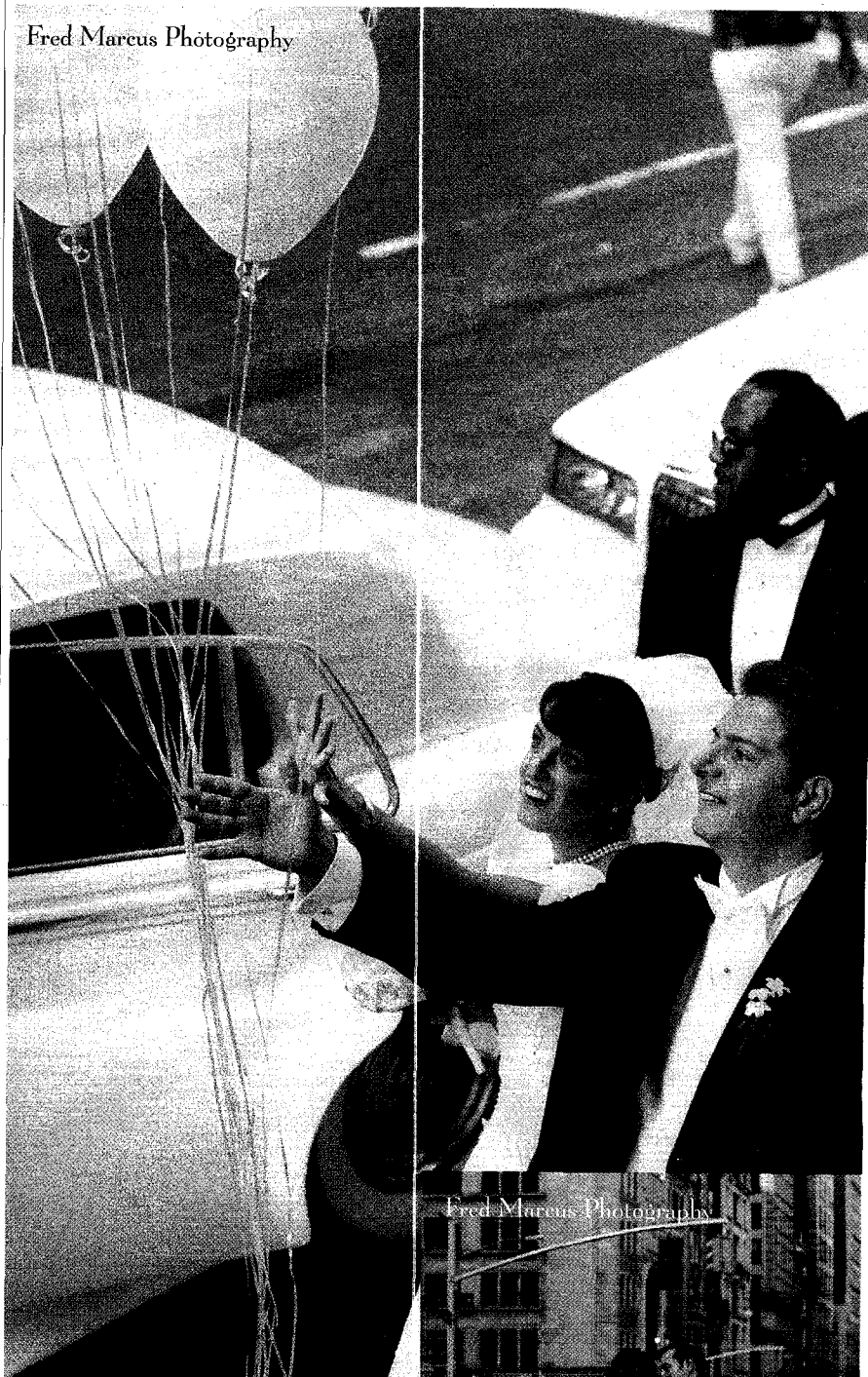
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Fred Marcus Photography



Fred Marcus Photography



Forget the same old wedding video. At Fred Marcus Photography (245 W. 72nd St., 873-5588; www.fredmarcus.com), they're capturing weddings on DVD. As far as "regular" photography goes, "black and white photography, in conjunction with traditional color photography, is still the hottest thing," says President Andy Marcus. Fred Marcus is the recommended photographer at The Plaza and Pierre hotels.



Fred Marcus Photography



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www.DerekGroup.com

Kicking Up Their Heels



Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

Ken Gross Orchestras (1-800-688-4480) helps to create a fabulous party," says Juilliard-trained bandleader Ken Gross, by performing music "with pizzazz that reflects the tastes of the bridal couple and fills the dance floor with guests of all ages." Gross offers set bands whose popularity is based on the

top quality of their musicians and vocalists as well as their mastery of a broad range of music, including swing, rock, Top 40, Motown, and R&B.

The Guinness Book of Records recently recorded that Lester Lanin Orchestras, America's Leading Wedding Specialist,

(157 W. 57th St., 265-5208) has performed more engagements than any other orchestra. Lester Lanin's Orchestras play engagements worldwide and their continuous music contains an unlimited repertoire of songs. "Our success is due to our adaptability to the specific requirements of each engagement," Lanin says.



Photos this page: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

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Stylish Decor and Details

Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company



The printed materials you choose for your wedding — whether for your invitations, wedding program, or thank-you notes — say a lot about who you are.

If a bride chooses to adorn her engraved invitation with personal touches, the key is continuity. “A contemporary trend with growing popularity is to embellish the program — and possibly the invitation — with an illuminated monogram that can be used again on the menus, place cards, and thank-you notes,” says Laura Leigh, president of Alpine Creative Group (159 W. 25th St., 989-4198 or

1-800-289-6507), a full service invitation company.

An Alpine bride getting married in the summer used small dried flowers with a strip of silk ribbon at the top of her wedding invitation. “We then followed through with the same design for table accessories and the guest book,” adds Leigh. She notes that even in this informative age, brides are keeping with the timeless traditions one associates with weddings and “instead of using computer generated typography,” she says, “they are selecting to have their wedding text crafted in hand-lettered calligraphy.”

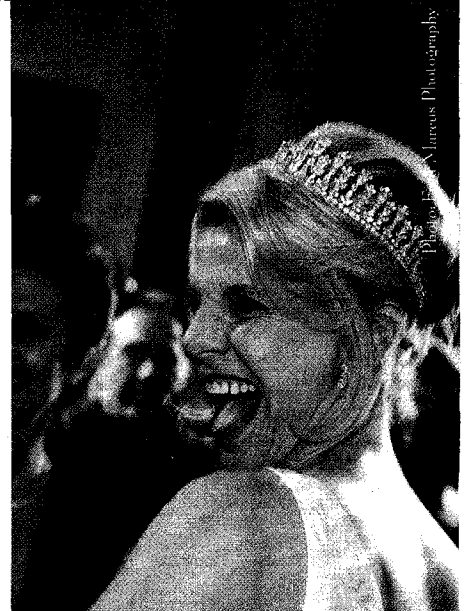


Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

A Blueprint for Brides and Grooms

Another important aspect to planning a wedding, is consulting with a professional who has created thousands of successful affairs. If this isn't in your budget, there are a number of excellent resources out there to help. Consider: "Getting married isn't just about showing up on time. It is about creating a celebration that is both unique



and personal," says celebrity lifestyle advisor (Kelsey Grammar, Lisa Kudrow, Kenny G.), Colin Cowie, author of two new books that focus not only on wedding planning but living with style. These companion tomes *For the Bride: A Guide to Style and Gracious Living* and *For the Groom: A Blueprint for a Gentleman's Lifestyle* (Delacorte Press, 2000) each offer unique advice for the bride and groom, and are illustrated with photographs from weddings Cowie has planned and executed.

"These manuals of style can help you create both a memorable wedding day and," he adds, "a graceful start to married life." Available wherever books are sold.

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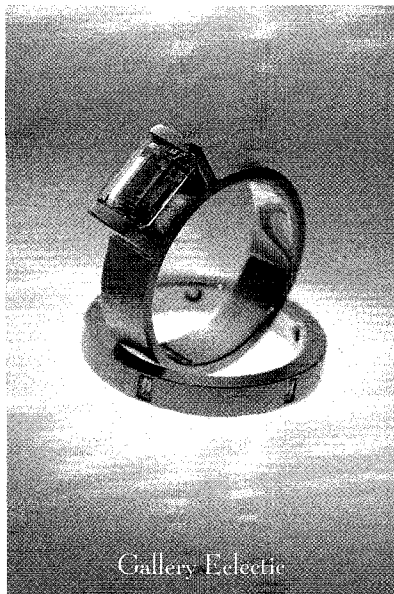


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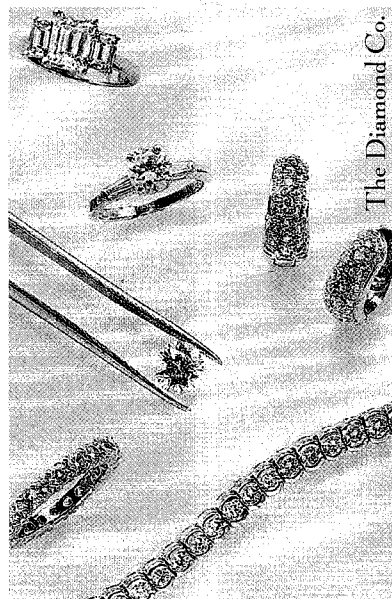
The rings you choose to exchange at your wedding as well as the jewelry (earrings, necklace, cufflinks) you'll wear on that special day say a lot about your personality. Here's what the experts at four New York jewelers say is hot when it comes to personalizing the jewelry brides and grooms are wearing at today's New York weddings.

At Gallery Eclectic (43 Greenwich Ave., 924-4314; 27 Main St., Southampton, NY, 631-287-0463), designer Catherine Angiel's stunning, sophisticated new ring set called "Knowing" is quite hot (Celeb Christian Slater has one!) It features an emerald cut diamond solitaire ring, accented with a square band fitted with diamond baguettes. The set is available in either platinum or white gold.



Gallery Eclectic

The hot trend at The Diamond Co. (62 W. 47th St., Suite 1208, 819-0336 or 1-888-825-1233; www.thediamondco.com) is diamond drop earrings, whose popularity Vice President David Levy attributes to the fact that Oprah Winfrey wore them on her show. These diamond earrings,



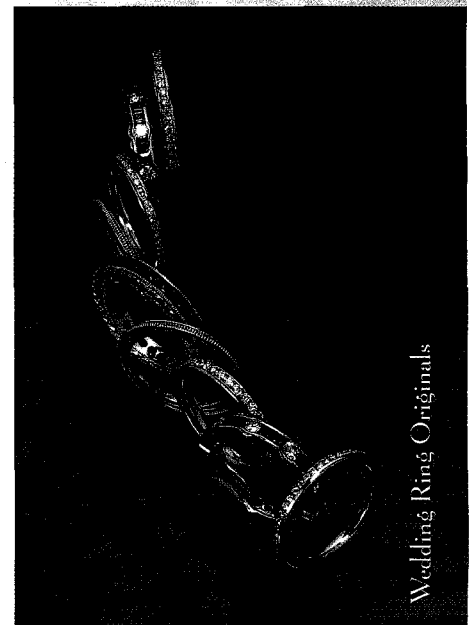
The Diamond Co.

which look fabulous with an up-do, come with a varying number of stones. "They hang in a line like a ladder with graduating sizes and differently shaped diamonds," Levy describes, and can be custom made in less than two weeks.

Diamonds are also a girl's best friend at Wedding Rings Originals (674 Lexington Ave. at 56th St., 751-3940; www.weddingrings.com). Here, owner Mel Krumholtz offers a selection of diamond and other precious stone combination rings in a variety of settings, featuring the "channel" setting, which Krumholtz describes as "all stone and very little metal." These rings are thin and without protrusion, so they are perfect for stacking one on top of the other. Customers can choose rings in white, yellow or pink gold, and platinum.

For the bride who favors a romantic antique engagement or wedding ring, there's Stardust Antiques (38 Gramercy Park on 21st St., 677-2590), which offers a huge selection of antique platinum and diamond engagement rings, and wedding bands. "And a new addi-

tion is a large assortment of pearl accessories," comments owner Ken Gold, "from necklaces to earrings to pendants, for both the bride and her bridesmaids."



Wedding Ring Originals

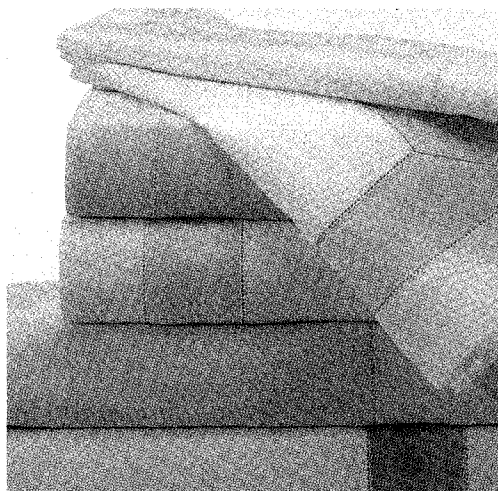


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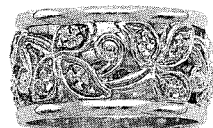
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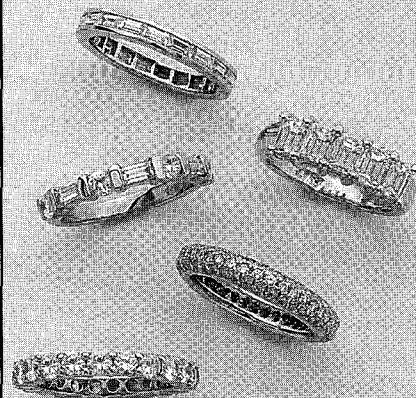
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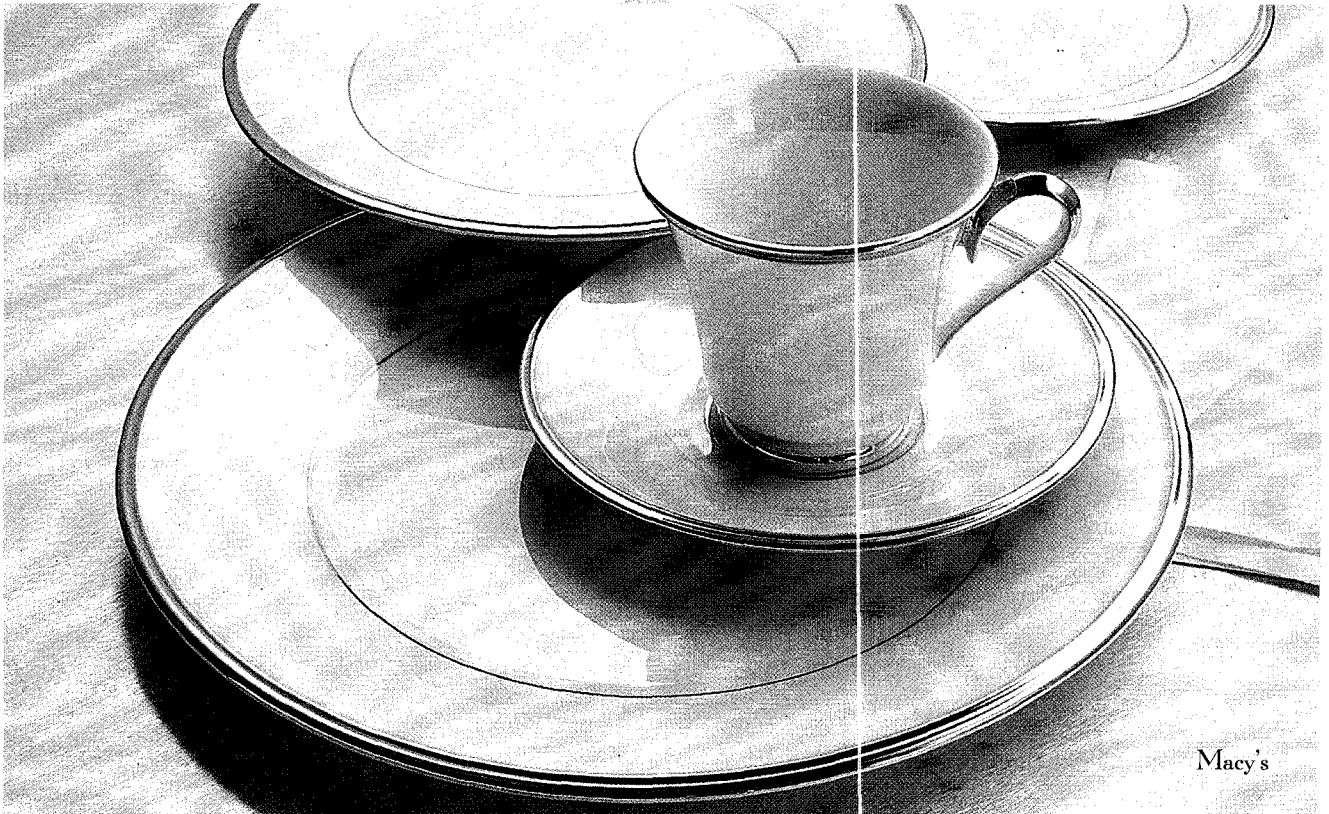
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Registry Basics



Kelly and Steve Leung of Massapequa Park, New York, had a simple requirement for the stores they would choose to register with: the store had to have locations nationwide (for relatives living far and wide) and stock a great selection of items. So where did they end up registering their preferences? At Macy's (151 W. 34th St., 1-800-44-WEDDING), of course. What's great about Macy's is that besides the traditional items that couples often choose, such as china, silver, and crystal, the store offers everything for the home and more.

Linda Lee, group vice president, bridal registry at Macy's explains that brides have registered for intimate apparel, luggage, even cosmetics. Kelly, 30, didn't have any makeup on her registry, but she and Steve, 32, a police officer, did include luggage, cookware, blankets, pillows and a shower curtain on their wish list for their December 27, 1998 wedding.

Another great option at Macy's: you can do your shopping online at www.macysweddingchannel.com.

An emerging trend at Macy's these days is a resurgence in formal dinnerware and, like in wedding jewelry, platinum is hot. "We're seeing platinum borders on stemware, and platinum borders on their china," says Lee. In addition, many couples are choosing brushed flatware. Registries are available at more than 300 Federated Department Stores nationwide, including Bon Marche, Rich's, Lazarus, Goldsmiths, and Burdines.

You can have an entirely new registry experience if you decide to register at **The Wedding List** (29 E. 73rd St., 1-800-345-7795; www.theweddinglist.com). Situated in an East Side townhouse, you'll be asked to settle into a comfortable sofa and enjoy a cup of tea or a glass of Champagne while you select your gifts. You

can choose from the many one-of-a-kind items along with their well-known 200 manufacturers that owners S. Gregg Renfrew and Nicole Hindmarch have collected

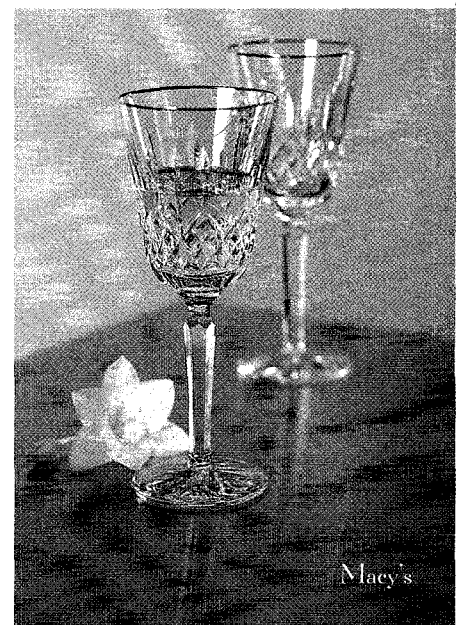




Photo: Sarah Merians Photography & Company

together and showcase in their New York and London boutiques as well as on their Web site www.weddinglist.com. If you don't have time to stop by the shop — although we highly recommend that you do — you can complete the entire registration process online.



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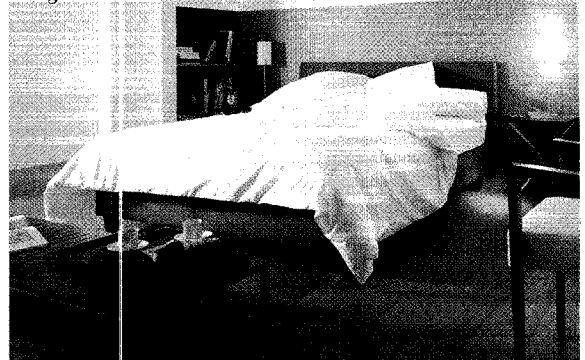
What is it about a house (or an apartment) that makes it a home? Besides the people living in it, it's the decor. Here are three great stores to visit when furnishing your new home together as well as a discussion of the trends each of these retailers has been seeing in home decor.

Nancy Koltes at Home (31 Spring St., 219-2271) offers an elegant collection of the finest linens for the home, many of them designed by Koltes herself. "One of her current offerings is a series of woven bed linens, one called Eleanor's Ribbon, which features a simple ribbon inset in Egyptian cotton," explains vice president of merchandising Andrew Sedlock. Besides these lovely linens, what makes Nancy Koltes at Home a

must visit is its down and feather department. "We're the only place in New York," says Sedlock, "that has Scandia Down products."

At Ligne Roset (1090 Third Ave., 794-2903; 200 Lexington Ave., 685-1099; 155 Wooster St., 253-5629; 180 Post Rd. East, Westport, CT, 203-221-8499), their exclusive line of home furnishings imported from France bring a unique sense and sensibility to home furnishings. Hot right now is the new "Escale" bed, which has a clean, uncomplicated design and comes upholstered in a wide choice of colors and fabrics.

Ligne Roset



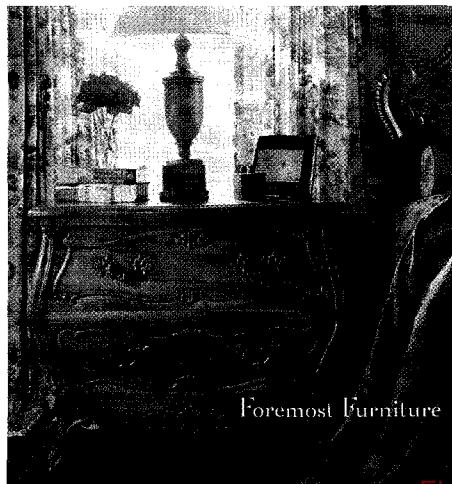
You may equate Carlyle Convertibles (1056 Third Ave., 838-1525; 1375 Third Ave., 570-2236; 122 W. 18th St., 675-3212) with their outstanding collection of sofabed convertibles, but that's not



Nancy Koltes at Home

all this company has to offer. "We've recently introduced a whole new, full line of upholstered non-sleepers," says President Darren deMatteo, who refers to this new line as "stationaries" (as in they don't open up to become a bed). "We've always been known to have the best sofabled available." Now Carlyle offers great "regular" sofas, too. As always, Carlyle Convertibles furniture features fine craftsmanship.

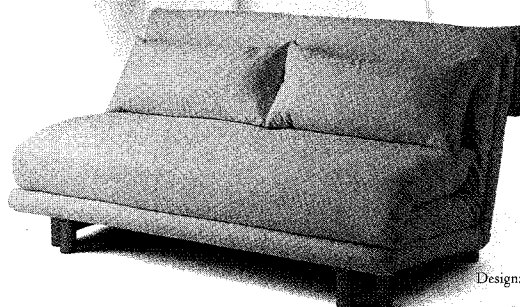
"We have really good space solutions with the furniture we offer," says Richard Broderson, Vice President of sales for Foremost Furniture (8 W. 30th St., 889-6347; 201 Dixon Ave., Amityville, Long Island, 631-789-8080), whose 50,000 square-foot Manhattan store and new Long Island location both stock furnishings for almost every room and for almost every taste. "We can furnish your home right away or faster than most stores because we stock one-of-a-kind pieces or have items available immediately." Couples can also register here; visit www.foremost-furniture.com for more information.



Foremost Furniture



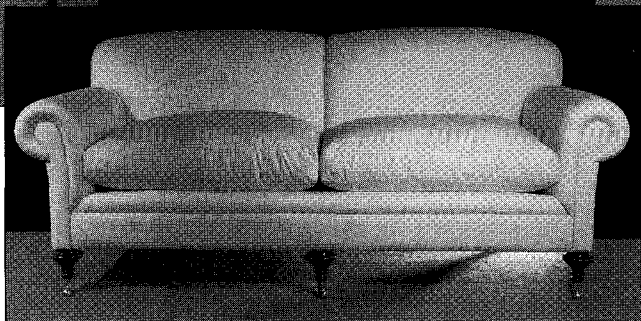
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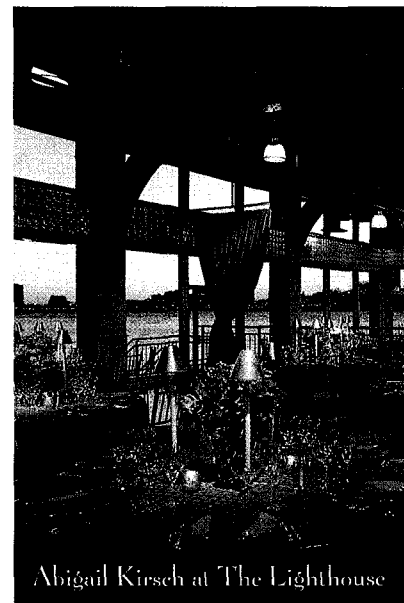


Hollie and Marc Levy were looking for something a "little bit different than the usual New York City wedding." Did she and Marc tie the knot barefoot in the park? On top of the Empire State Building? No, they chose a seemingly traditional setting but one that simply spoke to the couple: The New York Palace hotel. "I fell in love with the ballroom the minute I stepped foot inside," recalls Hollie, Assistant Manager of Bobbi Brown Cosmetics. Her husband, an attorney, "adored the cocktail party room as well as the foyer, which is where we took all of our pictures. There was something very subtly grand about the hotel, coupled with the attention from the staff." Captivated, the couple was sold, and indeed they became husband and wife there in October 1999.

There are a number of other perfect venues for your wedding, depending on what you're looking for in a location, menu, atmosphere, and decor. Here are some of New York's finest—wedding sites, that is.

**Abigail Kirsch at
The Lighthouse Chelsea Piers,
23rd St. and the Hudson River
336-6146**

Manhattan's newest waterfront wedding site, The Lighthouse is set amid a vibrant Hudson River panorama at the tip of Pier 61 at Chelsea Piers. With waves lapping at the deck, wraparound windows, and river views everywhere, the Lighthouse offers an extraordinary experience — you feel as if you are aboard a luxury liner about to embark



Abigail Kirsch at The Lighthouse

on a romantic ocean voyage. The Lighthouse offers 12,000 square feet of airy, flexible space for weddings and other events hosting 100 to 600.



**Abigail Kirsch at
The New York Botanical Garden**
200th St. and Southern Blvd., New York
718-220-0300

Just 25 minutes from Manhattan, The Garden Terrace Room at The New York Botanical Garden brings the glories of The Garden inside with magnificent murals. Under the aegis of Abigail Kirsch, the food and service is impeccable. Open year-round with an outdoor chapel area,

The Garden Terrace Room accommodates up to 350 for a seated dinner and dancing or 600 for a cocktail reception.

Abigail Kirsch at Tappan Hill
81 Highland Ave., Tarrytown, NY
914-631-3030

Landmark mansion overlooking the Hudson River on an estate once owned by Mark Twain, this romantic country setting is just 45 minutes from Manhattan. It offers outdoor ceremony areas, rolling lawns, and the superb cuisine and service of Abigail Kirsch. Accommodates 290 for dinner and dancing and up to 600 for a cocktail reception.



American Park at the Battery
Inside Battery Park

(opposite 17 State St.), 363-5488;
www.americanpark.citysearch.com

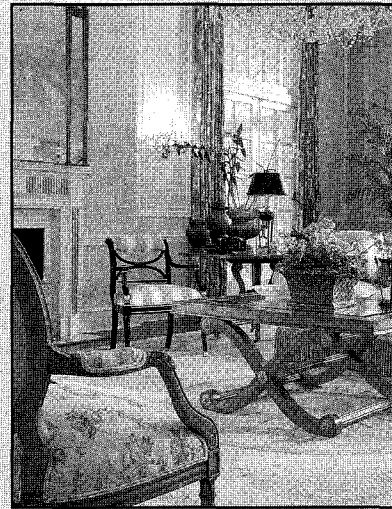
American Park offers a sophisticated yet comfortable atmosphere, reminiscent of an urban lodge. With spectacular sunsets and wrap-around terraces, American Park offers magnificent views with Lady Liberty painting the backdrop for your special occasion. American Park is a picture-perfect location for a memorable wedding or special event.

The Boathouse
Central Park off East 72nd Street and
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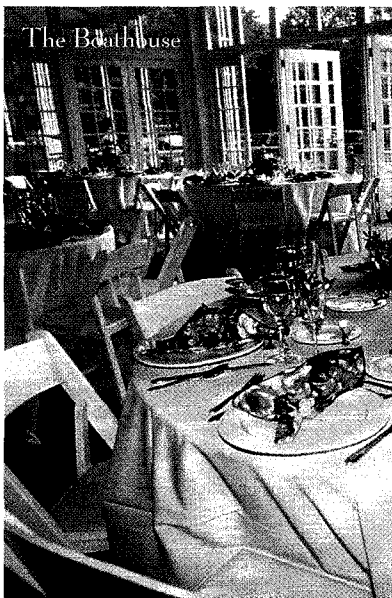
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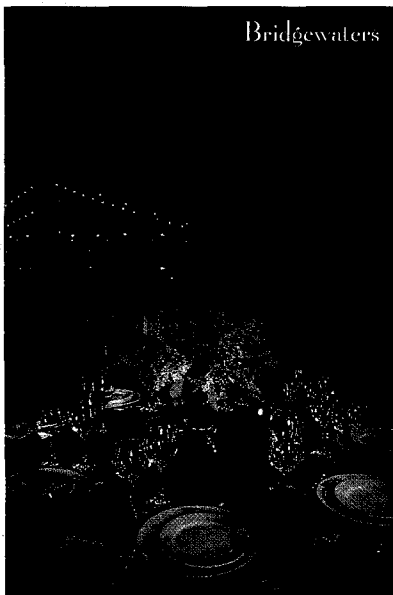
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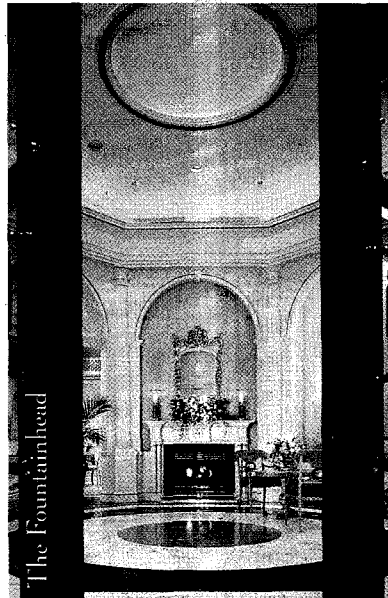


Manhattan skyline, a professional banquet staff, and even authentic Venetian gondola rides for the happy couple and their guests. The Boathouse is a private escape within the city where each season can be experienced first hand.

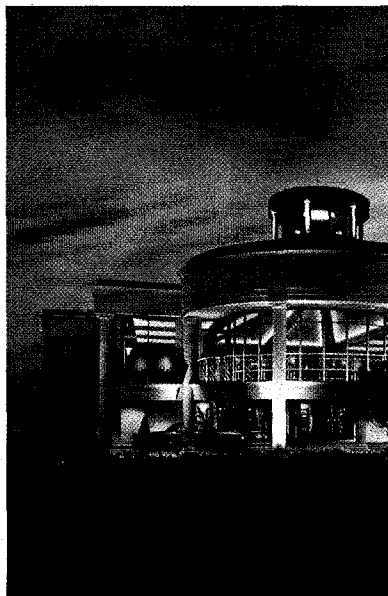


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The flexible, 28,000 square-foot space in this riverfront, landmark building offers a choice of rooms for your ceremony and party - whether you're planning an intimate wedding for 60 or want to raise the roof with 500. Panoramic windows overlook New

York harbor, the Brooklyn Bridge and the Wall Street skyline. Cocktails can be served outdoors on the cobblestone, wrap-around terraces. A five-hour affair here can include an open bar, butlered hors d'oeuvres, a four-course seated dinner by chef Christopher Siversen, a choice of wines, and a customized cake.



The Fountainhead
55 Quaker Ridge Rd., New Rochelle, NY
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Glen Island Harbour Club
Glen Island Park, New Rochelle, NY
914-636-6500

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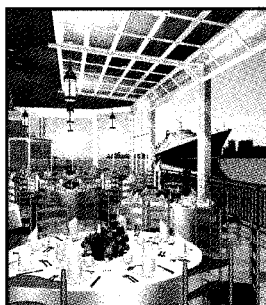
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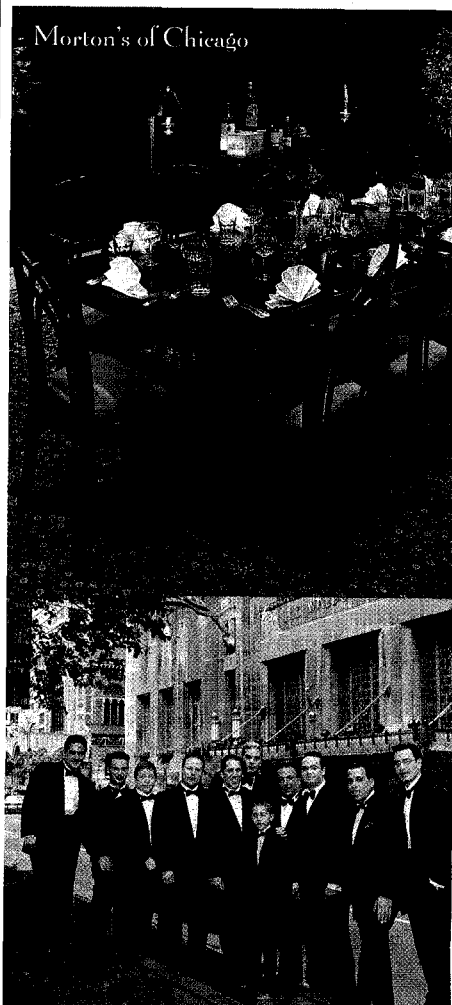
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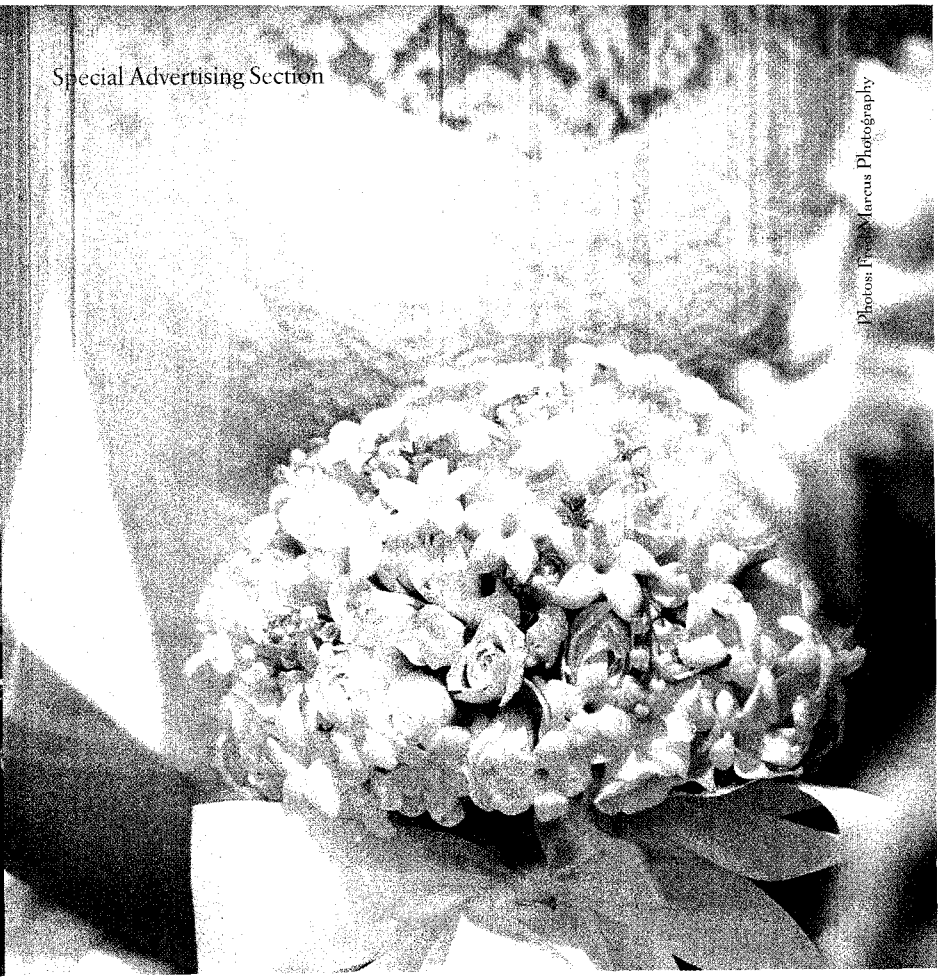
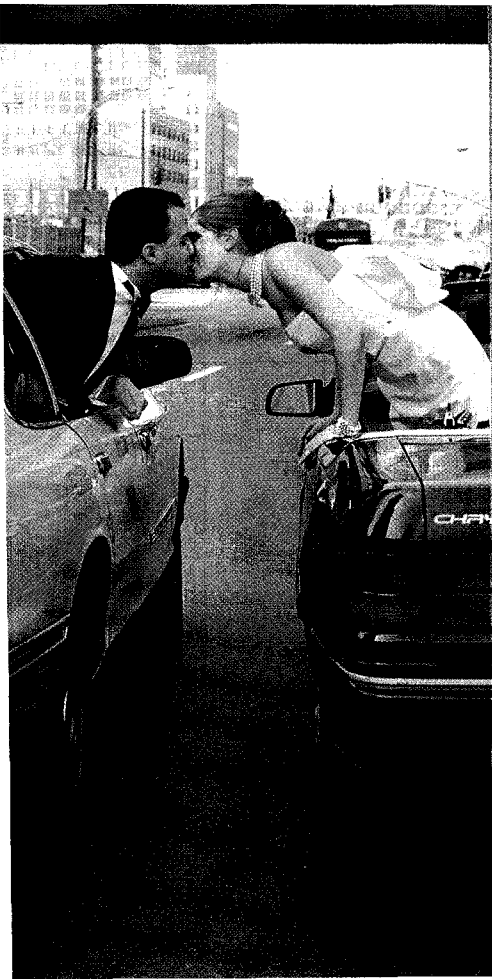


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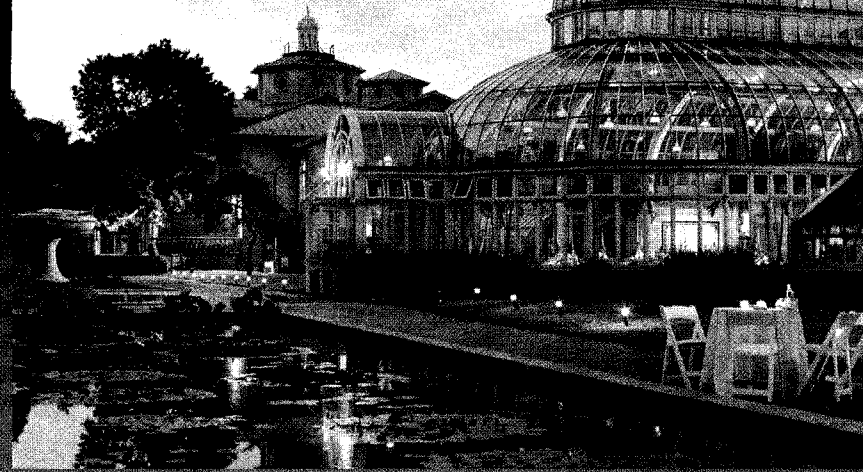
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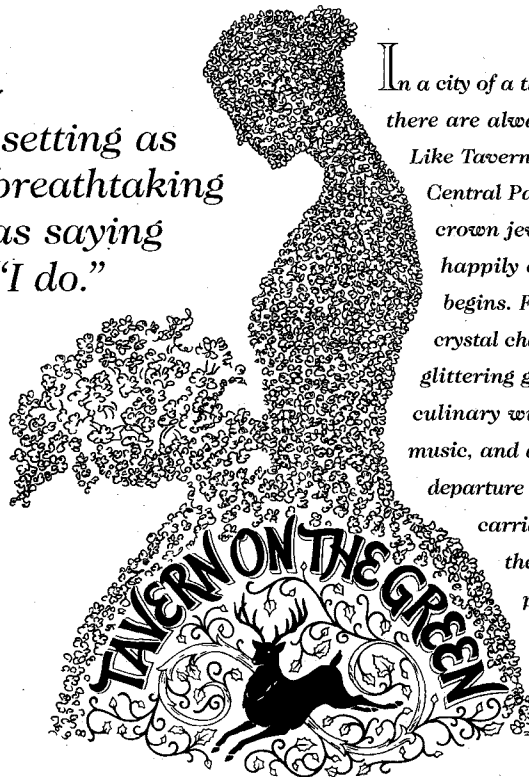


The New York Palace 455 Madison Ave., 888-7000

The New York Palace features the stunning oval-shaped Villard Ballroom and beautiful rooms for the ceremony. The hotel also offers complete wedding planning services, a selection of menus, including Kosher, and a complimentary suite for the couple on their wedding night. Call 303-7766 for the catering department.

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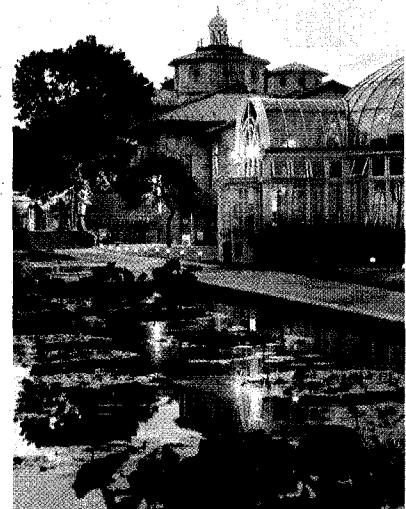
*In a city of a thousand stories,
there are always fairy tales.*

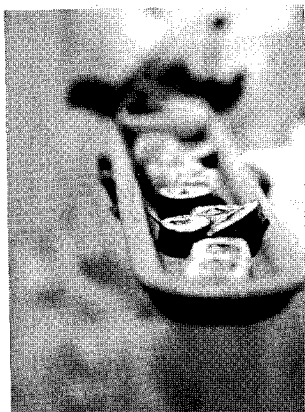
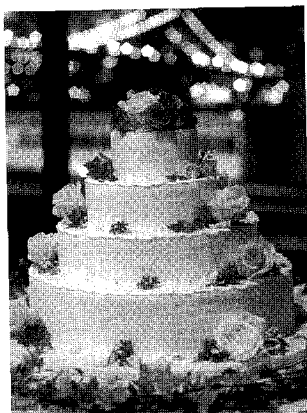
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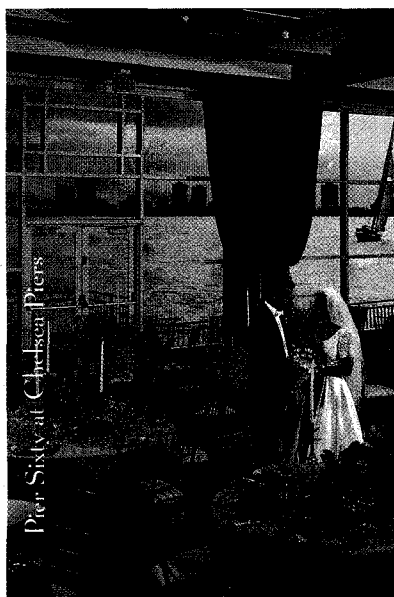
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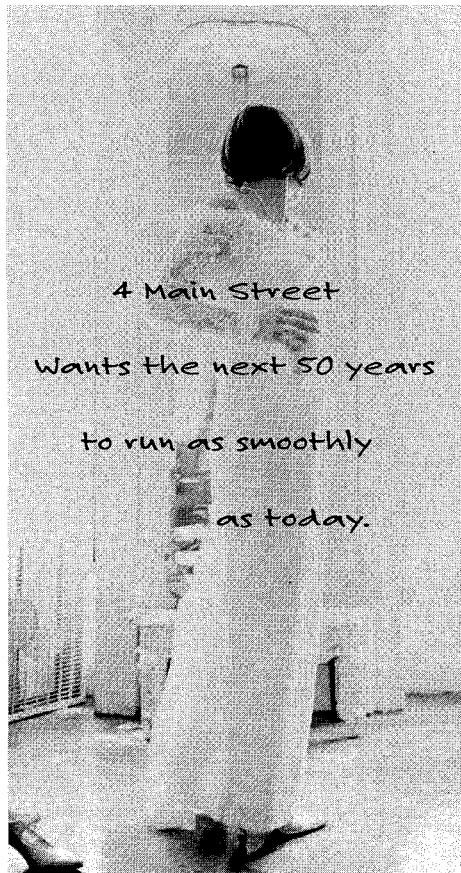
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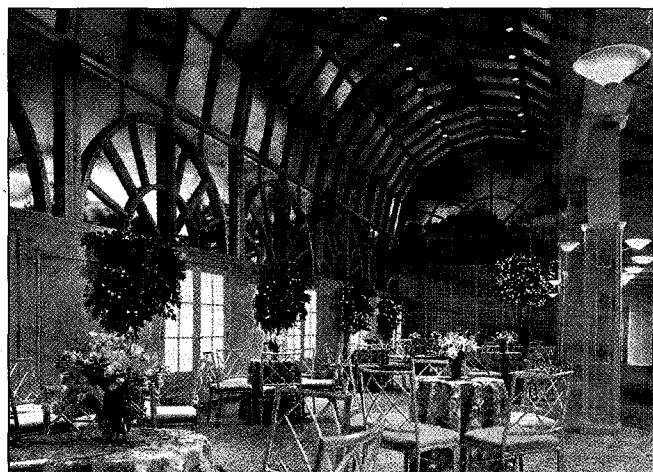


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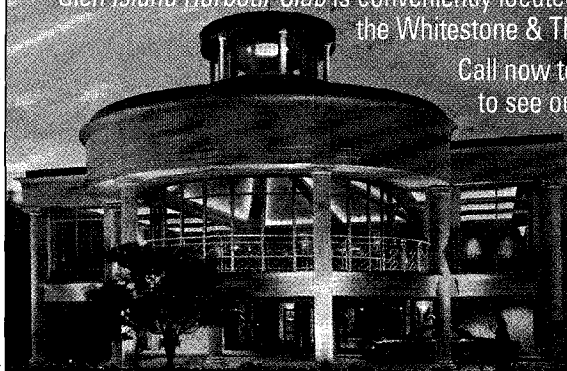
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Photo: Fred Marcus Photography

Paradise Glossed

Searching for freedom lands Leonardo DiCaprio in the drink, again; Zhang Yimou's 'Not One Less' is an uncommon, and uncommonly moving, love story.

The Beach ISN'T JUST THE NEW LEONARDO DICAPRIO movie. Following the ensemble dud *The Man in the Iron Mask* and a cameo in *Celebrity*, it's his first big post-*Titanic* movie. His *Titanic* co-star Kate Winslet was praised last year for not going the cash-in route; it's not every day, after all, that one follows Hollywood's biggest blockbuster with the likes of *Hideous Kinky* and *Holy Smoke*. DiCaprio's latest choice, as it turns out, is in some ways just as shaggy as Winslet's. (The films share a certain hippie-dippy mind-set.) But just because DiCaprio's new movie isn't a crass piece of megafroth doesn't mean it's good. You come away from it almost wishing he *had* done a flat-out commercial job. At least that might have been more invigorating.

DiCaprio plays an American backpacker who shows up in Bangkok itching for something dangerous and unfamiliar. He's a kid without much of a past. "My name is Richard," he tells us in a voice-over at the beginning. "What else do you need to know?" The tone is portentous, juvenile, and a bit film noir-ish, and the rest of his narration is in the same vein: He's one florid flower child. Bunking alone in a cheap hotel, he connects with a bonkers traveler named Daffy (Robert Carlyle), who turns Richard on to a hand-drawn map describing the location of a secret island, a paradise-on-earth. A young French couple in the flophouse, Etienne (Guillaume Canet) and Françoise (Virginie Ledoyen), accompany him by train and boat and, finally, by swimming across an open sea, until they reach an island of dope fields protected by armed guards.

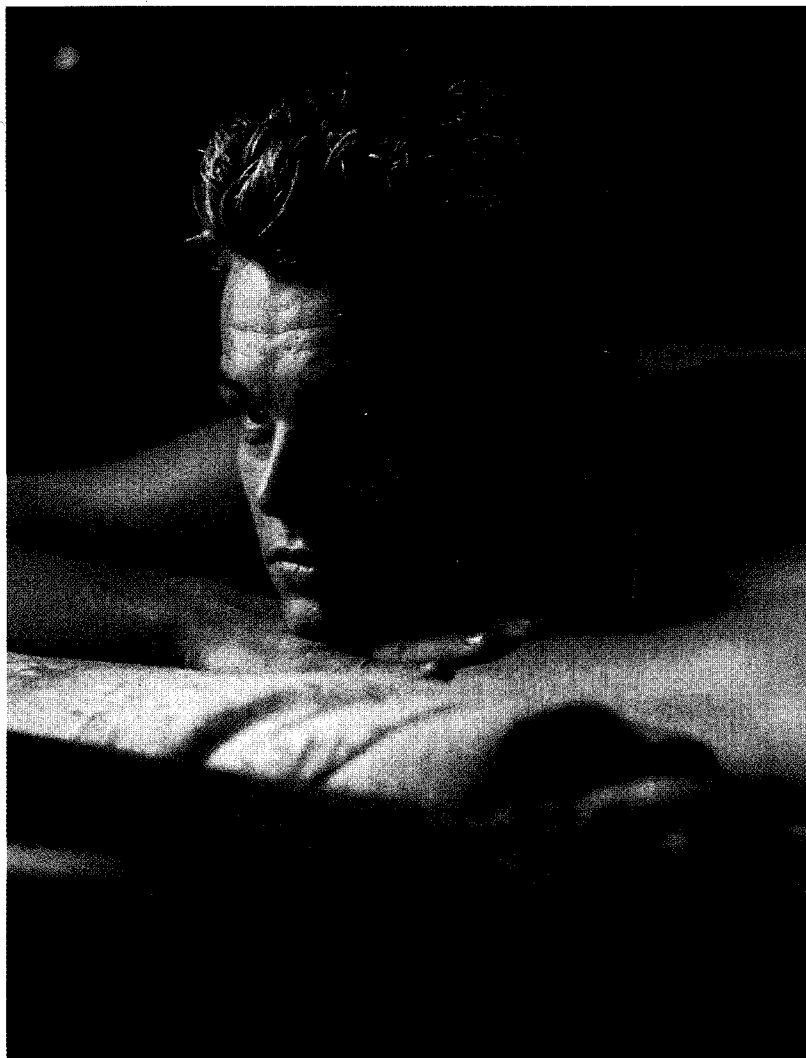
Jumping from the top of a steep waterfall, they escape to what appears to be a coven of multinational drop-outs. Setting up their own back-to-nature encampment, secreted from the world except for the occasional run to Bangkok for supplies, they swim with the sharks and play cricket and teach each other languages; this crowd does everything but sing "Kum-ba-ya" around the campfire. The paradise to a beach that we keep hearing so much about turns out to be a pretty patch of white sand and a lagoon walled in by tall cliffs—alluring, certainly, but no more so than your garden-variety Club Med spread, and without those all-you-can-eat buffets.

The Beach is intended as some kind of Conradian cautionary tale: Richard seeks paradise and ends up in purgatory. Mess with nature at your peril; human beings can't abide freedom—you know the script by now. Director Danny Boyle and his screenwriter, John Hodge, adapting the novel by Alex Garland, work up a heavy-duty tone of *Apocalypse Now*-style jungle fever. (A clip from Coppola's film is shown.) Richard starts out in the Willard role and ends up more like Kurtz, babbling epiphanies and peeking through the dark leaves at the blood sport of mortals. Since Richard is pretty much a cipher all the way through, his descents and ascents don't pack much emo-

tional oomph. The only real suspense in the movie is when he will break down the supercilious French reserve of Françoise and do the nasty. Their coupling finally commences in a lagoony fizz of glowing plankton.

There's a terrific, if underexplored, idea here: How might paradise look to the digital-age generation? The answer in *The Beach* is that every generation pretty much has the same secret-island fantasy, but that isn't much of a response. What is intended as a universal truth comes across instead as just laziness on the part of the filmmakers. Notwithstanding Richard's flights of fancy transforming the island into his own private video arcade, Boyle and Hodge come up with few new-style wrinkles on a utopian theme. We're even handed that ultimate cop-out: Richard informs us that paradise isn't

Shangri-blah:
DiCaprio, some
sort of Conrad-
ian anti-hero,
in *The Beach*.



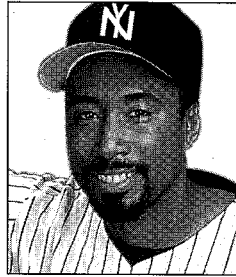
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a place, it's how you feel inside—which is particularly unhelpful since he doesn't seem to have much going on inside, either. DiCaprio can be a marvelous actor, and he goes all-out here, but his performance is all blank visionary stares and tantrums. He holds the screen long after we in the audience have let go.

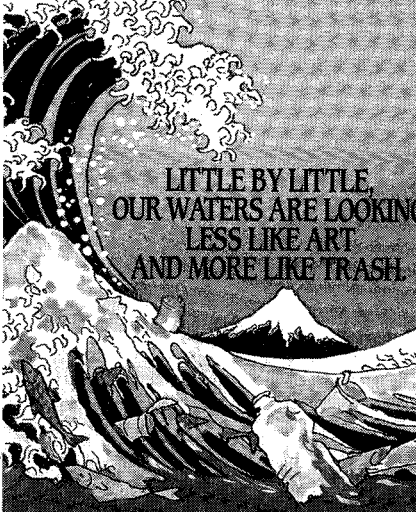
THE CHINESE DIRECTOR ZHANG YIMOU HAS A rare gift for dramatizing highly theatrical stories in highly naturalistic settings. His greatest film, *The Story of Qiu Ju*, was a carefully prepared fable, and yet it had the free-form look of something caught on the sly as a part of life's ongoing bustle. His new movie, **Not One Less**, has something of the same quality, but it's simpler and even more emotionally affecting. The mayor of a small village in western China replaces the local schoolteacher, away for a month, with a 13-year-old substitute barely older than her unruly students. Wei Minzhi—played by a real-life middle-school student using her own name—has a wide-open face with flushed cheeks. It takes a while to warm up to her, because she seems all too well adapted to her role as martinet. Her drive is a little frightening in someone so unformed, but she becomes a true heroine when a student, Zhang Huike (also his real name), is forced into the city to earn money for his family. Minzhi, who has been promised a bonus by the mayor if all her students remain enrolled, connives her way into the city to bring back Huike, a student with a naughty urchin's grin who has given her nothing but trouble.

The village scenes and the city scenes have a mysterious connectedness. Together they seem to take in the whole range of quotidian life. Minzhi's search for Huike, seen at various points in the story alone and scavenging for food, becomes her passion; we can see how all her pride and devotion and willfulness are wrapped up in this little boy's plight. Seemingly unlocatable in the urban sprawl, Huike has no idea he is being searched for. When Minzhi, hoping to spread the word, manages to get herself interviewed on a television news program, she clams up at first, but then her concern and sorrow break through and Huike, seeing the spectacle on TV, cries along with her. It's one of the most improbably satisfying love scenes on film, but Zhang Yimou doesn't milk the moment. He's a stringent sentimentalist, and so, when our emotions well up, we don't feel like we're being played for fools. His feeling for these children is deep, and he honors them with the full measure of his respect. They have the mettle to survive poverty, and it shows in their brazen, lyrical faces.

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.



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P-Shaw!

In this precious travesty staged by Roger Rees, Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man' is both disarmed and unmanned; 'King John' is a royal bore.

IT TAKES SOMETHING CLOSE TO IDIOCY TO THINK that Shaw's comedy **Arms and the Man** can be played as knockabout farce. Nevertheless, that is how Roger Rees, an interesting actor but unpromising director, has chosen to stage it. So what starts as a disaster ends as a catastrophe. Outlandish concepts, cheap jokes, extreme exaggeration, cavalier disregard of Shaw's intentions turn this feathery creature of a play into badminton played with a lead shuttlecock.

Rees has effectively directed all semblance of life out of the production and forced his actors—some of them, I dare say, only too willing—to play clowns, clichés, or caricatures. He must have instructed the set designer, Neil Patel, to provide comic-strip scenery, and the costume designer, Kaye Voyce, to create costumes fit only for a provincial circus. No wonder there was scant laughter from the audience.

There is also a certain inappositeness in the timing of this revival. Taking place during the Balkan wars, the play begins on a night when Captain Bluntschli, a commonsensical Swiss officer in the Serbian army, chased by the soldiery of a small Bulgarian town and seeking refuge, bursts into the bedroom of a young Bulgarian lady, Raina. Though scared, she hides him from his pursuers, and even gives him candy that he hungrily devours. He informs Raina that only young, inexperienced soldiers carry cartridges into combat; older and savvy ones stock up on chocolate creams. Teasingly, she calls him her chocolate-cream soldier and, abetted by her equally romantic mother, lets him spend the night.

Raina is the daughter of Major Petkoff, the only man in Bulgaria with a library, married to Catherine, the only homemaker with an electric bell. She is engaged to young Major Sergius Saranoff, who has just led a quixotic cavalry charge that triumphed only because the Serbian army was issued the wrong ammunition. And so on—a satire on war that does not sit well af-

ter Bosnia and Kosovo. No help from Henry Czerny's uncharismatic Bluntschli, Katie Finneran's affected and insipid Raina, and Paul Michael Valley's operetta-ish Sergius. The proud sexpot of a maid, Louka, is played by the mannered and beanpole-ish Robin Weigert as a self-congratulatory ironing board; the shrewd manservant Nicola is deftly done by Michael Potts, but a dark-skinned black in 1885 Bulgaria, speaking with a lower-class British accent, is too much of an anomaly even for souped-up Shaw. And why British accents from Americans playing Bulgarians, anyway? The whole thing plays like Oscar Straus's operetta version of the play, *The Chocolate Soldier*, performed without the music.

A LESSER PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE'S, **King John** REQUIRES three things to work: a director alert to subtleties and complexities that need stressing or clarifying; an accomplished cast of (preferably English) actors who can handle convolution and orotundity, and can humanize schematic characters; and an opulent production to do justice to the pageantry and obviate the need for triple-casting performers who have a hard enough time with a single role.

Theatre for a New Audience here lacks all three resources. The director, Karin Coonrod, cannot make salient elusive meanings mired in thick rhetoric, or does not catch them herself. She uses the stage and auditorium effectively and has some good tricks up her sleeve, though Arthur's slow-motion fall from the battlements falls rather flat. Lacking is incisive lucidity. The actors at her command are mostly second-rate, notably Ned Eisenberg as King John, who—in looks, speech, and gesture—comes across as a lox salesman at Zabar's. Even the Bastard of Derek Smith, though lively and well-spoken, has no period sense and does not fully project moral growth. Only Nicholas Kepros, as Chatillon and Cardinal Pandolph, and Mark Vietor, as King Philip (but not in his other

Paul Michael Valley and Robin Weigert in *Arms and the Man* at the Roundabout.



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parts), are credible and commanding.

As for production values, P. K. Wish's costumes, ludicrously straining to fuse the medieval and the modern, are sheer wishful thinking. Thus, Katie MacNichol, absurdly double-cast as a messenger from the battlefield, is outfitted as an envoy from Banana Republic. I particularly enjoyed the turkey basters dangling from every belt, so that a dueler could not best another, only baste him. Douglas Stein, a specialist in minimal scenery, here goes virtually subliminal, his décor consisting of a platform with a row of windows in its floor, allowing Christopher Akerlind, the lighting designer, some striking light effects from below. Good, too, is the bank of lights facing and sometimes dazzling us, and the not infrequent change of lighting within one scene—stylization both dramatic and poetic—making this pretty much the admirable Akerlind's show.

I'm afraid Theatre for a New Audience takes its name too literally, serving the needs of only those too inexperienced for comparisons, and, for reviews, depending on the kindness of strangers to serious criticism.

Dirty Blonde, IN CASE YOU ARE NOT A SCHOLAR of Mae Western civilization, is the title song of this show about Mae West and also what may have been her original hair color, and a précis of her stage-and-screen personality. Claudia Shear has had the whimsical idea to write a play about two zhlubby fans who meet on a Mae West birthday at her grave. Charlie is a film librarian, and Jo is a temp with stage ambitions burning dim.

I don't know if there is a model for Charlie, who at 17 made a pilgrimage to Hollywood to meet Mae. But Jo is clearly modeled on Claudia Shear herself. The play combines supposed episodes from West's life with incidents from the lives of the pair of ardent fans. Shear enacts Mae and Jo, Kevin Chamberlin is Charlie and a number of other men, and Bob Stillman does the remaining others. There is also a frolicsome piano, scanty scenery by (again) Douglas Stein, and jaunty costuming by Susan Hilferty.

If you like low camp, you'll find much of this highly amusing. If you don't, you'll still get some chuckles. Chamberlin, a more inflated Wallace Shawn, and Stillman, a more elongated Roddy McDowall, are good actors; Shear, who doesn't look like West and is a poor actress, is a droll writer. With James Lapine, her co-author and director, she has cooked up a silly-sweet confection that will be enshrined in the annals of fluff.

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

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ART MARK STEVENS

Surfing the Guggenheim

*Nam June Paik has spent his career thinking inside the box—the TV—
and his retrospective is broadband, with hundreds of fascinating channels.*

IN THE LATE FIFTIES, MANY ARTISTS SYMBOLICALLY flung open their studios and began working directly with the churning kaleidoscope beyond the door. Why shouldn't the clamor of the street, the flicker of the movie screen, and the siren call of celebrity enter the preserve of art—that is, if an artist hoped to convey a truthful image of modern life? **Nam June Paik**, an artist who was born in Seoul but has spent most of his life in Europe and America, was a critical figure in this turn of sensibility. Like John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, the Beat poets, and the artists of Fluxus—to say nothing of their great grand-Dada, Marcel Duchamp—he created work with a wry, quizzical take on the contemporary universe. He has often been called a “media artist,” the one who works with televisions. But the phrase seems too heavy-handed and academic a description of this artist. He is more like a media imp. He turns the world this way and that, mischievously and often, with a kind of Buddhist whimsy. With Paik, the play's always the thing.

Frank Lloyd Wright would not agree, but the Guggenheim Museum is certainly the right venue for a retrospective of his work. Its grand spiral evokes both the distant past and the faraway future; it is part fossil, part flying saucer. For “The Worlds of Nam June Paik,” the artist, who is now 67 years old, was invited to transform this space into his workshop. (Some critics might say playpen.) He has responded with a commissioned work called *Modulation in Sync* (2000). On the floor of the darkened rotunda, he has scattered 100 TV monitors that lie on their backs, projecting a flickering collage of moving images toward the sky; six large screens hanging on the sides of the rotunda pick up the same image loop. Near these scattered TVs, Paik has placed *Jacob's Ladder*, a laser that creates steps of green light rising from the fountain to the ceiling; these floating steps soar through a waterfall seven stories high. And on the ceiling itself, Paik has used another laser to project a constant swirl—a rhyme in light with the spiraling form of the museum—called *Sweet and Sublime*.

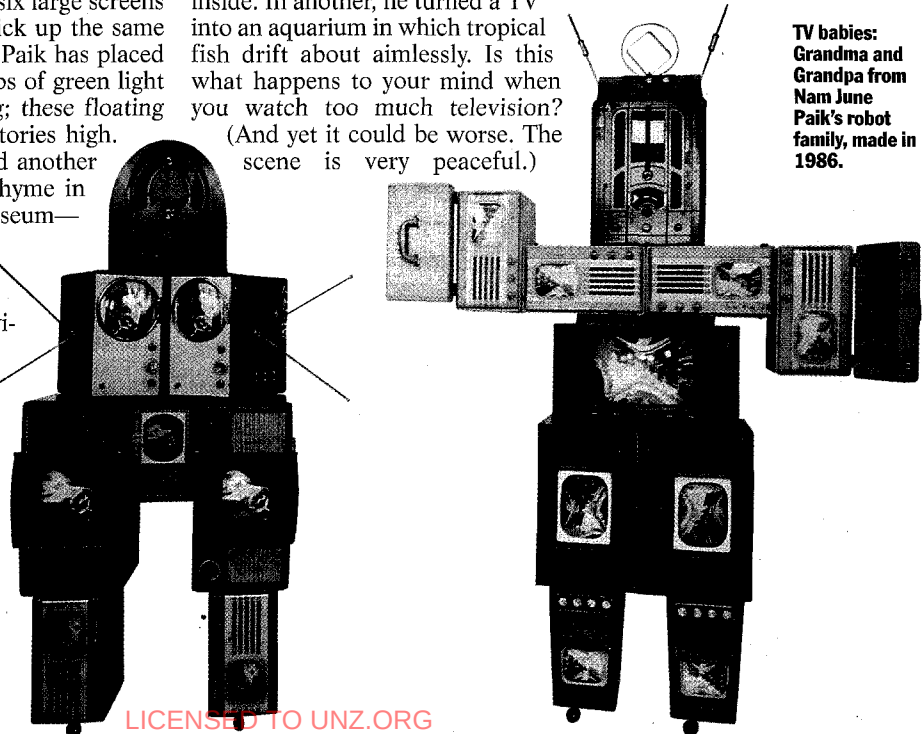
If you sense a not-so-hidden meaning here, you are right. The screens and TVs evoke the jumpy and distracting visual energy—the channel surfing—of daily life. We see a reporter in Europe, two people dancing, a blur of color; the jumble of TVs on the floor is itself a kind of urban crowd. But the frazzled light melts away as the eye is led to concentrate, instead, upon *Jacob's Ladder* as it rises, step by step, toward the *Sweet and Sublime*. For the museum's High Gallery, Paik has created another meditative

work that begins with three essential shapes in architecture: the square, triangle, and circle. Within each of these strict shapes he has fashioned a play of laser light that seems both structured and spontaneous. The square looks like an homage to Joseph Albers's *Homage to a Square*. He calls the triangle *Six Seconds After the Big Bang*.

On the ramp, the curators of the show—John G. Hanhardt, with the assistance of Jon Ippolito—have organized a retrospective of Paik's art. From the late fifties until the present, Paik has used mainly the television set as his subject. I say “television set” rather than “television” or “media” or “video imagery” because Paik, unlike most artists who work in this area, always gives an eccentric vitality to the box itself. He does not let the eye look past or through the machine to the image; the box becomes the living body or face around a flickering eye. In short, Paik is a figurative artist, and the TV set is his figure. His televisions, like people, are poignant, irritable, thoughtful, empty, comic. In what is probably his best-known work, a performance in the best absurdist tradition of Dada called *TV Bra for Living Sculpture* (1969), Paik turned televisions into the mother's milk of art. He fashioned a brassiere from two small television sets, which Charlotte Moorman then used while playing the cello. The work elevated, among other things, the meaning of the phrase “boob tube.”

Paik's televisions often appear at once comic and oddly spiritual in import. In one early work, he hollowed out a television set and placed a burning candle inside. In another, he turned a TV into an aquarium in which tropical fish drift about aimlessly. Is this what happens to your mind when you watch too much television? (And yet it could be worse. The scene is very peaceful.)

TV babies:
Grandma and
Grandpa from
Nam June
Paik's robot
family, made in
1986.

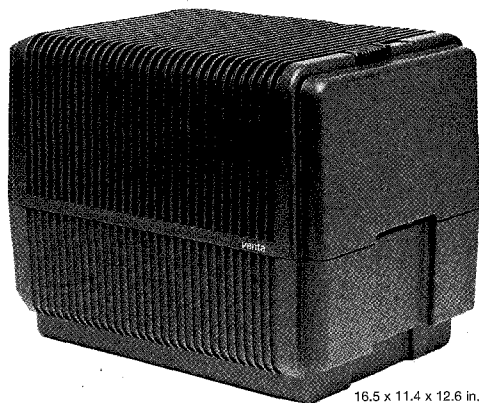


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Then, making use of closed-circuit video, he added a second TV set so you can simultaneously watch both a live and a video version of the floating fish. (Somewhere I hear a drugged-out voice saying blissfully, "Awesome.") At times, Paik's TV sets seem to sleep and dream. In one series, the TVs are lying on their sides, projecting different phases of the moon; the last set displays a romantic image of seagulls gliding about in front of a vast

"Paik always manages to give an eccentric vitality to the box itself. He is a figurative artist, and the TV set is his figure. His televisions, like people, are poignant, irritable, thoughtful, empty, comic."

orb. Paik has also used the boxes to construct figures that have a beguiling presence. As befits their age, the grandfather and grandmother in *Family of Robot* are made from old radios and televisions.

When first made—or at first glance—the work of artists in the Dada tradition often seems as lively as the passing moment. But art so insistently present-tense also wears down with time and age, often losing a good part of its power to nostalgia and archival pedantry. This show, for example, is steeped in the melancholy of old machines. TV sets, once new and now quaint. Technological shapes, wires, knobs, junked long ago. The art also has the poignance of performances past. Black-and-white archival photographs of high-spirited young people carrying on many years ago. ("Look at how long his hair is! And what was her name?") They are like the old theater tickets found in your pocket. The same wearing-down will happen to the techno-razzle-dazzle of Paik's recent commissions, which are, in fact, already becoming period pieces as the digital revolution comes to art.

And yet the best images of Paik's—like the great Surrealist objects—mysteriously claim the mind. Those fish, for example. They are so unexpected, and so unexpectedly right, about our media-soaked culture. There is something important about the way Paik works, tinkering, arranging, playing with—entering—his television sets. He seems to possess these machines, lest they possess us.

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Tone-Deaf

Twyla Tharp takes on Beethoven's Seventh, but she's too clever by half; the Royal Danish Ballet can't handle its own sweet history.

WAGNER DECLARED Beethoven's Seventh Symphony to be a supreme aural realization of dance. Still, the evidence of Wagner's own music—hardly rhythm-driven, for one thing—undermines his authority on the subject of scores likely to mate well with movement. In choreographing *The Beethoven Seventh* for the New York City Ballet, **Twyla Tharp** tried to accomplish the impossible, goaded by her characteristic rebelliousness and ambition. Balanchine (whose aesthetic still rules the company, one hopes) took a dim view of both dancing to Beethoven and choreography by Tharp, whose smart-alecky mode of operation often obscures her grasp of classicism. Tharp, who revered Balanchine, is clearly going into the lists with him in her new piece, where order barely holds chaos in check, and street-smart dance languages engage with ballet's exquisite formalities. One of the reasons for *The Beethoven Seventh's* failure may be the number of issues being played out.

Tharp responds to Beethoven's majestic music, which is confident of an eternally stable universe grounded in nature, with an architecture that is continually self-destructing and an urban, postmodern atmosphere that alternates angst and precarious gaiety. The ballet focuses on three couples. Jenifer Ringer and Peter Boal establish the idea of fragmented, frenetic contemporary life. Wendy Whelan (for once poignant as well as physically brilliant) and Nikolaj Hübbe (wryly self-dramatizing) are the most vivid, depicting lovers who can't live with or without each other. Miranda Weese and Damian Woetzel play natives of Jerome Robbins country—sweet, carefree adolescents whose blithe athleticism and pert demeanor are just a little cloying. The relationship of these couples to one another and to the disjunctive, hyperactive ensemble never coheres, and too much self-consciously clever stuff happens without making a significant impact, viscerally or emotionally.

Tharp's *Beethoven Seventh* is far from being a horrible or hapless ballet. (Indeed, it's sveltely professional, masterly in its craft and canny in its details.) It's merely an insignificant one—the sort of item mass-produced at the company's regular orgies of new work by choreographers trying to appear daring and with-it while they come to terms with Balanchine, whose genius lies so far beyond their modest gifts. Tharp has done much better than this and will, I have no doubt, do so again.



Jenifer Ringer and Peter Boal in Twyla Tharp's *The Beethoven Seventh* at the New York City Ballet.

SINCE ITS INCEPTION, THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET HAS HAD close ties with the **Royal Danish Ballet**, which I saw recently at Copenhagen's Royal Theatre in a week devoted to the performance of five ballets by its marvelous nineteenth-century choreographer August Bournonville. The most obvious connection between the two companies lies in the NYCB's annexing Denmark's world-class male dancers—among them, over the years, Peter Martins, Ib Andersen, and Nikolaj Hübbe—as well as the influential RDB instructor Stanley Williams. Today, however, the connection between the two institutions also lies in a shared predicament. Each company faces a dilemma—and perhaps loss of faith—concerning the custodianship of its incomparable inheritance.

Just as Peter Martins, in his current role as head of the NYCB, declares in a curtain speech, "This is Balanchine's house," the RDB pays nervous lip service to Bournonville—the surviving ballets and their unique, ingratiating style—all the while neglecting or misrepresenting both. RDB dancers, native as well as foreign imports, are not regularly schooled in the style, and there are no longer people who know how to mount the surviving ballets with authority and élan. Unfortunate shifts in leadership at the RDB have aggravated the erosion, while the Danes' fatal desire to perceive themselves and to be perceived as forward-looking has resulted in a reversal of the adage "If you can dance Bournonville, you can dance everything." Today (continued on page 139)

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Disappearing Act

In sun-dappled Sandringham a king's servants train for the battle of Gallipoli; Pat Boone's 'Tutti Frutti' was vanilla, but Little Richard's was the real thing.

TO CLARIFY BEFORE OPINIONIZING: **All the King's Men** (Sunday, February 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) has nothing whatever to do with the Robert Penn Warren novel. Or the Broderick Crawford movie. Or even Humpty Dumpty's poem, although there is plenty of grander poetry, from Homer on the death of heroes to Rupert Brooke, that potted aspidistra, on "some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." But the men we meet in this "Masterpiece Theatre" production belong quite literally to King George V. They are the servants, gardeners, and grooms on his Sandringham country estate, looked after with a kindly eye by his mother, Queen Alexandra, to whom they are touchingly devoted (as we are, too, since she's played by Maggie Smith). They have

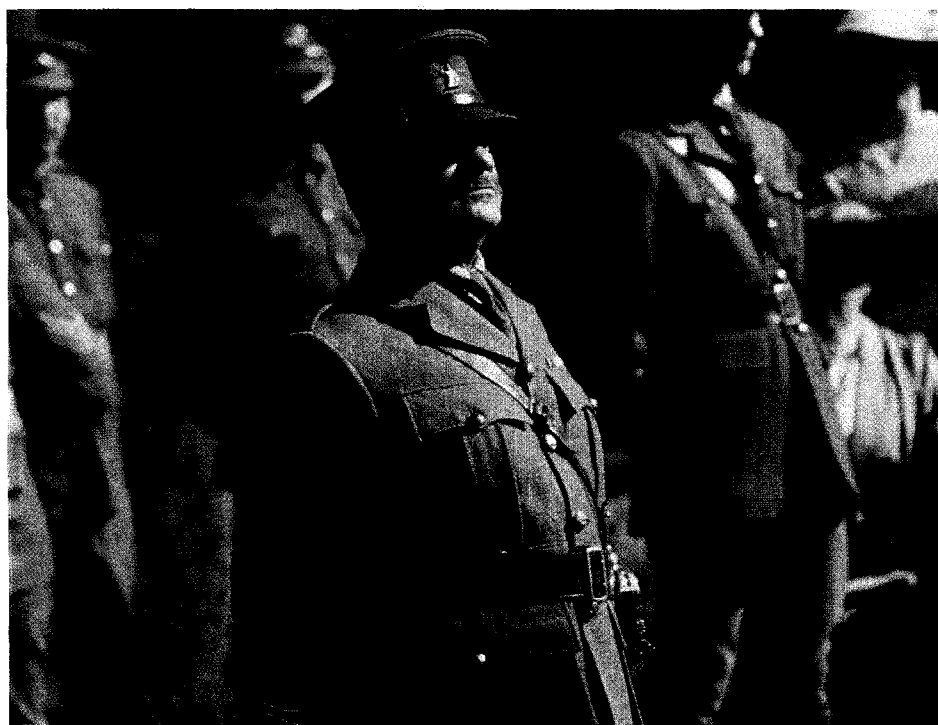
fronted Mustafa Kemal, the future Atatürk, in the bloody playpen of the Byzantines and Ottomans. They might as well have been swallowed up by the local mound-tombs of the ancient kings of Thrace.

Adapted by Alma Cullen from a novel by co-producer Nigel McCrery, *All the King's Men* is an elegy as much as it is a film. It mourns a paradise lost that's pastoral, a Crown benignly patriarchal, a yeomanry gung-ho loyal, a class system basically feudal, and an innocence impossibly rustic. On the other hand, this lamentation will be looked at with a postcolonial squint. The British had no more business in Turkey than Mel Gibson.

Frank Beck (David Jason), the middle-aged estate manager who trains these boys to be men and then, abetted by the Queen Mother, leads them into disappearance, embodies the stouthearted values of the old order. Claude Howlett (Patrick Malahide), the battalion doctor who has actually experienced combat as well as concentration camps during the Boer War, is a self-hating cynic bereft of illusions. This is shrewd casting. Both are familiar to those of us who watch too many British mystery movies on public television—Jason as Inspector Jack Frost, the sad sack whose domestic life is such a shambles; Malahide as Inspector Alleyn, the melancholy aristocrat with a traumatizing (First World War) wound. When at Gallipoli Howlett says to Beck, "You've always trusted the judgment of your betters," he is speaking as a "better" already aware that they don't know anything. Of course their maps are useless. It is the old order that vanishes into the mist.

None of this would work as beautifully as it does if we didn't believe in Maggie Smith as a Queen Mother worth cherishing; if Sandringham (playing itself here) weren't such a sunlit dream of first love, tall oaks, deep pools, and hungry swans; if Beck weren't as decent as he was bewildered; if the music hadn't verged so often on a dirge; if in some corner of our own hearts we didn't wish that Rupert Brooke had been right and Homer wrong. What really happened to the men of Sandringham the British government never said, preferring miracle mists. *All the King's Men* tells all, a routine atrocity. But besides waste, there is horror in these two hours. And although the fashion nowadays is to beat up on the whole idea of utopia, they also remind us that we dream our perfect republics in both directions, left and right, in the always radiant future or the impossibly nostalgic past.

THERE IS AN EXTENDED PASSAGE IN **Little Richard** (SUNDAY, February 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; *continued on page 108*)



Stouthearted:
David Jason
plays Captain
Frank Beck in
*All the King's
Men*, on
"Masterpiece
Theatre."

put on uniforms and been drilled into rude shape to fight the Hun in World War I. They are shipped off, an entire company of upset stomachs, to the Turkish coast in the Dardanelles. And at Gallipoli, on August 12, 1915, every single one of them will vanish into a sudden and pervasive mist, a "golden cloud," never to be seen again.

Well, the whole Dardanelles campaign, as we already know from Peter Weir's Australian perspective in *Gallipoli* (1981) was a bad idea, costing Britain and its Commonwealth 213,980 casualties and Winston Churchill his job as Lord Admiral. Nor had the Sandringham volunteers any way of knowing that they con-

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Mod Swing

The staircase isn't so scary—and that goes for the food, too—at the slicked-up Brasserie. Chocolate beignets are New Yorky French cooking that flies.

DOES ANYONE YOUNG ENOUGH TO HAVE NO memory of Dyan Cannon before she became Judge Whipper on *Ally McBeal* ever wonder why the misty, bloodshot stories of the old Brasserie told by long-in-the-bonded-tooth folk are always set after 3 A.M.? Well, make room for one more—but only because it spotlights the one feature that made the place memorable.

We called them the Six Stairs Into Hell. The moment you slammed through the revolving door, there they were, waiting to take you from the Evita-high balcony down to those now leering up at your arrival. Ten minutes before, when you strutted out of Studio 54, you swore you were fabulous. Now, at the moment of descent, you realized you looked as if you'd been hand-dipped in the Gowanus Canal. It became horribly clear that by the time you got halfway down these short steep steps, you were going to be gang-fanged for breakfast.

How daunting was this group ravagement? One night, one of 54's glamorous raven-tressed regulars walked in with her equally infamous husband, and you could tell as soon as she'd stopped revolving (about ten seconds after the door) that she had forgotten about the Stairs. He, feeling no pain, led the way. She, sensing no gain, tried to follow, but after negotiating two of them, it was all too much. "Darling, I can't! I just can't!!" she cried. And, revolving yet again, she fled into the night. He stayed and had a mushroom omelette.

Why go on about these steps? Because this is the sole source of the old Brasserie's mystique. At any other time, it was a cold, meat-locker-lit, inconsiderately furnished wretch of a room, with service that defined insolence and cooking steeped in indolence. And no, it was not this way by the time it reached the end of its run. It was only in the wee small hours that the old Brasserie *didn't* suck (unlike the werewolves it sheltered).

Therefore, as one who can bear witness, I must immediately declare the new Brasserie an absolute fraud, a New

Age plastic—excuse me, *resin*—impostor. Restaurant Associates can appropriate the name but not hide the obvious, which is that the new Brasserie is a sleek, retro-free GM Futurama spectacular, a triumphant alloy of innovation and warmth that one hopes will be readily embraced for reasons at complete odds with its inferior past.

Like any favorite World's Fair pavilion, it is



splashed with cheeky, playful wit: the Rockettes lineup of TV monitors over the bar surreptitiously broadcasting every arrival; the men's and women's rooms' shared sink, with its peekaboo-though-I-can't-see-you watering "hole" at hand-washing level; the tilted, tufted celadon panels that allow booths total privacy; a frosted wall of floating wine and liquor bottles. And like that of the best Fair pavilions, the design created by Elizabeth Diller and Ricardo Scofidio manages to be startling yet familiar, as wondrous as it is intelligent. Now beribboned by sensual waves of tawny, perforated pear wood, the main room has acoustics that let you rediscover how refreshing it is to sit in a busy dining room and not speak as if Latrell Sprewell had just dunked in overtime. Easy, glowing light comes from barely definable sources. And the pistachio-tinted resin tables really are terrific.

At three in the morning, the old Brasserie's mealy burgers with poker chips of petrified herbed butter could taste redemptively good. But chef Luc Dimnet needs no excuses. Even when his fair-priced bistro choices misfire, it is never from halfheartedness (the oddly gutless onion soup being the only unwanted remembrance of hazy nights past). Super tuna tartare alternates between blasts of cilantro and lemon. Mignonette bathing the oysters has a sneaky smack of pepper. Sole goujonettes are just fish sticks, so big thanks for the heady dose of mustard rémoulade. Fish soup with melting dollops of Gruyère is more mundanely satisfying, and a cassiolette of sweetbreads pleased everyone else at the table (still, you'd better like vermouth). Foie gras is Dimnet's only first-course bow to trendiness, and his reduction with quince compote is plate-stealing.

But it's the young chef's entrées that excite as notably

Lookout below:
Brasserie
patrons watch
the door on TV
monitors;
opposite, the
duck cassoulet.

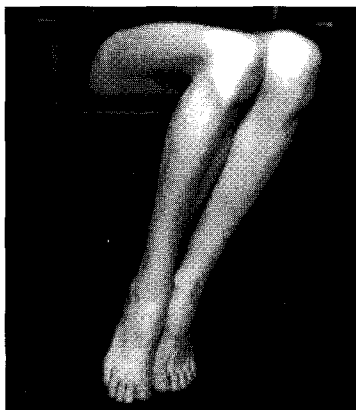


Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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as the décor. Mussels piccante are brash and great, with slashes of fiery tomato empowered by garlic and onion. Filet mignon is an unlikely cut to pick for au poivre—tender but so lustless as to hardly be worth arousing. It is a sly hint of shallots that sweetly seduces the filet into a passionate partner. Rib eye turns up surprisingly pallid, but braised veal shank has the bravado one expects, and roast duck bracketed by spunky citrus fruits has bravado one didn't. Roast chicken is lovingly romanced by natural juices with thyme.

The strong, almost gamy flavor of short ribs is enhanced by surrounding root vegetables, even if they take getting used to as the centerpiece of a pot-au-feu, since this ubiquitous dish is served barbecue-style almost everywhere else. Salt pork sabotages an otherwise ingenious, zestily crusted duck cassoulet (though at an appreciative table of six, my objections rendered me a minority of one). Salmon achieves a welcome taming thanks to salsify added to menu. Char overpowers its delicate Grenobloise, but both roasted monkfish with fennel and figs and bass in lemongrass and lime are lustrously light, perfect focal points for a room so effortlessly different.

All of executive pastry chef Nancy Kershner's desserts have bold, tantalizing presences for being so un-American. Neither her pineapple-and-galangal granita nor her explosive lemon profiteroles are likely to take a backseat to any short ribs. And mango-and-banana tarte Tatin with fromage blanc sorbet deserves a page in a cookbook. But the last act that bears a repeat performance is her amazing chocolate beignets. Too often rendered as chewy little dough balls, here they are such ethereal discs of rapture that caramel ice cream adds an almost unbearable wickedness.

Speaking of the dark side, what happened to the Stairs Into Hell, you might ask? They've been transformed into an elongated glass staircase with a graceful descent into the center of the room, absolutely elegant and—here's the fun part—completely stupefying to navigate. Too long for one step at a time, too short to take two by two. You know, considering all the remarkable changes, it's not exactly right that the place now shuts up tastefully at one. For continuity's sake, wouldn't it be dandy to have this new décor and all this swell food plus the chance to watch the next generation of club cuties face the newly improved Ten Stairs Into Hell? Isn't that what tradition is all about? *Vive la Brasserie!*

Brasserie, 100 East 53rd Street (751-4840). Monday through Saturday 11:30 A.M. till 11 P.M., Sunday till 10 P.M. Appetizers, \$7 to \$14; entrées, \$15 to \$28. A.E., C.B., D.C., M.C., V.

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Leonard continued from page 106

NBC) that might even be profound. Director Robert Townsend crosscuts between Little Richard (Leon) and Pat Boone (Gregory Gast). They are both singing "Long Tall Sally." Even if it wasn't apparent in the fifties, it's obvious in 20/20 retrospect that if Pat Boone had never been born, the sixties would have been forced to invent him to explain why they happened. So Pat was covering a song that couldn't be played on white radio when it was sung by the man who wrote it, as he had also covered "Tutti Frutti." But cover with what? Cotton candy? Bubble gum? Silly Putty? Talk about deracination!

Little Richard is mostly Leon's energetic and remarkable impersonation of the rock legend from Macon, Georgia—whose father (Carl Lumbly) was a hard man to please, until somebody shot him; whose mother (Jennifer Lewis) was nevertheless supportive, even if his lyrics shocked her; whose minister (Garrett Morris) thought that "Good Golly Miss Molly" was the music of the devil; and whose girlfriend (Tamala Jones) wanted to get married. Except for Sputnik in the night sky over Sydney, Australia, we might as well be watching any old installment of "Storytellers" on VH1.

WHY ANYONE THOUGHT WE REALLY NEEDED another adaptation of *Flowers for Algernon* (Sunday February 20; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), the Daniel Keyes novella that inspired a 1961 episode of *The U.S. Steel Hour* and then the 1968 movie *Charly*, is one of those imponderables of network Vulcan mind-meld. It would be impossible for Matthew Modine to improve on Cliff Robertson, who won an Oscar for his work as the mentally retarded clerk in a bakery store who's turned too briefly into a genius by experimental brain surgery, or for Kelli Williams to improve on Claire Bloom as the teacher who arouses his suddenly adult sexuality, and neither of them has. They are fine, even in the dubious service of a distinctly sixties sort of celebration of the superiority of feelings over books, of kindness over intelligence, and of the slobby, bullying camaraderie of workplace lowlifes over the heartlessness of Big Science careerists.

But if my memory is correct, in *Charly* Cliff Robertson tried to rape Claire Bloom, after which he went through Marlon Brando-biker and David Crosby-hippie periods. In *Flowers for Algernon*, rather less luridly, Matthew merely falls in puppy love with Kelli—a tender intimacy hard to distinguish from his feelings for Algernon, the white laboratory mouse.

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and Arts in New York

Saturday Night Fever

Forty-five years after
its aborted Broadway
opening, **Stephen
Sondheim's** first
musical finally
makes it to New York
(see page 117)

art 121 concerts 133 dance 133 kids 140 the mix 137 movies 110 nightlife 134 online 138
radio 137 restaurants 126 sports 138 television 137 theater 117 the written word 137

movies

B e a u t i f u l P e o p l e . . . B o i l e r R o o m . . . H a n g i n g U p

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls, is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Clearview's Chelsea; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

★**American Beauty**—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on the stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.

★**Angela's Ashes**—Frank McCourt's whimsical coming-of-age memoir, starring Emily Watson and Robert Carlyle, is blarney-free but also spirit-free, humor-free, depth-free. It's a sodden, grayed-out thing. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Any Given Sunday**—In Oliver Stone's movie about the cutthroat world of professional football Al Pacino is the head coach who can't adapt to the new-style market chicaneries and disloyalties of the game; Cameron Diaz is his bitch-on-wheels boss. James Woods, Jamie Foxx, Dennis Quaid, Jim Brown, and many others show up. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews 72nd St. East; Sony Lincoln Square.

★**The Beach**—See Rainer, page 103. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex;

Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza.

★**Beautiful People**—The lives of several very different Londoners all intertwine while the war in Bosnia rages not that far away. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) Open: 2/18 at the Quad Cinema.

★**Being John Malkovich**—A stunning piece of meta-physical vaudeville. John Cusack plays a dejected puppeteer who, working as a file clerk, discovers in the wall of his office a portal leading directly into the head of John Malkovich (playing himself). (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews State; UA Gemini.

★**The Big Tease**—The story of a Glaswegian hairdresser who thinks he has what it takes to be in the World Freestyle Hairdressing Championships in

Los Angeles. With Craig Ferguson, Frances Fisher, and Veronica Webb. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) CC Angelika Film Center.

★**Boiler Room**—Giovanni Ribisi plays Seth Davis, a kid from Queens who gets caught up in the shallow, corrupt world of Long Island day-trading. Written and directed by first-timer Ben Younger, the film also stars Ben Affleck and Nia Long. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) Open: 2/18.

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; UA Gemini.

★**The Cider House Rules**—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-age, based on the novel by John

Running Time The War at Home

When Bosnian filmmaker Jasmin Dizdar began writing the screenplay for *Beautiful People* in 1995, the idea was to make a movie about his former countrymen—two refugees from the same small village, one a Croat and one a Serb—who meet on a crowded London bus and hash things out. He quickly realized, however, that the theme he'd chosen was too narrow. London, diverse, modern, and supposedly enlightened, was in fact rife with ancient hatreds and bitter sectarian conflicts. So, in the movie he made, the Balkan conflict is not the subject but a metaphor. "It's not just about Serb-Croat relations," says Dizdar. "It's about *everyone* bashing each other." For the 38-year-old filmmaker, the best way to show this was by "talking about society through many faces rather than just one or two characters." And to ensure they'd be natural, he took to the streets, casting non-actors like Wimpy Bar counter girl and chip-maker Valentine Giorgiewa alongside veteran stage and screen actors like Siobhan Redmond, Gilbert Martin (pictured below), and Nicholas Farrell. The result is an Altman-esque deadpan satire inhabited by Tory aristocrats, Chelsea doctors, East End nurses, Serb pianists, Bosnian rape victims, Welsh nationalists, shell-shocked BBC correspondents, and heroin-addicted soccer fiends.

While the opening sequence still contains Dizdar's original idea of Serb-Croat fisticuffs on a double-decker bus as it makes its way through London, the two combatants are now subtext to the many other struggling and disparate Londoners whose lives curiously intertwine. "The real human drama was not about the obvious victims of the war," explains Dizdar. "War doesn't only mean two soldiers sitting in the trenches shooting at each other—you can have a war in your kitchen, you can have a war in your office, you can have a war in your bedroom with your wife or brother, sister or father." *Beautiful People*, which took home the Prix Un Certain Regard at Cannes last year, opens in New York at the Quad Cinema on February 18.

BRETT KELLY



Meg Ryan

Diane Keaton

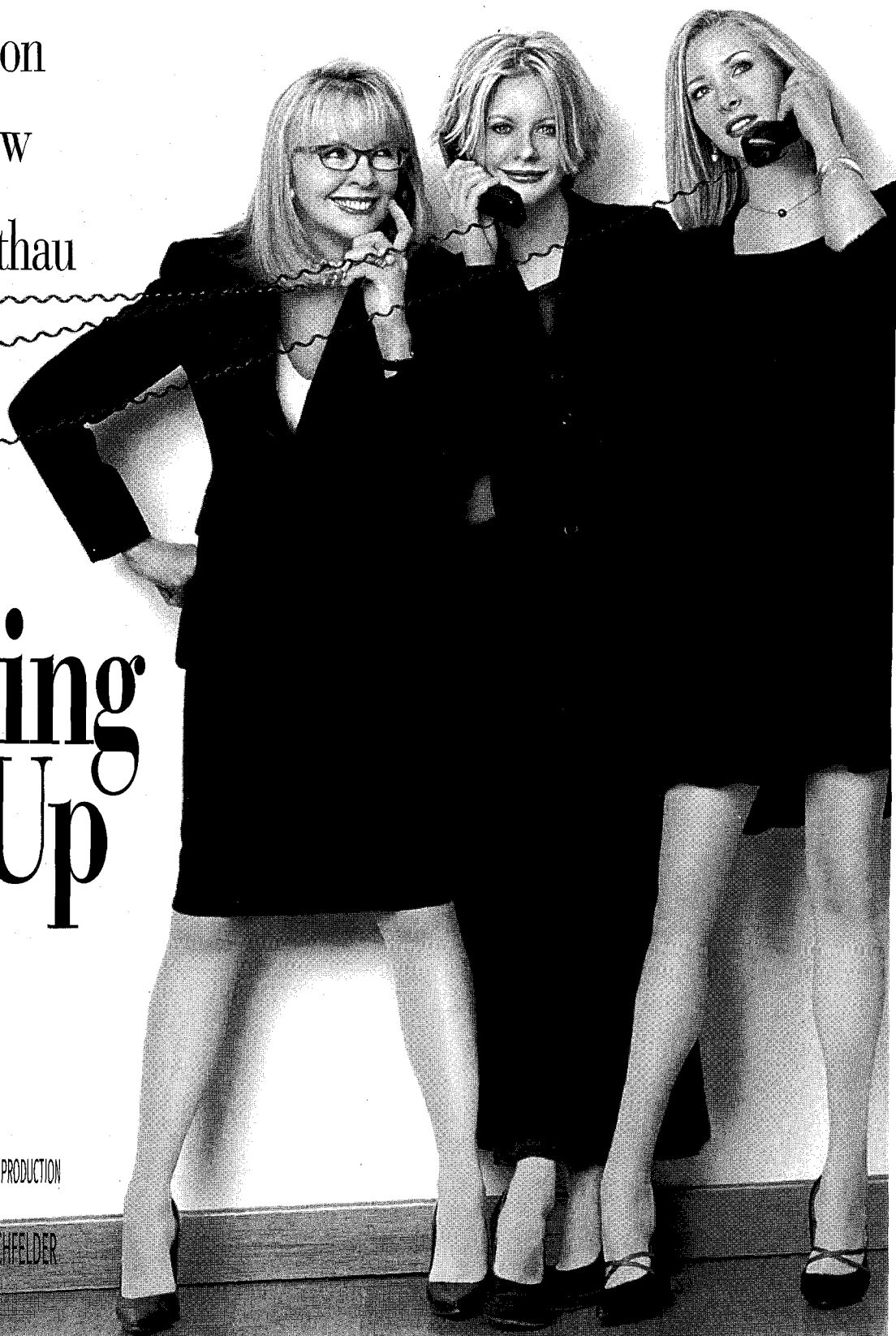
Lisa Kudrow

and

Walter Matthau

Hanging Up

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has a few hang-ups.



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Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Clearview's Chelsea; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside.*

★**Cotton Mary**—Ismail Merchant directs Greta Scacchi, James Wilby, and Madhur Jaffrey in yet another beautiful period piece. Set in 1954, this one looks at social prejudice in post-independence India by examining the relationship between a British colonist and her baby's wet nurse. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Opens 2/18.*

★**Cradle Will Rock**—Tim Robbins's movie is almost insanely ambitious: an attempt to convey the full fricas of art and theater and politics in thirties New York. It misses more often than not, but it's a spirited comedy about a great subject. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Cup**—The directorial debut of Tibetan lama Khyentse Norbu is a sweet and ironic look at the lives of soccer-obsessed boys living in an exiled Tibetan monastery in the Himalayas during the summer of 1998. (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo—Former SNL-er Rob Schneider gets inspired by the male prostitute he's house-sitting for. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

Down to You—Freddie Prinze Jr. and Julia Stiles are two college freshmen who fall in love amid the

cret agent, who falls in love with her. Ludicrous and knotty. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CO Coronet; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Bayside; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Galaxy Quest**—Taking the postmodern approach, Sigourney Weaver, Tim Allen, Tony Shalhoub, and Alan Rickman are seventies-TV has-beens mistaken for bona fide galactic warriors by aliens while attending a sci-fi convention. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart.*

Genderbents—Monika Tret's informative documentary about hermaphrodites, transsexuals, and other gender-bending phenomena in the Bay Area. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Girl, Interrupted—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest meets *Clueless*. With Winona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; North Shore Towers; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The relationship between them, heavy with sexual politics, is like *Feminism for Dummies*, and the film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after being wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a 60 Minutes producer, and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistleblower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans. It's a florid, doomy movie, but the muck



Festival Weill Thing

"I write for today," Kurt Weill once told a reporter. "I don't give a damn about writing for posterity." Luckily, posterity didn't give a damn who Kurt Weill thought he was writing for (though the passionate anti-capitalist agitprop of his collaborations with Bertolt Brecht and others isn't exactly in fashion these days). As prologue to BAM's long-anticipated production of his 1937 opera *The Eternal Road* (which will open later this month), BAMcinematek presents the "Kurt Weill Film Festival," featuring films scored by the great German composer. The festival begins February 17 with a screening of Larry Weinstein's documentary *September Songs: The Music of Kurt Weill* and continues with Gregory Klatoff's *Where Do We Go from Here?* (pictured), Georg W. Pabst's *The Threepenny Opera*, and Fritz Lang's *You and Me*. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

chaos of college life in New York. With teen idols Shawn Hatosy, Selma Blair, and the always-welcome Henry Winkler. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Loews State; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza.*

★**The Emperor and the Assassin**—A sweeping epic about Ying Zheng, who unified China and became its first emperor during the third century B.C., and the man who tried to kill him. In Chinese with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 41 mins.; NR)

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere that, at times, resembles *Brief Encounter* crossed with *Tales From the Crypt*. It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes in more animated form than usual (venom becomes him) as an acridulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Eye of the Beholder—Ashley Judd is a chameleonic thief who says things like "Merry Christmas, Daddy" every time she murders some unsuspecting man in her underwear. Ewan McGregor is the se-

The Green Mile—Stephen King's serialized novel, set in a southern penitentiary's death row in the thirties, has been made into a pretty good film starring Tom Hanks as a prison guard and Michael Clarke Duncan as the hulking death-row behemoth with the healing grace. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (3 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Astoria.*

Gun Shy—A black comedy with Liam Neeson as a stressed-out New York City DEA agent who is forced into group therapy in order to overcome his fear of mobster Oliver Platt. Donnie Brasco meets *Mixed Nuts*, with Sandra Bullock and Mary McCormack. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheephead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Hanging Up—Following up her quiet, impressive feature debut, *Unstrung Heroes*, Diane Keaton directs Meg Ryan as the loyal daughter and caretaker of her dying alcoholic father, Walter Matthau. Keaton and Lisa Kudrow also star in the film as Ryan's quasi-famous and less responsive sisters. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 2/18.*

here is worth raking, and Crowe's performance, as well as Christopher Plummer's as Mike Wallace, are fine; Pacino's is showboaty. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Isn't She Great—Bette Midler and Nathan Lane ham it up with David Hyde Pierce, Stockard Channing, and John Cleeve. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; North Shore Towers.*

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-Orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg—Through archival footage and interviews, Aviva Kempner's tribute to "the baseball Moses" tells the story of Greenberg, a handsome Jewish kid from the Bronx who made it to the Detroit Tigers and became a baseball legend. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Magnolia—Boogie Nights writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley-based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is

featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square*; *Loews Kips Bay Theatre*; *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3*; *Loews 42nd Street E Walk*; *Clearview's Chelsea*; *Sony Lincoln Square*; *Clearview's Cobble Hill*; *Kaufman Astoria Cinema*; *Kew Gardens Cinemas*.

Man on the Moon—Jim Carrey plays nowhere man Andy Kaufman in this lackluster biopic directed by Milos Forman. Carrey's impersonations of Kaufman's routines are uncanny, but otherwise there's nothing there, and the entire production has a scrubbed, authorized feel. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East*; *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

Mansfield Park—Patricia Rozema's sexy adaptation of Jane Austen's novel, starring Frances O'Connor as a young girl who falls in love with her cousin (Jonny Lee Miller). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *Loews New York Twin*.

Mr. Death—Errol Morris's latest documentary is about Fred Leuchter Jr., who drinks 40 cups of coffee a day and designed "more humane" electric chairs before becoming the unwitting hero of the Holocaust-denial movement. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square*; *Sony Lincoln Square*.

Next Friday—Picking up where we left off with Ice Cube and his reefer-taking pals in *Friday*, only this time they're in the suburbs. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Village East*; *Loews Astor Plaza*; *Loews Orpheum 7*; *Bay Plaza*; *Concourse Plaza*; *Whitestone*; *Linden Boulevard Multiplex*; *UA Crossbay*; *UA Movies at Staten Island*.

Nightmare Alley—A restored print of the freak-filled 1947 noir classic starring Tyrone Power as a no-good carnie act who manipulates the rich and famous. (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village*.

Not Love, Just Frenzy—Alfonso Albacete and Miguel Bardem's look at the wild Madrid club scene. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.

★**Not One Less**—See Rainer, page 103. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Opens 2/18*.

Pariah—After a gang of neo-Nazi skinheads rape his wife and beat him senseless, a yuppie seeks revenge. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Opens 2/18 at The Screening Room*.

Pitch Black—Vin Diesel, Radha Mitchell, and Cole Hauser are marooned in space on a strange, hot, seemingly lifeless planet. Just wait until dark. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Opens 2/18*.

★**Princess Mononoke**—The great Japanese animation director Hayao Miyazaki has crafted a ravishing epic set in mythic fourteenth-century Japan, filled with gods and demons and forest creatures. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG-13) *Cinema Village*.

Pups—An unsuspecting drama about a 13-year-old boy who robs a bank with his girlfriend and his mother's gun. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Village East*.

★**Rear Window**—Alfred Hitchcock's 1954 classic has been wonderfully restored by Robert Harris and James Katz. James Stewart is the news photographer sidelined with his leg in a cast in his Village apartment, and Grace Kelly is his marriage-minded girlfriend. (Rainer; 1/24/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG) *Film Forum*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*; *Clearview's Cobble Hill*; *Kew Gardens Cinemas*.

Restaurant—Adrien Brody and Lauryn Hill star in this little indie about New Jersey waiters and waitresses with delusions of grandeur. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea*.

Ground Rules:

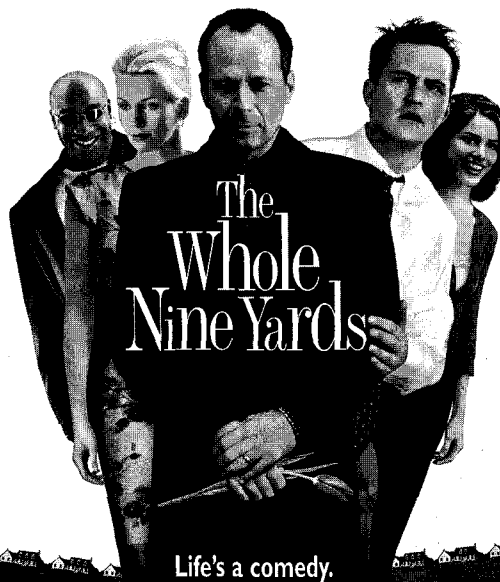
These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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WILLIS

Matthew
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C U E

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Opening Pie Value

Two Boots Pizza entrepreneurs Doris Kornish and Philip Hartman have fed many a struggling young filmmaker over the years, and now they've found a new way to serve them. In their Avenue A complex (which already houses their original pizzeria, video store, and performance space), the two are opening the Two Boots Pioneer Theater.



The 100-seat venue's mission is to bring repertory and fine—but commercially overlooked—-independent films to receptive audiences. Toward that end, Kornish and Hartman have enlisted curator Matthew Seig and an impressive faculty of advisers including film producers Christine Vachon ('Boys Don't Cry') and Ted Hope ('Happiness'); the Shooting Gallery's distribution head, Eamonn Bowles; actor Luis Guzmán ('Carlito's Way,' 'Boogie Nights'); and novelist Caleb Carr ('The Alienist').

The grand opening is on Thursday, February 17, with the U.S. premiere of the Johnny Thunders biopic 'Born to Lose: The Last Rock and Roll Movie,' which will be succeeded by a full calendar of first-run independents. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Scream 3—Neve Campbell, Courteney Cox Arquette, and David Arquette reunite with director Wes Craven for one last scream. With Jenny McCarthy and Parker Posey. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Sex: The Annabel Chong Story—A documentary about Grace Quek, a.k.a. Annabel Chong, a hard-working college student and self-proclaimed feminist who broke the world record for "biggest gang bang" when she had sex with 251 men in ten hours. (1 hr. 26 mins.; NR) Quad Cinema.

Simpatico—Sam Shepard's 1994 play has been overhauled but not significantly enhanced by British stage director turned first-time feature-film-maker Matthew Warchus. Jeff Bridges is the racehorse breeder whose shady youthful past with his boozy, down-and-out buddy, played in an offbeat piece of casting by Nick Nolte, comes home to roost. Albert Finney, Catherine Keener, and Sharon Stone, who gets to shoot a horse while wearing a red dress, also show up. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Astoria.

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) CC Village East; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay.

Snow Day—When a blizzard hits upstate New York, the students snow-plow their school shut and wreak havoc. With Chris Elliott, Chevy Chase, and Mark Webber. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre;

Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemat; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Snow Falling on Cedars—Save the performances of James Cromwell and Max Von Sydow, this admittedly picturesque adaptation of David Guterson's best-seller is almost unwatchable. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) Clearview's Chelsea West; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.

The Straight Story—David Lynch's affecting, meditative movie about a stubborn coddler (Richard Farnsworth) who rides his lawn mower clear across Iowa to visit an ailing, estranged brother is sweet, and Farnsworth, and Sissy Spacek, playing his daughter, are very fine. (Rainer; 10/25/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Stuart Little—A sweet, funny, dumbed-down version of E. B. White's children's story. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) UA Union Square; Loews Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Supernova—The sky is falling! The sky is falling! With Angela Bassett and James Spader. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) UA Criterion; UA Astoria.

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Sound Familiar? (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Cinemat.

The Talented Mr. Ripley—Anthony Minghella's adaptation of the celebrated Patricia Highsmith novel (also the basis for Rene Clement's *Purple Noon*) is a dark thriller made luxurious under a bright Italian sun. Matt Damon plays the psychopathic Tom Ripley. Jude Law and Gwyneth Paltrow co-star, looking embossed in expensiveness. (Rainer; 1/3/00) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; UA Marboro; Cinemat; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Terrorist—Inspired by the suicide-assassination of Rajiv Gandhi, Santosh Sivan's visually spectacular film tells the story of a young Indian woman on her way to blow up a corrupt politico (and herself). (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) The Screening Room.

The Tigger Movie—Winnie-the-Pooh's hyper-spastic pal Tigger bounces about. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Chelsea; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemat; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA MovieWorld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Titus—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests, with some kind of limb-hacking going on every other minute. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

Topsy-Turvy—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. It's an uncharacteristic work for a filmmaker devoted almost entirely to modern-day movies about the messes of the lower-middle classes, but Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. The feelings in this film run very deep, and Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Cordaner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) Loews Village; Paris Theatre; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

Toy Story 2—Woody and Buzz Lightyear and the rest of the toy chest are joined by a fresh fleet of computer-generated rapsallions in this marvelous sequel. The results are so exhilaratingly spry that it sends you out on a high: a sure sign of an instant classic. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 38 mins.; G) CC Village East; Loews State; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Cinemat; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.

The War Zone—Actor Tim Roth makes his directorial debut with this disquieting story of a teenage boy struggling along with his less-than-happy family. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) Cinema Village.

The Whole Nine Yards—Matthew Perry is Dr. Oseransky, an amiable dentist; Rosanna Arquette is Sophie, the wife who wants him dead; and Bruce Willis is Jimmy "the Tulip," the ex-hit man who lives next door in dubious witness protection. You do the math. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) Opens 2/18.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97-101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) Mansfield Park; A Map of the World.

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) All About My Mother; The Big Tease; The Cider House Rules; Cradle Will Rock; The Cup; Holy Smoke.

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) Next Friday; Pups; Scream 3; Simpatico; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; The Tigger Movie; Toy Story 2.

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) American Movie; Gendernauts; Nightmare Alley; Oneing; Princess Mononoke; The War Zone.

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) Being John Malkovich; The Hurricane.

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Kadosh*; *Rear Window*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Angela's Ashes*; *The End of the Affair*; *Gun Shy*; *Snow Day*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *Topsy-Turvy*.

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Not Love Just Frenzy*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *Mr. Death*; *Sex: The Annabel Chong Story*.

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *The Life and Times of Hank Greenberg*; *The Terrorist*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Beach*; *Down to You*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *The Insider*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *My Dog Skip*; *Stuart Little*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *Titus*.

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The Beach*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *The End of the Affair*; *Isn't She Great*; *Simpatico*.

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Snow Falling on Cedars*.

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty*; *Gun Shy*; *Man on the Moon*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Angela's Ashes*; *Being John Malkovich*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *Gun Shy*; *The Hurricane*; *Magnolia*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *The Tigger Movie*.

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Gun Shy*; *Holy Smoke*; *Magnolia*.

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules*.

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother*.

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Scream 3*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Simpatico*.

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Angela's Ashes*; *Eye of the Beholder*.

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Bachelor*; *The Best Man*; *Dogma*; *End of Days*; *Sleepy Hollow*; *The World Is Not Enough*.

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Any Given Sunday*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *Gun Shy*; *Magnolia*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Next Friday*.

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty*; *Angela's Ashes*; *Being John Malkovich*; *Down to You*; *Toy Story 2*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Topsy-Turvy*.

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *The Beach*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo*; *The Hurricane*; *The Sixth Sense*; *Supernova*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Beach*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Gun Shy*; *Magnolia*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Hurricane*.

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *All About My Mother*; *The Beach*; *The Cider House Rules*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Hurricane*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *Restaurant*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty*; *The Beach*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *Isn't She Great*; *Man on the Moon*; *Simpatico*; *Snow Day*.

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Isn't She Great*; *Simpatico*.

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Any Given Sunday*.

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Mansfield Park*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Eye of the Beholder*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *Stuart Little*.

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Being John Malkovich*; *Boys Don't Cry*; *The End of the Affair*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *The Beach*.

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Girl, Interrupted*; *Snow Day*.

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Hurricane*; *Scream 3*.

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother*; *The Cup*; *Holy Smoke*; *Rear Window*; *The Straight Story*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *Titus*.

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Eye of the Beholder*; *The Hurricane*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*.

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Beach*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Beach*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*.

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Angela's Ashes*; *Any Given Sunday*; *The Cider House Rules*; *The End of the Affair*; *Galaxy Quest*; *Girl, Interrupted*; *The Green Mile*; *Gun Shy*; *Isn't She Great*; *Magnolia*; *My Dog Skip*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *The Tigger Movie*. IMAX: *Fantasia/2000*.

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Beach*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Gun Shy*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Scream 3*; *The Sixth Sense*; *Snow Day*; *Stuart Little*; *The Tigger Movie*; *Toy Story 2*.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Bicentennial Man*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *Stuart Little*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Beach*; *Eye of the Beholder*; *Galaxy Quest*; *The Green Mile*; *The Hurricane*; *Next Friday*; *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *Stuart Little*; *The Talented Mr. Ripley*; *The Tigger Movie*; *Toy Story 2*.

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *All About My Mother*; *Holy Smoke*; *Topsy-Turvy*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *The Beach*; *The End of the Affair*; *Princess Mononoke*.

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Scream 3*; *Snow Day*; *The Tigger Movie*.

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Hurricane*; *Magnolia*; *Rear Window*; *Snow Day*; *Sweet and Lowdown*; *The Tigger Movie*.

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes*.

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes*.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Beach*; *Scream 3*; *The Tigger Movie*.



Previews Diane and Her Sisters

Diane Keaton made her feature-film debut as a director with *Unstrung Heroes*, a sad, sweet film about a young boy who loses his mother and is raised by his father and slightly deranged uncles. But for her new film, *Hanging Up*, the tragedy has been ratcheted down and the comedy ratcheted up. In it, Lisa Kudrow, Meg Ryan, and Keaton (pictured, from left) are three sisters caring for their ailing and slightly deranged father (Walter Matthau). The movie, which opens February 18, is based on the Delia Ephron novel of the same name and was adapted for the screen by Ephron and her sister Nora.

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Gun Shy; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Beach; Down to You; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie.*

UA Marlboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Scream 3; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

the Beholder; Galaxy Quest; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Gun Shy; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Girl, Interrupted; Gun Shy; The Hurricane; Magnolia; Scream 3; Snow Day; Snow Falling on Cedars; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie; Toy Story 2.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; Angela's Ashes; Magnolia; Rear Window; Snow Falling on Cedars; Topsy-Turvy; Toy Story 2.*



Previews Friends and Neighbors

In his new movie, *'The Whole Nine Yards,'* Matthew Perry (pictured left, with Michael Clarke Duncan) plays an awkward, sarcastic neighbor—not a big stretch considering the character he's been perfecting on TV for the past five years. On *'Friends,'* Perry lives with a goofy wannabe actor (played by a French Canadian). In the movie, he lives with a homicidal French Canadian (Patricia Arquette). But the similarities end there. On the show he sleeps with his next-door neighbor, a pretty girl with great hair. In the movie he doesn't even consider sleeping with his neighbor (Bruce Willis), who is not a pretty girl but an ex-bit man with truly terrible hair. Starts February 18.

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy. off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Beach; Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; Gun Shy; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *The Beach; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Snow Day; The Tigger Movie.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Galaxy Quest; Gun Shy; Snow Day; Sweet and Lowdown; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie; Toy Story 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) Call theater for showtimes.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) Call theater for showtimes.

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Eye of*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Angela's Ashes; The Beach; Eye of the Beholder; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Girl, Interrupted; Isn't She Great; Liberty Heights; Snow Falling on Cedars.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Scream 3; Snow Day.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) Call theater for showtimes.

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) Call theater for showtimes.

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; The Green Mile; Play It to the Bone; Simpatico; The Sixth Sense; Supernova.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The End of the Affair; Holy Smoke.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Gun Shy; Next Friday; The Sixth Sense; Snow Day.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Beach; Down to You; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *The Beach; Down to You; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; The Hurricane; Scream 3; Simpatico; Stuart Little.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Eye of the Beholder; The Hurricane.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Beach; Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Tigger Movie.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Beach; The Cider House Rules; Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; The Green Mile; Gun Shy; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Beach; Down to You; Eye of the Beholder; Scream 3; The Tigger Movie.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Angela's Ashes; The End of the Affair; Eye of the Beholder; Girl, Interrupted; Gun Shy; The Hurricane; Next Friday; Scream 3; Snow Day; Stuart Little; The Talented Mr. Ripley; The Tigger Movie.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

BAM Rose Cinemas—2/14: *Roman Holiday* (1953). 2/15: *Xala* (1974). 2/16: *Why Change Your Wife?* (1920). 2/17-2/20: "Kurt Weill Film Festival." 2/17: *September Songs* (1995). 2/18: *Where Do We Go From Here?* (1945). *The Threepenny Opera* (1931). 2/20: *You and Me* (1938). 2/21: *Christopher Strong* (1933). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—2/15-2/16: *Cape Fear* (1962). 2/17-2/18: *Angel Face* (1948). 2/19-2/20: *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). 2/21: *Phantom Lady* (1944). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); \$5.

Different Light—2/20: *The Children's Hour* (1961). 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 2/17: *Mad Max* (1979). 2/18-4/6: "Neo Noir." 2/18-2/20: *Experiment in Terror* (1962); *Cape Fear* (1962). 2/21-2/22: *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962); *The Parallax View* (1974). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); \$9.

The Screening Room—2/11-2/17: "John Frankenhauser Retrospective." 2/14: *Birdman of Alcatraz* (1962) followed by a Q and A with the director; *The Train* (1964). 2/15: *All Fall Down* (1962); *The Manchurian Candidate* (1962). 2/17: *Black Sunday* (1977); *Ronin* (1998). Also 2/14: "Valentine's Day Dinner and a Movie": *Casablanca*. Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Sunday afternoon: *The Wizard of Oz*. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); \$9 (\$6 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—2/17-2/23: "The Blank Generation and Beyond." 2/17: *The Blank Generation* (1976); *Born to Lose: The Last Rock and Roll Movie*; "Nightclubbing: Greatest Hits 1975-80." 2/18: *The Offenders* (1979). Meet Theresa Stern (1990); *The Blank Generation*; *Wild Style* (1982); *Smithereens* (1982). 2/19: *Against the Grain* (1980); *The Trap Door* (1980). Foreigner (1978); *Fear of Fiction*; "Nightclubbing: Live From CBGB's"; *D.O.A.* (1981). 2/20: "Nightclubbing: Modern Music"; *Permanent Vacation* (1982); *You Are Not I* (1981); *Empty Suitcases* (1980); *Stranger Than Paradise* (1985); *King Blank* (1983). 2/21: *Gringo* (1985); *MS.45* (1981); *They Eat Scum* (1979). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); \$9, \$6 for seniors.

theater

Time of the Cuckoo... Saturday Night... The Altruists

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Squonk!—This new production, which made its debut at the East Village's P.S. 122, may be a musical, but it's no *Footloose*. \$45–\$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!*, plays his nemesis, Salieri. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. \$35–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8,

Previews

The (Beautiful) People's Party

The ever-dieting, ever-fashionable wit-about-town Nicky Silver is known best as a playwright who spits out torrents of rollicking monologues and punctuates them with one-liners like a politician with a presidential-size staff. So it seems appropriate that *The Altruists*, Silver's new satire of hypocritical do-gooders, trustafarians, and radical-chic flak-catchers, begins previews February 17 in the heat of this primary season. His play pits the painfully earnest Ronald ("When I saw, as I grew up, the world as it is, I dreamed that I could make a better place") against his mink-wearing soap-opera-star sister, and a vapid philanthropist named Ethan against a firebomb-wielding butch lesbian named Cybil ("Last night Ethan and Cybil got into a horrible argument, a hideous, unwinnable round-robin over who's suffered more, black lesbians or Hispanic gays!"). Touting his new play last week, Silver (far right, with, from left, Eddie Cahill, Veanne Cox, director David Warren, Joey Slotnick, Sam Robards, and Kali Rocha) cut through the many debates to offer a fresh platform that just might make him a political contender. On education: "I taught writing once, but I quit because I couldn't sleep with any of my students. It's a terrible system." On clothing stores with neocolonial names: "Give up Banana Republic and shop in the Gap? I'd rather die." On labor rights: "I have a friend who boycotts clothing that's made in sweatshops. But really, if you took that seriously, we'd all be naked and eating nothing but Wisconsin cheese." On the presidential primaries: "I'm voting for the candidates this year with the best necks. I don't know about John McCain. He never really seems to use his. He always seems to turn his whole body." And on his personal politics: "I'm not against left or right, I'm just against hypocrisy. I guess that's easy," Silver admits. "I mean, there aren't a whole lot of people out there who say that they're for hypocrisy." (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL



Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre*, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back. (No, not the mouse.) \$25–\$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and

Michael Hall. Linda Romoff spells Egan 2/1–2/22. \$25–\$90. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54*, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. \$40–\$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth. \$20–\$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2

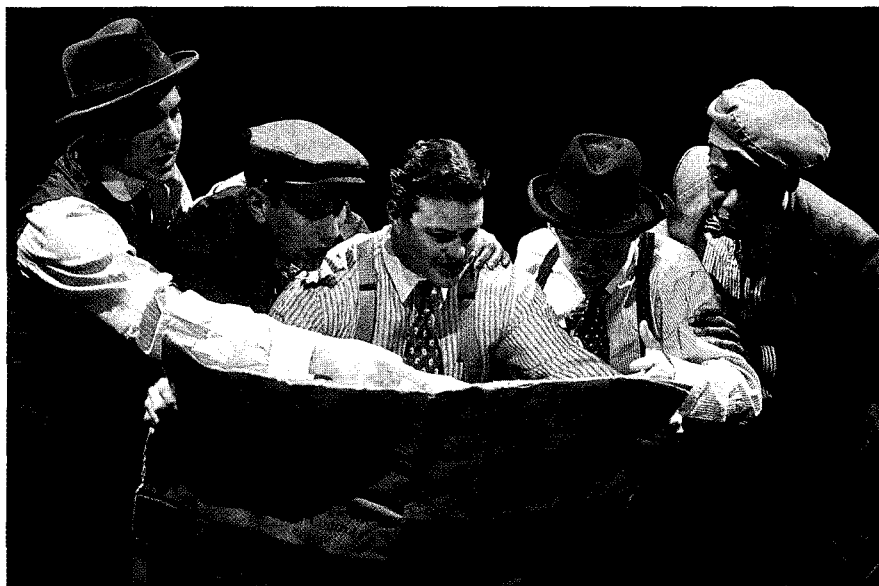
and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) \$45–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maximalist musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. \$20–\$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre*, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. Featuring ballet star Julio Bocca, 2/15–4/8. \$65–\$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?), but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect,



Previews Live From New York

Composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim was set to make his Broadway debut in 1955 with *Saturday Night* when the producer, Lemuel Ayers, died unexpectedly. The musical, about an ambitious young man living on Flatbush Avenue, was scuttled, and Sondheim went on to write the lyrics for *West Side Story* and *Gypsy* before relaunching his career as a double threat in 1962 with *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. On February 17, nearly half a century later, *Saturday Night* (featuring, from left, Joey Sorge, Greg Zola, Clarke Thorell, Kirk McDonald, and Michael Benjamin Washington) finally makes its New York bow, at Second Stage Theatre. (See "Off Broadway.")

and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00) \$65-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book and directs. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre*, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. \$45-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like Paltrow and DiCaprio. \$25-\$80.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synthesizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$20-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) \$20-\$90. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theatre*, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers, the house is still haunted. \$20-\$80. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre*, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Price—James Naughton directs Arthur Miller's 1968 family drama, starring Jeffrey DeMunn, Bob Dishey, Lizbeth Mackay, and Harris Yulin. \$25-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 3/5. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Putting It Together—The Stephen Sondheim musical revue roars back with enough big-name talent to fill

a basketball squad. Carol Burnett, George Hearn, John Barrowman, Ruthie Henshall, and Bronson Pinchot star. The bench is strong, too: Kathie Lee Gifford spells Burnett on Tuesdays. \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Barrymore Theatre*, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$35-\$80. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theatre*, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! \$30-\$80. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre*, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bitter-sweet mode at which Coward excelled. A seemingly inconsequential piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99.) \$25-\$70. Call for schedule. *Walter Kerr Theatre*, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Altruists—Nicky Silver's new play. \$40. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. Previews begin 2/17 for a 3/6 opening. Through 3/25. *Vineyard Theatre*, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

The Big Bang—In the beginning, there was the word. Then, there was the musical. In this backstage comedy, actors Jed Feuer and Boyd Graham present a backer's audition for a musical about nothing less than the history of humanity. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/23 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre*, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Celtic Tiger (Me Arse)—In Don Creedon's new comedy, two Irish-Americans return to Dublin and find not cathedrals and Celts but Motorolas and day traders. \$25-\$30. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/16 for a 2/24 opening. Through 3/31. *Irish Arts Center*, 553 W. 51st St. (212-581-4125).

The Director—In Nancy Hasty's new play, a once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea, last seen opposite Molly Ringwald in *How I Learned to Drive*. \$25-\$35. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *Arclight Theatre*, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Autobiography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman, reveals all the pain, sorrow, and aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. \$25. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/18 opening. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-279-4200).

Flaming Idiots—Madcap, kid-friendly histrionics from Pyro, Gyro, and Walter: three acrobatic gag-crazy jugglers and balloon-swallowers. \$10-\$25. Call for schedule. 2/18-2/27. *New Victory Theatre*, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Imperfect Love—Screenwriter-playwright Brandon Cole's romantic farce (a tale of a bungled play and backstage love) may be new, but his work may already be familiar to fans of John Turturro, who adapted Cole's story for the 1997 film *Illuminata*. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 3/1 opening. Through 4/16. *New York Performance Works*, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166.)

It's Impossible to Sing and Play the Bass—Bass player extraordinaire Jay Leonhart performs twenty of

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

his songs in his new musical. \$20-\$40. Mon. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 2/18 for a 2/21 opening. *Jewel Box Theatre*, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Joyful Noise—Tim Slover's musical play about the backstage drama behind Handel's *The Messiah*. \$44-\$50. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Letters From Cuba—The final production of a whole season at the Signature that has been devoted to the works of playwright Maria Irene Fornes (*Mud, Fefu and Her Friends, Promenade*). This new play uses hundreds of letters that the playwright exchanged with her brother in Cuba to tell a very personal 30-year history of Cuban-American relations. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/20 opening. Through 3/5. *Signature Theatre*, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Love in a Thirsty Land—Alan Glass's new play. \$35-\$40. Tues.-Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 2/19 for a 2/27 opening. *Playhouse 91*, 316 E. 91st St. (212-831-2000).

The Moment When—James Lapine's new play about the entwined lives of a book-jacket illustrator, a novelist, and an agent's assistant. \$37.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 2/18 for a 3/12 opening. Through 3/26. *Anne G. Wilder Theatre*, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Nighthawks—Lynn Rosen's new play, inspired by four Edward Hopper paintings, including his iconic diner tableau. Directed by Miriam Weiner. \$15. Wed.-Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/14 opening. Through 3/5. *Blue Heron Theatre*, 123 E. 24th St. (212-886-1889).

Saturday Night—Encores! artistic director Kathleen Marshall directs the belated New York premiere of Stephen Sondheim's first musical. \$61. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/14 opening. *Second Stage Theatre*, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Splendor—Effeminate small-town outcast Timothy John Coldridge returns to a tiny Texas town to manage the local bookmobile and reintroduces himself as Miss Jessica Gatewood. The local pastor is shocked—and smitten. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Chelsea Playhouse*, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Charles Busch's new play about the happy side effects of mid-life crises. Directed by Lynne Meadow. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/29 opening. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Taking a Chance on Love—A musical revue about the life of composer John LaTouche (*Golden Apple, Leonard Bernstein's Candide, Cabin in the Sky*). \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. 2/15-3/26. *Theatre at Saint Peter's*, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (212-239-6200).

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/21 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Torch-Bearers—Faith Prince and Marian Seldes star in this Drama Dept. production of George Kelly's spoof of small-town theater. Directed by Dylan Baker. \$15. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 2/23 opening. Through 3/4. *Greenwich House Theatre*, 27 Barrow St. (212-541-8441).

Triptych—In Richard Willet's comedy, two gay men break up and things get confusing. One starts dating a lady, the other meets a man who wants to turn him into a woman. \$12. Tues.-Sat. at 8. Through 3/18. *HomeGrown Theatre*, 2628 Broadway, at 99th St. (212-229-7500).

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: white-hot Hollywood commodities Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia*. Matthew Warchus (*Ari*) directs a production that also features the ever-irrepressible MCC artistic director Robert Lupo and Celia Weston. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8,

Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 2/17 for a 3/2 opening. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre*, W. 50th St. west of Broadway (212-239-6200).

Two Sisters and a Piano—In Nilo Cruz's new play, a romance novelist and her sister are locked under house arrest by Castro's administration. A piano tuner and a sympathetic guard both endanger and enliven their home. Featuring Daphne Rubin-Vega (*Rent, Gum*). \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 2/15 opening. *The Public Theater*, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

The Wild Party—The first of two new musicals with the same title (the next appears on Broadway in March), based on Joseph Moncure March's raucous Jazz Age poem about a soirée that ends in a police bust, is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. Book, music, and lyrics by Andrew Lipka. The cast features heartthrob Taye Diggs, his girlfriend Idina Menzel, Brian d'Arcy James, and Julia Murney. \$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 2/24 opening. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Now Playing

The Alchemist—Dan "D'ohh!" Castellaneta, the man-with the voice behind Homer Simpson, smartens up to play the smooth-talking con artist at the center of the classic Ben Jonson comedy. *Classic Stage Company*, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. Now featuring Irene Worth. \$45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Arms and the Man—See Simon, p. 101. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre*, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

Previews Murder, He Wrought

The Jewish Rep proves that racial profiling didn't begin on the New Jersey Turnpike, as Robert Kalfin ('Strider,' 'Yentl') directs 'Love in a Thirsty Land,' a new play by Alan Glass (who, incidentally, coined the spaghetti-sauce slogan "It's in there.>"). Inspired by a true story found in the memoirs of 'Daily Forward' founder Abraham Cahan, the play depicts an Orthodox Jew (David Julian Hirsh) who is seduced by a pork-eating Jewish woman (Susan May Pratt, pictured with Hirsh) before he is summarily tried for her murder in 1875 on the basis of little evidence. Previews begin February 19. (See "Off Broadway.")

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Off-Off Broadway's patron devil Richard Foreman pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche. \$15. Tues., Thurs.-Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church*, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$45-\$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation." \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. 45 *Bleeker St.* (212-307-4100).

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin,

his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. \$40-\$55. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre*, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. \$37.50-\$45. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre*, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Defending the Light—This new play by Ron Milner (*Checkmates, Don't Get Started*) is based on the high-profile 1846 trial of a black man who murdered a white man and his wife, mother-in-law, and baby. Directed by Jay Broad. \$25. Wed.-Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Tribeca Center for the Performing Arts*, 199 Chambers St. (212-346-8500).

Dinner With Friends—In their Connecticut home, Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) \$30-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Dirty Blonde—See Simon, p. 101. \$12-\$45. Tues.-Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 2/29. *New York Theatre Workshop*, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. \$25. Thurs.-Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo*, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$36.50-\$39. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).



Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—The long-running musical spoof that pokes fun at the Great White Way. \$45–\$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St.* (212-239-6200).

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, a young but already much-produced playwright. The heroine, Claire, suffers from psychogenic amnesia, waking up every morning as a blank slate on which her husband and Kenny, her teenage son from a former marriage, must imprint the facts of her life, only to have her forget them overnight. The evening explodes with laughter, masterfully provided by J. Smith-Cameron and others. (Simon: 11/15/99.) \$19.50–\$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane* (212-307-4100).

Hundreds of Sisters & One Big Brother—In the one-woman show, HBO host Deborah Swisher describes what it was like to grow up in Synanon, the cultish California commune. \$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Through 2/27. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St.* (212-279-4200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. \$49.50–\$55. Mon., Tues., Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.* (212-239-6200).

Inappropriate—The Desisto School's musical teenagers return to Manhattan to show those fuddy-duddies over at *Rent* what youth sounds like today.

beloved family. \$15–\$29.50. Sun. at 7 and Mon. at 8. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St.* (212-505-0700).

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue but without pants. \$45–\$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So.* (212-463-0060).

North Atlantic—The Wooster Group's no-holds-barred satire of the absurdities of the Cold War military stars Willem Dafoe and Kate Valk. \$25–\$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St.* (212-966-3651).

Our Place in Time—Six actors play 32 New Yorkers in Clare Coss's new play. \$10–\$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Women's Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St.* (212-239-6200).

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. \$50–\$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St.* (212-239-6200).

Over the River and Through the Woods—Joe DiPietro's comedy about Italian-American grandparents. \$47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St.* (212-239-6200).

Panache—In Don Gordon's new play, a depressed, starving artist (Eric Pierpoint) is saved by an odd socialite (Lisa Pelikan). \$25–\$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/26. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St.* (212-239-6200).

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$20–\$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St.* (212-239-6200).

Small Potatoes—Small-town bureaucrats accidentally arrest Feds on trumped-up charges and then hustle to cover up their petty misdeeds in Bob Roger's comedy set in upstate New York. \$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6:30 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St.* (212-532-8887).

Spermegga—Black-theater icon Clarice Taylor, known best as Bill Cosby's mother on *The Cosby Show*, presents a one-woman show. \$25. Wed. at 3 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/20. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St.* (212-353-1176).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. \$24.50–\$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave.* (212-477-2477).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., then a reception at Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with over 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65–\$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (212-239-6200).

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 2/8–20: Julie Kavner, Swoosie Kurtz, and Audra McDonald. 2/22–3/5: Mary Alice, Amy Irving, Rosie Perez. \$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St.* (212-239-6200).

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's Holy Sonnets? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Lisa Harrow. \$35–\$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St.* (212-307-4100).

Previews One Flew East...

Olek Krupa plays a flirty Venetian shopkeeper who woos an American tourist (Debra Monk, pictured, with Krupa) in the classic romantic comedy 'The Time of the Cuckoo,' by Arthur Laurents, author of 'Home of the Brave,' 'The Way We Were,' and the books for 'West Side Story' and 'Gypsy.' In previews for a February 21 opening, this is the first major New York production of the play since its 1952 Broadway success. (See "Off Broadway.")



Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St.* (212-239-6200).

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization and tabloid fame through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; now starring Matt McGrath. \$19.99–\$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St.* (212-239-6200).

\$30–\$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/27. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.* (212-279-4200).

King John—See Simon, p. 101. \$10–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St.* (212-239-6200).

Meet George Orwell—Mark Weston's one-man play stars Michael Allinson as the great Scottish intellectual famous for 1984's intruding Big Brother and *Animal Farm*'s scummy pigs. \$20–\$25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Sargent Theatre, 314 W. 54th St.* (212-595-1733).

The Merry Wives of Windsor—Shakespeare's giddy gals. \$26–\$33. Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl.* (212-598-9802).

Monster—Eek! Frank Hertle's comic mystery. \$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St.* (212-244-7529).

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray (*Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box*) reflects on his

Mummy Portraits... Paul Noble... Lucio Fontana

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

- Arthur B. Carles**—A survey of paintings by the Philadelphia modernist (1882–1952); through 3/18. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).
- Robert Jessup**—Narrative paintings in a series titled “The Recipe for a Perfect Pie”; through 3/18. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).
- Guy Pene du Bois**—Drawings made over the first four decades of the twentieth century that illustrate the artist’s evolution towards a modernist aesthetic; through 3/4. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).
- George Stubbs**—Anatomical drawings, prints, and paintings on canvas; enamel on copper; and biscuitware by the eighteenth-century British painter known for his portrayals of horses and other animals, as well as a selection of neoclassical objects by craftsmen contemporary with Stubbs, among them Matthew Boulton, Josiah Wedgwood, and William Craft; through 2/28. Hall & Knight, 21 E. 67th St. (212-772-2266).
- Connie Walsh**—Three video works that depict the artist performing various tasks; through 3/11. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500).
- Christopher Wool**—Drawings that were published as a limited-edition artist book in 1989 called *Black Book*; through 3/25. Skarstedt, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-737-2060).

57th Street Area

- Lois Dodd**—Maine landscapes painted by the artist in the seventies; through 3/10. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).
- Janet Fish**—New paintings of still-life arrangements; through 3/4. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-246-2205).
- Helen Frankenthaler**—Paintings and works on paper from 1960 to 1989 on loan from private collections; through 3/11. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110).
- Julie Hedrick**—New abstract paintings; through 3/4. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550).
- Donald Lipski**—New sculpture that continues the artist’s investigation of the ready-made and the surreal; through 3/4. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).
- Pablo Picasso**—Works dating from the late twenties to the seventies on the theme of the artist and his model; through 3/11. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).
- Edward Ruscha**—Drawings and prints dating from the sixties to the present; through 2/29. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (212-489-3331).
- Robert Smithson**—Freehand, linear ink drawings and collages from 1962–63; through 3/4. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).
- Hans van Bentem**—Large-scale ceramic figures inspired by Japanese comics and animated films; through 3/4. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).
- Vincenzo Amato**—Steel sculptures that depict human sculptures in urban landscapes; through 3/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).
- Timothy Woodman/Stuart Shills**—New painted aluminum sculptures depicting people at work and play/Oil-pastel landscapes and seascapes of the Irish countryside. Through 3/11. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Retrospective From Here to Eternity

It’s no wonder most of us are fascinated by the beliefs and practices of ancient Egyptians. As soon as we can walk we’re taken to museum exhibitions of their objects and versed in their elaborate funerary customs. Their mummies, in particular—the most obvious legacy of the early Egyptians’ preoccupation with and preparation for the hereafter—cast a lugubrious enchantment in an age when people are loath even to discuss the prospect of death. Still, we tend to carry a stereotypical image of the way ancient Egyptians actually looked—the small Pharaonic head with delicate, somewhat feline features atop an impossibly long neck. In fact, by the time of the Roman period (after 30 B.C.), when people from all over the eastern Mediterranean were residents of Egypt, the faces of Egyptians varied widely, as demonstrated by the strikingly realistic portraits that have been found with their mummies. Though not familiar to many Americans, some 70 of these painted panels are now on display in the Metropolitan Museum’s “Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt” (through May 7), a collaboration with the British Museum. The portraits add much to our knowledge of the lives of ancient Egyptians; for example, says Dorothea Arnold, the Lila Acheson Wallace curator in charge of the Met’s Department of Egyptian Art, who organized the exhibit, they were usually painted while the subjects were still alive and probably hung in their houses. And even after a subject’s death, when the portrait was attached to the head of the mummy, “there was a phase between mummification and burial when these mummies were kept above ground for months, even years, and were seen by the relatives at feasts and religious gatherings.” Most surprising, says Arnold, is that mummy portraiture—and mummification—continued until the end of third century. “Christianity was a very strong philosophy,” she says with a sigh. “But Egyptians still wanted to be led before Osiris and to stand up for their deeds.”

EDITH NEWHALL



SoHo and TriBeCa

- Mark Asterlind**—Abstract paintings from the past eight years; through 3/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).
- Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray**—Selected works by the two artists that reflect their long friendship and shared interests in chess, optics, African sculpture, and the photographic recording of their mutual friends; through 3/4. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).
- Lucio Fontana**—Paintings made by the Italian artist (1899–1968) during the early sixties, including

works from his “Buchi” (holes) and “Tagli” (cuts) series; two works in metal; and a rare oil painting with Murano glass stones added to the surface; 2/16–4/1. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Simon Frost—Drawings in graphite, ink, watercolor, or gouache that depict intricate compositions of shapes; through 4/1. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Carol Hepper—New sculpture constructed from fish skin; through 3/4. Taylor, 470 Broome St. (212-966-9059).

Tom Holland—Recent abstract paintings on aluminum whose curved overlapping shapes were inspired by a landscape near Napa, California; through 3/4. Cowles, 74 Grand St. (212-925-3500).

Mark Bennett—Large-scale photomontages that depict idyllic scenes of the fifties and sixties and focus on a fictitious "Barbara" character and her fondness for Ford automobiles; through 3/11. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Issey Miyake—A survey of the clothing designer's work from the past 30 years; through 2/29. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (212-255-5599).

John L. Moore—Abstract paintings and works on paper; through 3/4. M-13, 72 Greene St. (212-925-3007).

Muntean/Rosenblum—Paintings, photographs, and sculptures by the Austrian artist team Markus Muntean and Adi Rosenblum; through 3/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Sheryl L. Rubenstein/Caroline Golden—Photo-collage transfers on glass that combine the artist's own photographs with images of women appropriated from classical painting/Collages that depict women's bodies metamorphosing into furniture and architecture. Through 3/11. Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Jude Tallichet—A sandblasted, eleven-foot-high plastic sculpture of two conjoined models of the Empire State Building accompanied by tapes of music composed and performed by the artist; through 3/11. Meltzer's on view . . . 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Mac Wells—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases from 1963-1966; through 3/4. Albus, 25 Thompson St. (212-966-1758).

Chelsea

Haluk Akakçe—Works on paper and wall drawings depicting allegorical scenes; through 3/11. Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Barbara Andrus/Travis Molkenbur—An installation that transforms the gallery into a forest/Abstract paintings that suggest imaginary landscapes or places. Through 3/11. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Michael Ashkin/Kirsten Mosher—A video installation and an artist's book titled *Garden State* with a related edition of photographs/Paintings of simulated landscapes. Through 3/4. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Fabian Burgos—Recent paintings inspired by light particles and waves and optical art paintings of the sixties; through 3/8. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Greg Drasler—New paintings; through 3/18. Generous Miracles, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858).

Jeanne Dunning—Recent performative videos that show the artist interacting with a large amorphous "blob" form; through 3/4. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

Stephen Ellis—Recent abstract paintings; through 3/11. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Sam Francis—Prints and drawings from the sixties through the nineties; through 3/4. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (212-206-6872).

Robert Grosvenor/Meb Webster—A new large-scale sculpture/Drawings by the sculptor that date from 1996 to the present and incorporate such organic materials as soil, spices, and beeswax. Through 3/4. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—New paintings and watercolors of two motifs, the maple tree and the pin oak; through 3/4. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Santi Moix—New paintings that depict energetic compositions of animated shapes, buildings, breasts, exotic fruits, and eyes within color fields of cerulean blue; through 3/11. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Paul Noble—Large-scale drawings by the British artist that depict his fictional city of Nobson Newtown; through 3/11. Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

Sally Ross—Paintings of imaginary objects and land-

scapes; through 3/11. Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

Jonathan Seliger—Three-dimensional paintings that reconfigure such commonplace objects as shopping bags, pillows, woven baskets, and food containers in both real and distorted scales; through 3/11. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Hunter College—Leubsdorf Gallery, 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991), Mon.-Sat. 1-6. "Deep

SoHo and TriBeCa

Apex—291 Church St. (212-431-55270). "Chispa," an exhibition organized by Luis Jimenez of works by three Latino artists who see their work as a *chispa*, or spark, that ignites a fire; through 3/11.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Manly," works by nineteen artists that look at the current state of masculinity, through 4/1; window installation by Nancy Klotz, through 4/1; audio/elevator project by Philippe Deshaies; "Animal, Vegetable, Video: Memories of Manhattan From a Millennium Ago," project by artist in residence Sam Easterson, through 2/26.

On View There are few more intriguing artists than the Argentine-born Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), a restless experimenter who referred to his paintings as "spatial concepts" and slashed or punched holes into them to suggest a space without physical boundaries. And there's no denying the offbeat beauty of his work, as seen in this survey of twelve copper and brass "canvases" from the sixties, including works from his "buchi" (holes) and "tagli" (cuts) series (below, *Concetto Spaziale*, 1962), and a 1952 oil painting with Murano-glass fragments collaged to its surface. At Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; February 16 through April 1.



Field Painting," works by Ascheim, Biggs, Ellis, Mogenssen, Ohlson, Zinsner, others; through 3/18.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550). "Pasted Pictures: Collages and Abstraction in the 20th Century," with works by Arp, Cornell, Johns, Matisse, Pollock, Ryan, Schwitters, others; through 3/11.

Moeller—167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500). "Cross-Currents in Modern Art: A Tribute to Peter Selz," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by 39 artists whose works have been of particular interest to the art historian, among them Beckmann, Conner, Feininger, Golub, Kahn, Lebrun, McLaughlin, Rickey; through 3/3.

57th Street Area

Babcock—724 Fifth Ave. (212-767-1852). "Aspects of White," paintings, sculpture, and works on paper made with white materials, by Ajay, Grausman, Lipton, McLaughlin, Nevelson, Pavia, Ryman, Segal, others; through 3/31.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). Biomorphic sculptures by Arp, Calder, Noguchi; 2/18-3/18.

PaineWebber—42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-713-2885), Mon.-Fri. 8-6. "Beyond Appearances: Images in Science at the Millennium," an exhibition of scientific and medical illustration from the Middle Ages to the late nineteenth century; through 3/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). African-American masterworks by Alston, Delaney, Hayden, Lawrence, Pippin, B. Saar, Thompson, Tanner, others; through 3/4.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Works by European self-taught artists, among them Bois-Vives, Gill, Nedjar, Wilson, Wölfl; through 3/11.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "De-territorialization of Process," works by Abbott, Irving, Johansen, Krone, Lesperance, Min, Mittleman; through 3/25.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455). "Burglar," works that were selected from the studios of fifteen artists when they were not present; through 2/19.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Abstract paintings by Anuszkiewicz, Crawford, Dona, Marcaccio, Reed, Rockburne; through 3/4.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "The End," a survey of Exit Art's eighteen-year exhibition history featuring works by more than 100 artists; through 4/1.

Staff USA—495 Broadway (212-925-9700). "Fissure," the third in a series of five exhibitions presented in collaboration with AC Project Room, featuring works by Davis, De Cointet, Elmgreen and Dragset, Perdices, Shannon; through 3/18.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Conversation exhibit: Patsie Broderick and John Wesley, 2/16-3/19; paintings by Andrew Spence, through 3/5; project by Rudolph Hubert Wilcoff and Toni Werthmuller, through 3/5; hallway by Jim Pavlicovic; through 3/19; works by Barbara Friedman and Charles Hovland, through 3/11.

Eller—529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411). "Super-organic Hydroponic Warfare," drawings by Dunham, Dupuis, Ross; through 3/11.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767). "Translation/Seduction/Displacement," works by contemporary artists from southern Africa; through 4/1.

Photograph courtesy of Sperone Westwater.

Other

Bodell—13 E. 7th St. (212-477-1820). "Facts + Figures," works by ten artists that involve language, calculation, and various techniques of measuring, marking, and organizing; through 2/27.

Photography

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Picturing Guatemala: Images From the CIRMA Photography Archive, 1870-1997," the first exhibition to explore the history of photography in Guatemala, including, among other works, a photographic album by Eadweard Muybridge from 1875 and images by the nineteenth-century ethnographic photographers Emilio Herruger and Alberto Valdeavellano; through 4/16.

Guy Boas—Photographs of celebrities; through 2/26. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Carl Chiarenza—Photographs of collages and montages fabricated by the artist in his studio; through 2/26. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

Giacomo Costa/Walker Evans—Large-scale panoramic photographs created entirely within a computer that depict barren landscapes supporting huge monoliths/Vintage photographs. Through 2/26. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Fred Cray—Color self-portraits; through 3/4. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (212-463-0970).

Cy DeCosse—Recent photographs of rare flowers; through 3/11. Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. (212-580-8169).

Todd Eberle—Photographs of computers taken at the Computer History Museum at NASA's Ames Base near Palo Alto, California; through 2/26. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Martine Franck—Documentary photographs taken in China, France, Japan, the U.S., and other countries; through 3/4. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of flower stems as seen below the water line in a vase; through 3/18. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

William Gedney—Photographs taken during trips to eastern Kentucky in 1864 and 1972 that describe the daily life of one family; through 3/4. 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Horst—Portraits, interiors, and fashion work by the German photographer (1906-1999), who spent much of his career shooting for Condé Nast publications, beginning with *Vogue* in 1932; through 3/4. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8 (voluntary contribution from 5-8), Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors. "Gary Schneider: Genetic Self-Portrait." A series of fourteen works comprising 55 photographs that depict the artist's transformations of X-ray images of his own genetic materials; 2/19-4/9. . . . "Picturing Business: The Photography of *Fortune*, 1930-1965." An exhibition of photographs by Margaret Bourke-White, Walker Evans, Robert Frank, and others that were commissioned for the magazine founded by Henry R. Luce in 1930; 2/19-4/9.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (212-741-8849). Photographs that reflect on the medium of photography, by Barth, Breuer, Fuss, Lawler, Lutter, Sugimoto, Wellings, others; through 3/4.

Annie Leibovitz—Large-scale photographs of female nudes; through 3/4. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-7070).

Louise Lawler—New photographs of Andy Warhol's helium-filled "Silver Cloud" pillows, and of works by Jeff Koons, Robert Gober, and other contemporary artists; through 3/4. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Fred W. McDarragh—Photographs of New York's Beat scene taken in and around Greenwich Village in the fifties and sixties; through 2/27. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (212-242-2581).

Duane Michals—A survey of the photographer's work from the late sixties to the present, comprising recent images influenced by the paintings of Balthus, classic sequences from the late sixties, photographs with hand-lettered text, unusual portraits of artists, and works from such series as



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Photo by Mary Bloom

Keith Van Horn of the New Jersey Nets with 12-week old "Muffin"

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

"Salute Walt Whitman" and "Questions Without Answers"; through 3/4. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (212-242-7767). "Mirror With a Memory: The Art of the Daguerreotype," an exhibition of mid-nineteenth-century daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and tintypes organized by Jerry Spagnoli; through 3/18.

Marvin E. Newman—Seven photo-essays from the fifties and early sixties, among them *Chicago Snow Scenes 1951*, *Coney Island Beach Scenes 1952*, *Hal-loween 1955*, and *Prostitutes on Rue St. Denis, Paris 1960*; through 3/25. De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

Robert Parke Harrison—Photographs accompanied by related props or set pieces created by the artist; through 3/4. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Daniela Rossell—Recent photographs of the artist's family and friends in Mexico City and Manhattan that show them amid the trappings of their affluence; through 2/19. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Eric Schaal—Vintage press shots of Salvador's *Dream of Venus* pavilion for the 1939 New York World's Fair; through 3/4. Van der Donk, 601 W. 26th St. (212-691-5973).

Gary Schneider—"Specimen Drawings," large prints made from microscope slides; through 4/22. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

Paul Seawright—Photographs of uninhabited spaces that lie on the edges of urban areas throughout Europe; through 2/19. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

David Seidner—Painterly images of orchids that comprise the late photographer's final series; through 3/4. Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

Aaron Siskind—Images of peeling paint, corroded surfaces, graffiti, and rock formations that represent the late photographer's explorations of abstraction; through 3/18. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

David Stephenson/Tod Hido—Color photographs of domes and cupolas taken in Europe and Turkey and black-and-white images of stars in the night sky above Tasmania, Australia, where the artist lives/Twilight scenes of suburban homes and streets. Through 2/26. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

Patrick Tosani—Large color photographs of garments that have been stiffened with glue to create sculptural objects resembling masks; through 3/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). Photographs of men, by Aschman, Bruce of Los Angeles, Mapplethorpe, Muybridge, Walls, Yang, others; through 2/20.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10-6, Thurs. 10-8 (pay what you wish 6-8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule." An exhibition presented in collaboration with the New York Times that features nearly 50 design proposals received in a *New York Times Magazine* competition; through 3/26. "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium

that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children (admission to "The Butterfly Conservatory" is by timed entry; tickets, which can be reserved in advance and include museum admission, are \$14 adults, \$8.50 children).

Asia Society at Midtown—"Spiritual Perfection: Religious Sculpture of South and Southeast Asia." Sculpture from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III Collection of the Asia Society; through 4/1. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.-Sat. 10-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors (free Mon.-Fri. 12-2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"E.W. Godwin: Aesthetic Movement Architect and Designer." Architectural drawings, design for decorative arts, textiles, ceramics, wallpaper, and other works by the nineteenth-century British designer; through 2/27. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8). \$2, \$1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Amnesia." Works by sixteen artists from South America who explore themes of memory, loss, desire, mortality, and the temporal nature of the body; through 2/27. "Recent Acquisitions From the Permanent Collection." Works by contemporary artists of African, Asian, and Latin American ancestry through 2/27. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5 Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$3, \$2 students and seniors Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." An exhibition of a rare complete set of Utagawa Hiroshige's 1856-58 woodblock-print series from the museum's permanent collection; 2/18-4/23. "Artists Books." Fifty books made in the nineties by Brooklyn-based artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Doug Beube, and Janet Zweig; through 4/16. "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 11-6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"Overcoming All Obstacles: The Women of the Académie Julian." Paintings, works on paper, and photographs by women artists who studied at the Académie Julian in Paris, among them Cecelia Beaux, Elizabeth Jane Gardner, Anna Klumke, and Käthe Kollwitz; through 5/13. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 4/2. "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/5. "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$6, \$3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"The Body of the Line: Eisenstein's Drawings." The first U.S. museum exhibition of drawings by the groundbreaking Russian filmmaker (1898-1948); through 3/18. "Together Now by Nic Hess." A site-specific installation that combines drawing and a two-dimensional structure built of adhesive tape by Nic Hess, a Swiss artist; through 2/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.-Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11-6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Sheer Realities: Power and Clothing in the Nineteenth-Century Philippines." An exhibition organized by the Asia Society of clothing, accessories, paintings, lithographs, drawings, and photographs that reflect the external and in-

digenous cultural influences in the Philippines over the past century; 2/16-4/22. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 9-6, Fri. and Sat. 9-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890-1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$8, \$5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903-1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. "Northern Drawings of the 15th and 16th Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection." French, German, and Netherlandish drawings and illuminations; through 5/21. "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460-1531); through 5/14. "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits from Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. "Korean Ceramics From the Museum of Oriental Ceramics, Osaka." Forty-eight ceramic works dating from the twelfth to the nineteenth century; through 6/4. "Rock Style." An exhibition exploring the influence of rock stars on fashion, featuring attire lent by rock artists and drawn from the collections of the Met's Costume Institute and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland; through 3/19. "Only the Best: Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon." Works collected by the oil-industry pioneer and philanthropist Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian (1869-1955) on loan from the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, including European paintings ranging from the Renaissance to Impressionism, Egyptian sculpture, Roman medals, Islamic ceramics and textiles, illuminated manuscripts, eighteenth-century French furniture and silver, and objects by Lalique; through 2/27. "Sean Scully." A selection of recent watercolors, pastels, and photographs by the American artist; through 3/12. "Klee's Line." Works that display the artist's imaginative use of line; through 3/12. "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980-1999"; through 11/12. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$10 contribution, \$5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$10, \$5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera,

Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruiz: *Mexic*." A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21, 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5; \$4, \$2 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14, Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: Places." Interpretations of site, both real and imagined, in paintings, sculpture, photographs, furniture, and objects, with works by Paul Cézanne, Maria Fer-

pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$10, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; through 4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900-2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910-1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5 suggested contribution, \$4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The

Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; \$8, 4.50 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Cildo Meireles." The first retrospective of the work of the internationally known Brazilian artist, including room-scale installations and walk-through environments, sculptures, and drawings spanning thirty years; through 3/5, 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs.-Sat. 12-8 (free Thurs. from 6-8); \$6, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785-1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. . . . "The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20. . . . "\$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; through 2/19, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues. and Wed. 11-7:30, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.-Sun. 12-6; \$5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern European master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. 10:30-6; Sun. 12-6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8 (pay what you wish 6-8 on the first Thurs. of every month); \$12.50, \$10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a \$2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Correspondences: Isamu Noguchi and Ellsworth Kelly." Sculptures and drawings by both from the Whitney Museum's permanent collection; through 4/7. . . . "Lee Boroson: Underpass." A large-scale sculpture made from translucent blue and white fabric, suspended from the ceiling of the Philip Morris Sculpture Court; through 3/17, 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. 11-7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 2/23 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 2/19.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 2/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Rugs." On view from 2/11, 2/17 at 10:15 and 2: "19th Century and Contemporary Prints." On view from 2/12, 2/22 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 2/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 2/17 at 10:30: "Printed and Manuscript African Americana." On view from 2/12.

Talent City Snicker

Four years ago he created "*The Doley Game*," a darkly comic artwork-cum-board game in which a player becomes one of five loserlike characters—including "*Aimless*" and "*Ineffectual*"—and no one wins. Now prankish British artist Paul Noble has moved on to "*Nobson Newtown*," a series of large-scale drawings that depict the fantastical buildings of an imaginary city, with names like the "*Lido Nob*," the "*Nobspital*," and (naturally) the "*Public Toilet*," as well as an aerial view of the entire town (below, *Nobson Central*). At Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 West 26th Street; through March 11.



nanda Cardoso, Paul Gauguin, Henri Matisse, Georges-Pierre Seurat, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Modern Starts: Things." An exhibition exploring the presentation and representation of ordinary and extraordinary objects, with works by Constantin Brancusi, Marcel Duchamp, Michael Craig-Martin, and others; through 3/14. . . . "Projects 69: Julia Jacquette." Paper cups, plates, and napkins designed for MOMA's Café/Etc., a new space in the museum's lower level that combines multimedia projects, a bookstore, and a café; through 3/21. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.-Tues., Thurs. 10:30-5:45, Fri. 10:30-8:15 (4:30-8:15

Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion model roots; through 4/15, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.-Fri. 12-8, Sat. 10-5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"175th Annual Exhibition." America's oldest, continuously held juried art competition, featuring paintings, sculpture, watercolors, and prints by more than 160 artists; through 3/26, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs.,

restaurants

Neighborhood Grocery... Under the Bridge

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) (\$).

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Laight Street and Dylan Lounge—White tapestries and blue lighting lend this coolly contemporary TriBeCa space a marine feel, which makes perfect sense in a seafood restaurant with an extensive raw bar. Choose among Nantucket lobster salad, ginger-octopus salad, and grilled whole snapper with pistou, or if you're still working up an appetite, have a cocktail in the adjacent Dylan Lounge. 62 Laight St. (212-334-2274). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zepole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. 105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

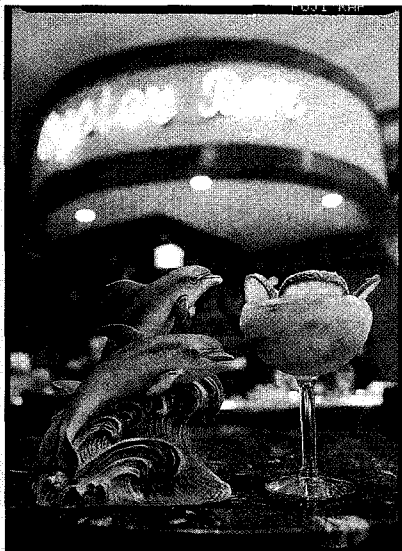
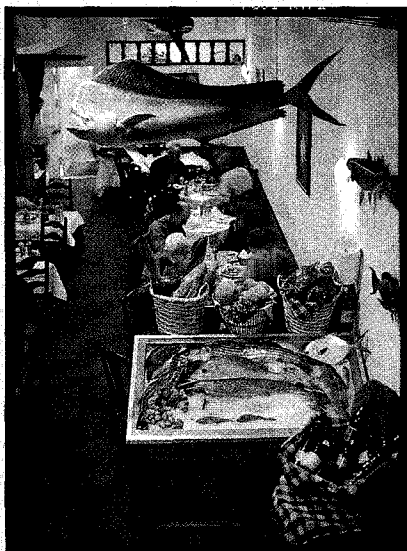
The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. 460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film



Opening The Shore Thing

If you grew up on the water, in a place like Northport or Bayville—where Steve Karathanos ran Steve's Pier 1 for 35 years—you'll recognize the old-school, pre-Bernardin menu of his new Manhattan restaurant. Metro Fish sounds like a wholesaler but is actually the first two nautical-kitsch-crammed floors of a century-old townhouse, where Steve's brother John serves up seafood standards like stuffed clams, overgrown lobsters, and broiled fish dredged with bread crumbs. A promotional three-course, \$28 prix fixe dinner is available from February 15 through the end of the month. (8 East 36th Street; 212-683-6444.)

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for

yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. 4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scalion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. 179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an intentionally shattered windowpane. 100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Oso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. 83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. 260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them.

The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows:

(E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment:

(\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

"What's an entrée?"

- CHEF de CUISINE LAURENT GRAS

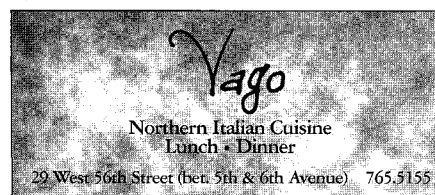
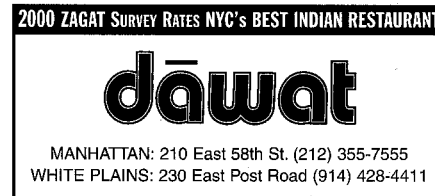
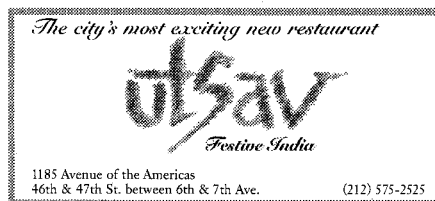
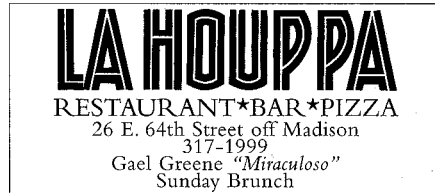
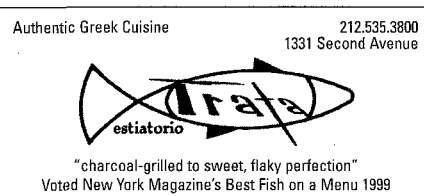
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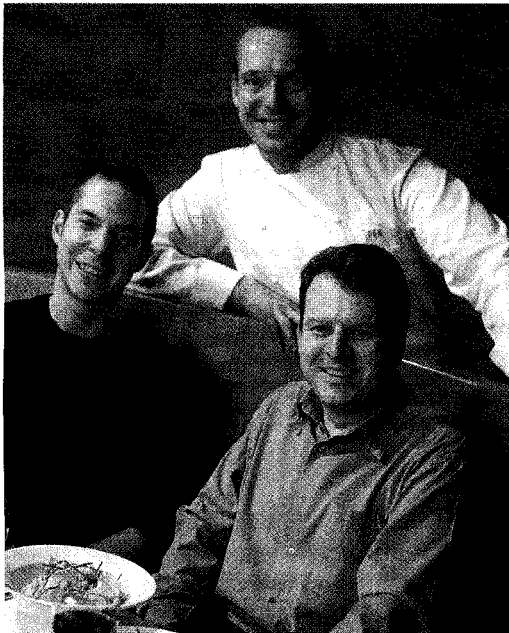
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Opening Bridge Work



Bridging the gap: Left to right, manager Jason Lapin, chef Daniel Orr, and partner Joel Kissin at Guastavino.

Guastavino, named for the Catalan architect who designed the tiled vaults beneath the Queensboro Bridge, is Sir Terence Conran's culinary incursion on these shores, where he's known mostly for 'Wallpaper'-worthy home furnishings. The indefatigable force behind London restaurants like Bibendum, Bluebird, and Quaglinos, Conran, along with partner Joel Kissin, has directed chef Daniel Orr to dispense with all the fancy fripperies he learned at La Grenouille and invent a newfangled, free-spirited brasserie menu, where steak-frites and oysters appear alongside matzo-ball soup, fish and chips, a duck-pastrami reuben, and chorizo-studded Cuban stew. And for this week only, diners receive a 50 percent discount, a considerable savings when entrées range from \$20 to \$29. (409 East 59th Street; 212-980-2455.)

and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stufado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. 91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. 69 Macdougall St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs \$10.95, prix fixe. 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. 42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American outpost doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, I Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri remoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a

cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Novità—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. 54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco-ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. 209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. 358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. 120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this

etarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. 9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. 253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porter-

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In Print As far as we're concerned, there are two compelling reasons to visit Memphis—and only one if you're not a loyal subject of the King. Indian-food fanatics make pilgrimages to sample the fusion fare of Raji Jallepalli, whose first career as a microbiologist undoubtedly laid the groundwork for her signature merging of French techniques with ingredients like garam masala and ghee. The owners of Bleeker Street's stylish Surya sought her advice, and the James Beard Foundation has twice nominated her as best regional chef. Save on airfare by trying one of the recipes from her first book, *Raji Cuisine* (HarperCollins; \$35), in which she adapts dishes like lamb stew with vindaloo spices, tomatoes stuffed with potato korma, and cardamom crème brûlée for the home cook. Plus, a very welcome wine suggestion accompanies each recipe.

cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Senki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, veg-

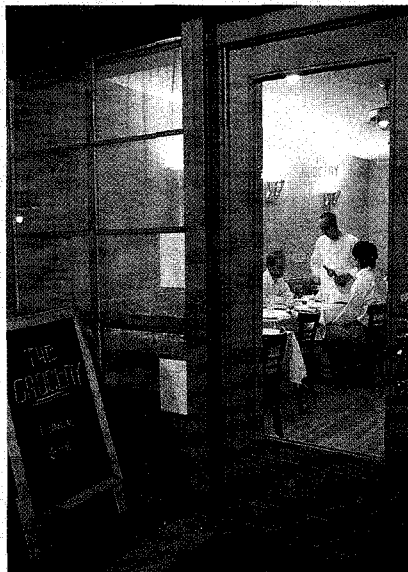
house for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. 60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with

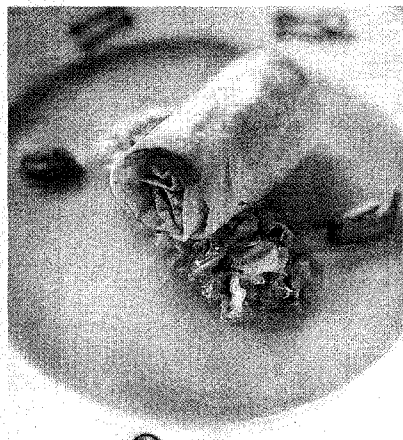
The Underground Gourmet Your Friendly Neighborhood Grocery

We hate mesclun," says Charles Kiely, co-chef-owner of the four-month-old Grocery in Carroll Gardens, where baby bistros and fancy-for-the-neighborhood restaurants are sprouting like so many trendy bunches of arugula. "We hate flavorless, crappy stuff." "Tiny baby stuff," adds partner Sharon Pachter, completing Kiely's explanation for why they call their more grown-up salad "teenage greens." Kiely and Pachter cultivated their passion for leafy lettuce—and each other—eight years ago when they worked together at Savoy, and they've been finishing each other's sentences ever since. Like Savoy, their understated, 30-seat storefront exudes a low-key charm that's hard to resist, but their Brooklyn location lets them charge sub-SoHo prices for entrées that would fetch upwards of \$20 across the river. Instead of flowers, there's a sunny clementine on every table. Aluminum sconces shaped like mini-megaphones, scavenged from an East Village antiques store, warm up celadon walls. Cozy banquettes encourage lingering, especially at a much-coveted corner deuce, also known as "the makeout table," which got its name when a couple, overcome by the soft light, the wine, and a Barry White soundtrack, lost control of themselves one night. But most diners reserve their lust for Kiely and Pachter's seasonal, market-oriented collaborations: Duck-confit strudel (\$8, pictured below), which seems like the ultimate egg roll, with flaky pastry encasing succulent confit and shiitake mushrooms. Or pan-roasted squid (\$8) stuffed with ratatouille and served with crunchy triangles of fried polenta. Nicely crusted expertly seared pork loin (\$17) with mashed sweet potatoes and roasted pears repotes in an apple-cider sauce. Eden Brook trout (\$19) stuffed with spinach and shallots comes with crispy spaetzle that soaks up salty bacon vinaigrette. Pachter, a onetime Gotham Bar & Grill pastry assistant, dispatches desserts (\$6–\$7) like quince crêpes and a crème fraîche cheesecake with guava sorbet that couldn't possibly inhabit the same universe, never mind borough, as Junior's. But Kiely and Pachter's talents aren't confined to the kitchen. "We really want to say hello and get to know who we're cooking for," says Pachter, who greets guests and takes coats while Kiely intermittently pops into the dining room to serve the amuse bouche (a demitasse of hot borscht one recent night) or discreetly leave a pepper mill next to an entrée ("in case I didn't do it right"). Both



run dishes from the kitchen and refill wineglasses when waiters are AWOL. And in between, happily, they cook. (288 Smith Street; 718-596-3335.)

ROB PATRONITE



its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. 5 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch

with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Quantum 56—The restaurant at the Drake Swissotel that used to be Lafayette has finally reopened, this time as a New American dining room and cocktail lounge under the culinary direction of chef Joseph Fortunato. His menu ranges from the familiar to the less so, in dishes like shepherd's pie, seafood hot pot, and buffalo carpaccio with horseradish aioli. 65 E. 56th St. (212-756-3800). (M–E) AE, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. 13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined version of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicker kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient preheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the \$19.99 prix fixe dinner or the \$12.95 lunch. 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with or-

ganic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. 125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus sevice in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crêpinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. 224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. 58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I-M) AE, DS, MC, V.

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. 212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. 11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who

may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frittes is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka-worthy chocolate tea. 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

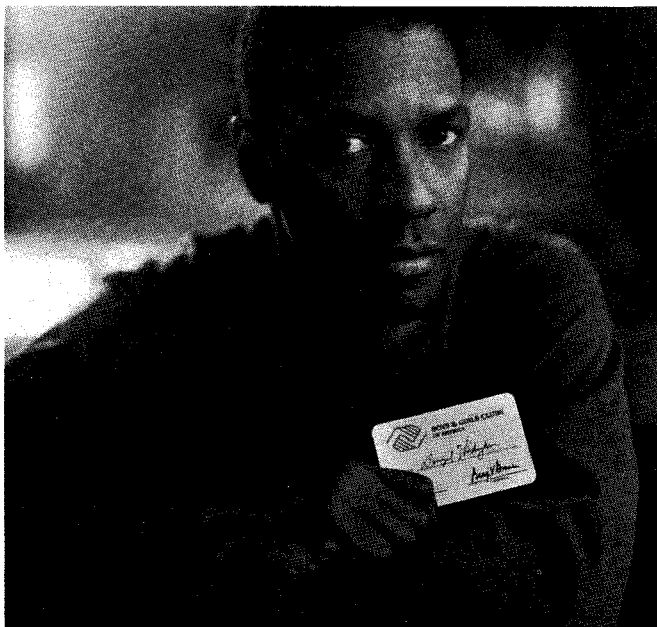
Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers,



On View The Mouths That Roar

Nothing against Emeril, but you wouldn't rely on him to taste-test sour pickles and supermarket ketchup. For that, you need a food show like 'New York Eats,' starring the sometimes fractious Five Towns boys Ed Levine (author of 'New York Eats {More}'), far right, and Jeffrey Steingarten ('Vogue' columnist and author of 'The Man Who Ate Everything'), now airing nightly on MetroGuide. In between denouncing each other's table manners and revealing their easily induced pet peeves, the peckish pair review local restaurants, rate bagels, and host guest chefs like Jean-Georges Vongerichten and Alice Waters, who makes a salad and demonstrates her hamburger technique. (Monday to Friday, 8:30 to 9 P.M.; Channel 70.)



Denzel Washington

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Restaurants

brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. 373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow-cooked* to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) (\$).

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the \$29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. 1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicker potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Casa Pepe—Mexican and Spanish fare meld in this elegant restaurant, with garden dining in fine weather and a fireplace to warm up the gray day of winter. The seafood-heavy menu finds best expression in the zarzuela de mariscos, the paella marinera, and the tacos Vera Cruz. 114 Bay Ridge Ave. (718-833-8865). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) (\$).

in concert

Eos Orchestra... Companhia de Dança Deborah Colker

Preview Off the Street Where They Live

I didn't know anything about Broadway," says Galt MacDermot. "I grew up in Canada!" The 71-year-old Tony-award-winning composer was more interested in writing big-band jazz than in musicals—until he was handed the script for *Hair* in 1966 and his own Age of Aquarius dawned. His colleague Charles Strouse also had a serendipitous entry into Broadway musicals. Now 71, the onetime pupil of Aaron Copland thought he'd spend his life composing "serious" music. But after writing songs for summer stock to support himself, Strouse realized he had "a talent for the lighter side" and went on to write the music for *Bye Bye Birdie*, *Applause*, and *Annie*. On February 21 at Merkin Concert Hall, the tunesmiths will return to "The Other Side of Broadway" as they oversee the premieres of many of their earlier compositions. "This music won't get heard on Broadway," says MacDermot. His Fugue for Four Hands in F Minor, begun when he was a student at the University of Cape Town almost 50 years ago, will be performed by Barbara Irvine and Bradford Gowen. "It's very meaningful for me to make audiences happy," says Strouse, who admits that staying true to his classical roots (as with his Sonata for Two Pianos) and pleasing an audience is a struggle for most serious composers who have had commercial success. "I want to be loved, like everyone else." (See "Classical Music")

ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT

Classical Music

Thomas Hampson, Baritone, and Wolfram Rieger, Piano—Perform two all-Mahler programs, 2/15 and 2/17 at 7:30. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$17—\$61.

Jaime Laredo—Marks the fortieth anniversary of his Carnegie Hall debut by leading the Brandenburg Ensemble, 2/16 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$19—\$76.

Leon Kirchner—Discusses his life and music and performs with his former student the cellist Yo-Yo Ma, violinist Lynn Chang, pianist Jonathan Biss, and the Orion String Quartet, 2/17 at 8. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); \$26.

Dongsok Shin, Harpsichord—Performs works by Bach and Fischer in the "Midtown Concerts" series, 2/17 at 1:15. St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. (212-967-9157); free.

"Come Hear the Music Play"—A benefit concert featuring a variety of classical-music artists performing acts from *Opera Burlesque*; proceeds benefit the Foundation for Music and Art, 2/17–2/19 at 8 and 2/20 at 3:30 and 8. La MaMa Experimental Theater Club, 74A E. 4th St. (212-260-2473); \$15–\$20.

Eos Orchestra—Premieres *Contes de Fées* in a concert exploring American musical styles of the twentieth century; conducted by Jonathan Sheffer, 2/17 at 8. Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (212-691-6415); \$25–\$40.

New York Philharmonic—Performs *Don Quixote* and *Symphonia Domestica* under the two-week directorship of conductor Zubin Mehta, 2/17 at 9:45 A.M. (open rehearsal) and 8 P.M., 2/18 at 11 A.M., and 2/19 at 8 P.M. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); \$18–\$77.

The Dessoff Choirs—Celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary with a per-

formance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* led by Kent Tritle, 2/19 at 8. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-831-8224); \$20–\$25.

The Other Side of Broadway—Premieres and performances of classical works for piano by Broadway composers, 2/21 at 8. Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); \$25.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Madama Butterfly*, 2/14 and 2/18 at 8; *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 2/15 and 2/19

Preview Historic Movement

Philadanco (pictured) leads the inauguration of "Black Dance: Tradition and Transformation," a gathering of black choreographers from around the world presented by 651 Arts, which hopes to make it an annual event. Emerging black dance companies, including Bre Dance Theatre of Los Angeles, M'Zawa Danz and Maia Claire Garrison of Brooklyn, and London's Union Dance Company, will explore a wide range of techniques, styles, and genres over the four-day program at BAM's Harvey Theater. (See "Dance.")



at 8; *Mefistofele*, 2/16 at 8 and 2/19 at 1:30; *The Merry Widow*, 2/17 at 8. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); \$25–\$225.

Dance

New York City Ballet—Its winter season continues with a diverse repertory that includes *Coppélia*, *Liebes Lieder Walzer*, *Bugaku*, *La Valse*, and *Stars and Stripes*, 2/15 through 2/27. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-307-4100); \$25–\$72.

Companhia de Dança Deborah Colker—The acclaimed Brazilian company performs *Rota*, a two-act dance combining everything from pedestrian movement to classical technique, from Mozart to Miles Davis, 2/16–2/18 at 8, 2/19 at 3:30 and 8, and 2/20 at 2 and 8. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); \$30.

Cherlyn Lavagno—Presents *Chapel Songs* as part of the "City/Dans" series, 2/17–2/19 at 8:30 and 2/20 at 7:30. *Danspace Project* at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); \$12.

Annie-B Parson and Paul Lazar's Big Dance Theater—Present *Another Telepathic Thing* in the "Main Event" series, 2/17–3/5; Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and Sun. at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop*, 219 W. 19th St. (212-691-6500); \$15 for first week, \$20 thereafter.

Black Dance: Tradition and Transformation—A new annual dance program featuring black choreography, from promising companies such as Philadanco, M'Zawa Danz and Maia Claire Garrison, and Bre Dance Theatre, 2/16–2/19 at 8. BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton Street (718-636-4100); \$15–\$35.

Ground Rules:

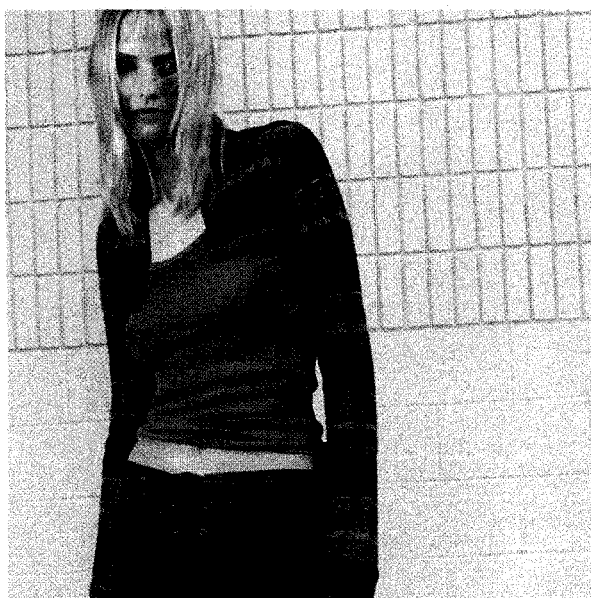
This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

nightlife

Mann... "Battle Sounds"... Vanguard's Sixty-fifth

Performance A. Mann (In Full)

Aimee Mann (pictured), who is known both for crafting smart pop songs with gorgeous melodies and for not selling very many copies of the albums they're on, seems strangely calm for an artist whose status as an underappreciated critics' darling is suddenly in jeopardy. Sipping tea on a springlike afternoon in a garden outside Los Angeles (where she is enjoying a few days off from a tour that will bring her and her husband, singer-songwriter Michael Penn, to Joe's Pub February 15 through 19), Mann struggles to explain her sudden appearance on playlists.



"How can they be playing my songs on the radio?" she wonders aloud. "Is radio leaning toward female singer-songwriters' downtempo emotional ballads? Not that I noticed." The best explanation is the movie *Magnolia*, whose memorable soundtrack features eight of her songs—at least several of which are key to the film. "In a movie, you have a captive audience," she observes. "The songs get kind of burned in." Until now, Mann's post-'Til Tuesday career consisted of two splendidly incisive mid-nineties solo albums, *Whatever* and *I'm With Stupid*. But her infamously bad luck with major record labels—one went out of business, and she parted ways with two others—drove her to form her own company

and sell her soon-to-be-released CD, *Bachelor No. 2*, at concerts and on her Website, www.aimee-mann.com. And isn't it ironic to be gaining so many new listeners with a movie soundtrack at precisely the point she'd all but given up on reaching the radio? "I think that's the key to everything in life," she says: "Cease caring." Now that she's seen some success, she naturally advises waiting for the backlash: "It'll happen—I guarantee you." Still, Mann seems genuinely happy—in her own way—to be on this long-overdue roll. "It's a small miracle," she says, "when anything actually comes to pass." But she smiles as she says it. (See "Small Stages.") **GEORGE KALOGERAKIS**

Concerts

"Battle Sounds Turntablist Festival 4"—featuring Q-Bert, the Allies, and more. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.* (212-864-1414 or 212-864-2293; tickets can also be purchased at www.turntablelab.com). \$18.

Beck—2/14–2/15 at 8. Beck's new album, *Midnite Vultures*, is chock-full of lascivious slow-jams in the vein of R. Kelly, Prince, and Teddy Pendergrass, so he should be suitably loved-up for this Valentine's Day/day-after pair of performances. One question, though: Will the white hipsters who giggle at Beck's every inside joke ever realize that more real, substantial pleasures are to be found in the source material he plunders? *Radio*

City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (212-307-7171). \$20–\$40.

Hezekiah Walker and the Love Fellowship Crusade Choir—2/19 at 8. With swinging, uptempo gospel hits like "Power Belongs to God" that recall modern R&B as much as traditional gospel, Walker is the music's most potent crossover artist since Kirk Franklin. He's also, Heaven help him, Puff Daddy's spiritual adviser. *Lehman Center Concert Hall, 250 Bedford Park Blvd. West, Bronx* (718-960-8833). Free, but ticket is required.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo/Olu Dara—2/18 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.* (212-997-1003). \$45, \$35, \$25.

Misfits—with Snapcase. 2/17 at 7:15. The thrash-punk godfathers return. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St.* (212-307-7100). \$17.

Powerman 5000—with X-Static and Dope. 2/18 at 6:45. A metal-funk band with a cheap-horror-movie shtick so depressingly secondhand they make Rob Zombie seem profound. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St.* (212-307-7100). \$19.

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—2/15: Danielle Cotton; Roxanne Hale. 2/16: Holly Ramos; Pup. 2/17: The Rockets Red Glare; Kittyhawk. 2/18: Brave New Girl; The Highwaters. 2/19: General Kingpin; Extra Virgin. 2/20: Hopewell; Eric Leiblein. 2/21: Metal Karaoke; Motel Girl. 95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). \$.

Bottom Line—2/17: "Nightbirds" with Margaret Dorn; Annie Golden; Dina Richardson; Phoebe Snow. 2/20: Savoy Brown. 2/21: Lindsfarne. 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—2/16: Patti Smith. 2/18: Organic Grooves. 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

CBGB & OMFUG—2/15: Fono; Kyser Soze. 2/16: Wonderland; Lourds. 2/17: Snuka. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—2/18: Mighty Sam McClain; Deborah Coleman. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-924-9755). \$.

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 2/16: Miles Hunt; Amazing Meet Project; Virginia. 2/18: Richard Julian; Jen Jackson; Bari Koral. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St.* (212-533-2680).

Irving Plaza—2/16: "Wide World of Fat Tour." 2/17: Lords of Acid. 2/19: Deep Banana Blackout. 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub—2/15–2/18: Aimee Mann & Michael Penn. 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory—2/14: Shimmy Disc Presents a Valentine's Gala; Adult Rodeo. 2/15: Eileen Myles; Rooftop Cowboys. 2/16: Will Calhoun quintet; Billy Hart Group. 2/17: Cork; Tim Berne's Big Satan. 2/18: Marc Ribot y Los Cubanitos Postizos. 2/19: IHOT; Ursula Rucker. 2/10: John Blum; David Ornette Cherry. 2/21: Dave Liebman; Billy Hart. 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). \$.

Makor—2/15: Willy Porter. 2/17: Fantcha. 2/19: Zenophilia; Hieroglyphics Septet. 2/20: Alec Berlin Trio. 35 West 67 St. (212-601-1000).

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. 2/15: Johnnie Chan and the New Dynasty. 2/16: Demolition String Band. 2/17: George Gilmore and the Giblets. 2/18: Blister. 2/20: Joe Bidwell. 99 Ave. B, bet. Sixth and Seventh Sts. (212-982-2511).

Maxwell's—2/16: The Real Simon Pure; Leatherette. 2/17: Cobra Verde; Aviso Hara; Monkeystick. 2/18: The Playtrains. 2/19: Deke Dickerson & The Ecco-Fonics; Amazing Crowns. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge—2/17: P.O.D. 2/18: Peter Salett. 2/19: Moebius Benefit. 2/20: Tara Jane O'Neil. 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 2/16: "Just the Sax" with Gerald Albright; Marion Meadows; Kim Waters; Walter Beasley. 2/17: Brazilian jazz with Leo Gandelman. 2/18–2/20: Seventeenth Annual Brazilian Carnival. 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Supper Club—2/18: Ron Sunshine & Full Swing. 2/19: The Jumpin' Gigolos. 240 W. 47th St. (212-921-1940).

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 2/15: Oteil and the Peacemakers. 2/18: Ekoostik Hookha. 2/19: Vopli.

2/20: Fighting Gravity; Blue Velvet. 161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600) \$.

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident DJ's Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous"), and producer Matthias Heilbronn. 104 Avenue C (212-780-0202).

Baby Jupiter—2/15: Clark Gayton; The Plaintains. 2/16: Jinsoo. 2/17: Applied Science; Transmitting. 2/18: Jesus Chrysler; Mouth Almighties. 2/19: Justice System; Mighty Vitamin. 2/21: Rick Shapiro; Ted Lennon. 170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightclub in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," DJ's spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays" anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. 2/14: Moisturizer; White Hassle. 2/21: Valery Ponomarev & The Universal Language. 366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to DJ's. And there's more good news: The new owners have already managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with DJ Erick Morillo for their Thursdays. 45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightclub has suddenly become a great dance-music destination thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," DJ Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: "Legends" with DJ Adam Scott. 2/15: Michael Moog performs "That Sound," the most blissed-out bit of retro disco since Armand Van Helden's "U Don't Know Me." 12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).

Flamingo—This East Village nightclub was once called Flamingo East. Now it's simply Flamingo. The club now has a hipper, more futuristic bent thanks to parties like Saturday's techno-dominated "Tru Skul." 2/19: DBX. 219 Second Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (212-533-2860).

Rockstar Loft—2/19 at 10. DJ's Peter Heller; Terry Farley; Deep. Terry Donovan and Sam Hower, the video-game-company owners and part-time nightclub impresarios who spawned a tidal wave of media hype by inviting only those musically in the know to their party, return with Version 2.0. What's different this time around? Not much. The DJ's are still superclub headliners flown over from across the Atlantic; the location will still be announced the day of the event, to keep the masses away. Location to be announced day of event (212-714-7153).

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class DJ's like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king DJ Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 2/16: U.K. dance-music pioneer Danny Rampling makes a rare local appearance. Rampling's recent two-CD house-music retrospective *Dance of the Decade* is a must-have for fans and non-fans alike. A deep-house and garage obsessive, Rampling offers the strongest proof yet that the most profound dance-floor inspirations come from black America—European-electronica enthusiasts be damned. 2/18: Sven Vath. 2/20: "Far East Technology III" with Tsuyoshi Suzuki; Ken Ishii; Co-Fusion; Akira. 530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).

Inyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-herdonistic downtown space is now a dance-music

purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the breakdancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from DJ Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays:

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 2/15-2/20: Ruth Brown and Friends. 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. \$15 cover, \$10 for students. 131 Duane Street, corner of Church and West Broadway. (212-227-7777).

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 2/16: Ron Hornton Quartet. 2/17: Jerome Kitzke. 2/18: Wolfgang Muthspiel. 2/20: Peter Herbert. 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319).



Performance Avant Vanguard

For 65 years, the Village Vanguard has hosted legends from John Coltrane to Dizzy Gillespie. February 15 through 20, it will celebrate its sixty-fifth year with a performance by a living legend—trumpeter Roy Hargrove (pictured), who recently brought his complex, soulful horn work to D'Angelo's 'Voodoo.' (See "Jazz.")

François K, Joe Clausell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now-legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: renowned Japanese trance DJ. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. 6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin, and the Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra. 2/14: Gloria Lynne. 2/16: Jimmy Bruno Trio. 2/17-2/19: Ray Barretto & Kenny Burrell. 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 2/15: Swing Set. 2/16: Larry Corban Trio. 2/17: Elvis Sinatra. 2/18: Tom Beckham Quartet. 2/19: Christophe Schweitzer Septet. 2/21: High Noon. 349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).

"Highlights in Jazz 27th Anniversary"—with Jon Hendricks; Annie Ross; Jay Leonhart; Judy Barnett. 2/17 at 8. Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (between Park Row and Gold St.) (212-346-1715). \$20, \$17.50 for students.

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30. Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and

Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).

"Jazz at Lincoln Center: Dynamic Duets on The Hudson"—2/19 and 2/20 at 8: Paul Bley & Charlie Haden with Kenny Barron and Gary Bartz. Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Bldg., 165 W. 65th St., tenth fl. (212-721-6500). \$40.

"Jazz at Lincoln Center: Ray Brown"—2/16 at 7 and 9. Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-721-6500). \$10.

"Jazz Insights: The Music of Duke Ellington"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. 2/15: Wycliffe Gordon. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). \$25.

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young com-



ers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. \$15–\$25 cover, \$10 minimum. 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 2/18: Miles Griffith New Ting. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Duke's. Tuesdays: Stan Ulano's Swing Band. Wednesdays: The John Gill Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friesen's Gritty City Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). \$.

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 2/14: Neill Furio. 2/16: Christian Marclay; Catherine Jauniaux; Erik M. 2/17: Marc Ribot; Quicksand. 2/18: Equal Interest; Catherine Jauniaux. 2/19: Jim Black; Matt Shipp and Mat Maneri. 2/20: The Schramms. 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 2/15–2/20: Village Vanguard's 65th Anniversary Celebration with Roy Hargrove. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs.,

Performance Battle Acts

Turntablists who create music by scratching records are the new guitar soloists—quick, creative, and sometimes too obsessed with virtuosity for their own good. But in the hands of a visionary like Q-Bert (pictured), who mines old-school rap with prog-rock classics like Rush's "Tom Sawyer," the genre feels more like the new hip-hop—dynamic, futuristic, and boundless. On February 17, the San Francisco-based D.J. and fellow scratchers the Allies will perform at "Battle Sounds Turntablist Festival 4," at Symphony Space. (See "Concerts.")

shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. 82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 2/16–2/17: Gilbert Gottfried. 2/17–2/20: Sheryl Underwood. 2/18–2/20: Pauly Shore. 2/21: Mario Cantone. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). \$12.50–\$24.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11, Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30, and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 2/20: Colin Quinn; Darrell Hammond; Sherrod Small; Dave attell; Keith Robinson; Rich Vos. 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 156 1/2 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15, Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M., Sun.–Thurs. continuous; from 8:45. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat. (\$20 for 10:30 Sat. show), \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 2/16: "Girls, Girls, Girls..." 2/17: Gotham All Stars. 2/18–2/19: Greg Carey; David J.; Juston McKinney. 34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Coher and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your

whites and colors. Really. King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7–\$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9, Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30, Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. 236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).

Upright Citizens Brigade Theater—Todd Barry in "Icky." 161 W. 22nd St. (212-366-9176). \$.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill-area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. 2/20–2/21: George Pellegrino. 450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. \$60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tues.–Sat.) at 8:45 and 10:45. \$60. Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tues. through Sat., from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. \$10. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room—\$20, plus \$15 minimum 2/21: Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Mondays in February Ludmilla Ilieva in "Hidden Voices." Thursdays "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." 2/19: Scott Coulter's "Unexpected Songs." \$10 cover, two-drink minimum. 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). \$.

"Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Biography"—with Varla Jean Merman, Fridays and Saturdays. The Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant "540 Park." Tickets are \$60, and there is a \$50 food and drink minimum 2/15–2/26: Lucie Arnaz and Steve March Torme. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Cafe—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 11. \$30 cover, \$20 minimum. From 2/18: Charles Cermele in "I'm Old-Fashioned: Love Songs for a New Century." 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano-bar feature two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 2/14: Eric Michael Gillette in "Hook, Line & Singer." 2/15: Susa Baum in "We Got Us." 2/16: Anita Michael in "A Hairdresser Looks at Her Roots." 2/17: Colm Reilly in "Introduction." 2/18: Danie Isengart in "Drama." 2/19: Annie Hughes in "A Night of Day—The Doris Day Songbook." 2/20 "Bottoms Up!" 2/21: Vincent Scarpinato. 169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-925-5410).

Rose's Turn—2/14: The Elephant Man: The Musical. 2/15: Lindsay Curcio & Friends. 2/17: Chris Rozzi's Outre Island. 2/18: Hopscotch; Matthew Zachary's Unscribbled. 2/19: Matthew Zachary Unscribbled. 2/21: The Elephant Man: The Musical. 55 Grove St., (212-366-9658).

Sardi's—Saturdays in February: "The Nonstop Broadway Hootenanny 2000." 234 W. 44th St. (212-221-8444).

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is not next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

the mix

Dave Eggers... *Neurotica*... Amanda Foreman

John Leonard's TV Notes

Aida's Brothers and Sisters: Black Voices in Opera (2/16; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is an absorbing look, with fabulous archival footage, at the struggle of African-American singers to achieve such stages as the Metropolitan, from Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson to Leontyne Price and Simon Estes, from Martina Arroyo and Bobby McFerrin to Jessye Norman, Grace Bumbry, Shirley Verrett, and George Shirley. They all tell horror stories, usually in good humor. Don't miss Edward Said, taking time off from the Middle East to speak of music.

Whatever Happened to Micheal Ray? (2/16; 10 to 11 P.M.; TNT) looks back at the New York Knicks guard who lit up the Garden with his play and the nightclubs with his cocaine habit, bouncing all the way to San Francisco and back to New Jersey and in and out of rehabs till he was finally banned from the NBA for life. Chris Rock, after talking to the usual tabloid reporters and court-side wise guys, is happy to report that Micheal (that's how he spelled it) is alive and well and remarried and playing basketball, at age 44, in Italy.

The Wishing Tree (2/20; 8 to 9:35 P.M.; Showtime) stars Alfre Woodard as an Atlanta lawyer who returns to her rural roots to bury her storytelling mother, only to find herself in the middle of several of those stories, one about the tree that saved a slave girl on the run, the other about a wild man in the woods who shows up when you're lost to lead you home. With Helen Shaver as a mother worrying about a missing child, and Blair Underwood as the wild man, who also happens to be mute.

Radio Highlights

"Etta James Under the Covers"—2/17 from 7 A.M. till 9 A.M.: The blues legend covers the songs of others. WFUV 90.7 FM.

Lectures and Panels

"Digesting Colette: A Biographer's Reflections"—2/15 at 8:30 P.M.: A lecture by Judith Thurman, author of *Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette*. La Maison Française at New York University, 16 Washington Mews (212-998-8750); free.

"How New York's New Immigrants Have Uplifted the City"—2/15 at 6 P.M.: Louis Winnick speaks on the effects immigrants have had on the city since Congress raised the gates in 1965. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (212-838-0230); free.

Peter Jennings—2/16 at 8 P.M.: The anchor and senior editor of *ABC World News Tonight* speaks as part of the "Winter Wednesdays" series. Marble Collegiate Church, One W. 29th St. (212-686-2770); \$20.

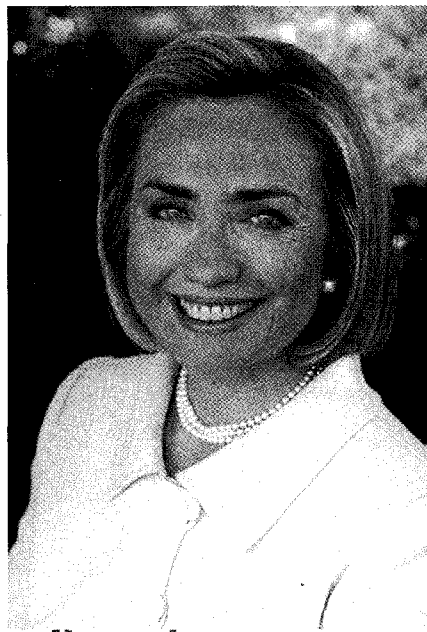
"Minorities in Publishing: Where Is Everyone?"—2/16 at 6 P.M.: Through an exploration of minority career-path development in the publishing industry from several perspectives, panelists will consider what is and isn't being done and what can be done in the future to ensure minority participation in

the book business, and how this increased involvement will affect what is being published and what is being read. Time & Life Building, eighth floor, 1271 Sixth Ave., near 50th St. (212-663-5824); \$10 adults, \$5 students.

"On Humor"—2/17 at 8 P.M.: Roger Rosenblatt is joined by cartoonist and commentator Jules Feiffer, Boston *Globe* columnist Ellen Goodman and *Saturday Night Live* alumnus Al Franken to discuss the evolution of comedy on television. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); \$20.

Our Far-Flung Correspondence: The New Yorker in American Culture—2/17 at 6 P.M.: Ben Yagoda, author of *About Town: The New Yorker and the World It Made* and *Will Rogers: A Biography*, speaks on the impact *The New Yorker* has made on American culture. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0571); \$10.

Tom Brokaw—2/17 at 7:30 P.M.: The anchor and managing editor of *NBC Nightly News*, along with his production team, will discuss the challenges of putting together the program and will review the evening's broadcast. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); \$10.



Happening Rose Gardening

Like many people who live in Westchester, Hillary Clinton will stop by the 92nd Street Y during her big day in the city—she'll be interviewed there by Charlie Rose at 8 P.M. on February 16. Call 212-996-1100 for tickets; \$20-\$100.

The Written Word

Amanda Foreman—2/15 at 7 P.M.: Reading from her book *Georgiana: Duchess of Devonshire*. Lenox Hill Bookstore, 1018 Lexington Ave., at 73rd St. (212-472-7170); free.

Denis Hamill—2/15 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *Fork in the Road*. Barnes and Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., at 6th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

David Eggers—2/15 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius*. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Moth Slam—2/16 at 8 P.M.: A competitive short-story-telling event in which selected participants have five minutes onstage to tell their story of deception. Sign-up begins at 7:30 P.M. Dixon Place Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. (212-292-0907); free.

Neurotica: Jewish Writers on Sex—2/16 at 8 P.M.: A literary conversation with Melvin Bukiet, Erica Jong, Kiki Kozinski, Helen Schulman, Thane Rosenbaum, and Steve Stern. What is the Jewish position on sex? Hear the authors read from and discuss the stories featured in *Neurotica*, a sex anthology. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-580-0099); \$15.

James Gleick—2/17 at 7 P.M.: Gleick reads from his book *Faster* and lectures on the speed-ups we face every day and their consequences. American Museum of Natural History's Kauffmann Theater, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5200); \$12.

David Ebershoff—2/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his debut novel, *The Danish Girl*. Barnes and Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Wayne Hoffman and Jim Piazza—2/17 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Bar Stories*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

Lynne Tillman and Edmund White—2/17 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from their new works *Haunted Houses* and *A Boy's Own Story*, respectively. NYU's Fales Library, third floor of the Bobst Library, 70 Washington Square So. (212-998-2596); free.

David Liss—2/18 at 7 P.M.: Liss reads from his debut novel, *A Conspiracy of Paper*. Barnes & Noble, Lincoln Triangle, 1972 Broadway at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Jackie Robinson: Race, Sports and the American Dream—2/19 at noon: Scholars, sportswriters, journalists, ballplayers, fans, and more turned out at a Long Island University conference with their analyses of the phenomenon known as Jackie Robinson. Readings from their contributions, collected in *Jackie Robinson*. Barnes and Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., at 6th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-832-9066); free.

Elise Paschen & Jill Bialosky—2/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Tom Sleight—2/22 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from his poetry with host Robert Polito. The New School, 66 W. 12th St., Room 510 (212-229-5488); free.

Tours

Abraham Lincoln's New York—2/19 at 2 P.M.: Walk in the footsteps of greatness as you trace Abe Lincoln's visits to New York in 1857, 1860, and 1961. Meet inside Blimpie's restaurant at 38 Park Row, bet. Spruce and Beekman Sts. (718-591-4741); \$12.

Celebrating Black History Month in Historic Harlem—2/19 at 1 P.M.: Tour one of New York's most important and historic ethnic neighborhoods, stopping at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with Zora Neale Hurston, Langston Hughes, and the Harlem Renaissance. Meet on the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave., at the Schomburg Center (212-439-1090); \$10 adults, \$8 students and seniors.

Presidential Greenwich Village—2/19 and 2/20 at 2:30 P.M.: A tour of Village sights associated with some of our nation's past chief executives. Stops include the St. Denis Hotel, Cooper Union, and the Washington Square Arch. For reservations and meeting place, call 212-465-3331; \$12.

Presidential Tour—2/21 at 1 P.M.: Dr. Lawrence Shepard leads a two-hour tour through the 250-acre New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700); \$7 adults, \$4.50 students and seniors, \$2 children ages 2-12, free to those under 2.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage Tours—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: An hour-and-a-half-long exploration of the creation of opera. Visit the vast studios where artisans produce the colossal stage sets, colorful costumes, and period wigs. Lincoln Center, 70 Lincoln Plaza (212-769-7020); \$9.

Afternoon Tea and Home Furnishings—Saturdays at 11 A.M.: Sample teas and scones and sandwiches from around the tea-drinking world and then

GAME WEEK

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS		TOR METRO 7 P.M.	MIN MSG 7:30 P.M.			IND NBC 3:30 P.M.	
NETS		ATL HD TV 7:30 P.M.			MIA FSNY 7:30 P.M.		MIN NBC 3 P.M.
DEVILS		PHI 7:30 P.M.		COL FSNY 7:30 P.M.		NYI FSNY 1 P.M.	
ISLANDERS		SI 7:30 P.M.		PHI MSG 7:30 P.M.		NI FSNY 1 P.M.	
RANGERS		TAM MSG 7:30 P.M.	FLA FSNY 7:30 P.M.		COL MSG 7:30 P.M.		PHI ESPN 8 P.M.
	2/14	2/15	2/16	2/17	2/18	2/19	2/20

tour the antique home furnishings of the city. For reservations and meeting location, call 732-636-4650.

The Mystical World of Hasidim—Sundays at 9:30 am: A round-trip bus and walking tour during which you'll experience a Hasidic synagogue, the writing of a Torah scroll, a library, and a kosher-deli lunch. Meet at the New York Public Library, 42nd St. and Fifth Ave. (800-838-tour); \$36.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for dates and additional information; \$20.

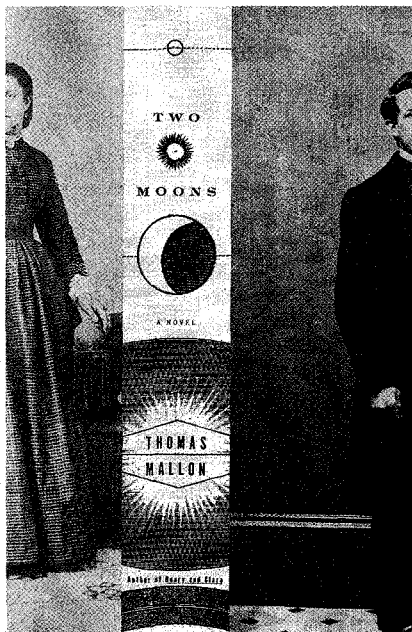
Events

Prelude to Spring—Through 4/23: The winter flower show is a colorful herald of the coming season inside the nation's most beautiful glasshouse. New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700); \$7 adults, \$4.50 students and seniors, \$2 children ages 2-12, free to those under 2.

"Celebrate Buenos Aires!"—Through 3/26: Highlights include a lecture with professors Thomas Reese and Carol McMichael Reese on the exhibition "Buenos Aires 1910: Memories of the World to Come" on 2/25 at 12:30 P.M. World Financial Center, 225 Vesey St. Call 212-945-0505 for a complete list of free events; \$10.

In Print Moonstruck

The thing that unites my books," says Thomas Mallon, "is that they tend to be about people on the fringes of major historical events." His acclaimed 1994 historical novel *Henry and Clara* imagined the lives of the other couple seated on the balcony of Ford's Theatre the night Lincoln was shot, and 1997's *Dewey Defeats Truman* explored the goings-on in Dewey's hometown of Owosso, Michigan, as residents prepared for their boy's "inevitable" win. In his latest, *Two Moons*, Mallon chronicles a romance between Cynthia May and Hugh Allison, both employees of the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C., at the moment in 1877 when the moons of Mars were discovered there. "The 1870s were comparable to the 1990s in that people perceived themselves as existing in a time of breakneck technological change. In the course of that decade, iron gives way to steel, the pen gives way to the typewriter, the letter gives way to the telephone, and by the end of the decade there was a sense of the world being remade. That spoke to me because I'm sort of bringing up the rear in acclimating to new technology." Mallon was also struck by similarities in the ways Americans were confronted and confounded by disease in the two eras. "In the 1870s, they're on the eve of understanding malaria," which killed a succession of Naval Observatory superintendents. "They don't yet know it's carried by mosquitoes. So they're mourning the deaths of these superintendents from behind windows without screens. I realized in some ways I was really writing about AIDS, and thinking of that first wave of people who died just before we started to understand the disease." So why write about a pair of imagined lovers instead of focusing on these real astronomers who made history? "I've always been attracted to the minor key of things," Mallon confides. "Maybe it's because I'm on the short side." He will be reading at Barnes & Noble Lincoln Triangle, Broadway at 66th Street, on February 16 at 7 P.M. **ARIEL LEVY**



Exhibitions

"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement"—Through 2/20: Revisit the public lives of prominent Italians in the city. New York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); \$5.

"Ancestral Echoes"—Through 2/24: In honor of Black History Month, the Arsenal Gallery in Central Park will feature an exhibit of works from traditional African-American backgrounds, including quilts, handcrafts, and mosaics. 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. (212-360-8163); free.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910-1955"—Through 2/27: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation, \$5.

"Black History Month"—Through 2/29: The Museum of Television and Radio celebrates with a selection of programs from the sixties through the nineties. 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); \$3-\$6.

"NYC Century"—Through 7/9: One hundred objects reflecting a range of perspectives on the twentieth-century New York City experience. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-6272); \$5.

Online

New York on the Web—Looking to browse through back issues? Want to get away for a unique weekend? Looking for the perfect gift? Then visit the newly relaunched www.newyorkmag.com; our extensive archives of past articles and reviews are easily accessible. "52 Weekends" has getaways that range from Vegas to the Delaware River. "Best Bets Online" and our "Gift Guide" will help you find the right gift at the right price. And don't forget to check out our Site Exclusives: "Best of New York 1999" is online, and our "Surf Report" reviews the Internet's best. As always, selected content from our current issue is available, and you can participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

Sports

Empire Tuesday Night Skate—2/15, at 8 P.M.: The Empire Skate Club's weekly in-line skate starts at Krispy Kreme, 141 W. 72nd St., finishing around 11 P.M. Distance covered and route vary—anywhere

Happening *Peter Matthiessen, already famous for writing one naturalist classic about big cats in cold weather, introduces his latest, 'Tigers in the Snow,' to New Yorkers with a lecture at the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West between 79th and 81st Streets (212-769-5100), on February 22 at 7 P.M. (\$12.)*



Tigers in the Snow

PETER MATTHIESSEN

introduction and photographs by

MAURICE HORNOCKER

from 10 to 25 miles. Pace is brisk; suitable for intermediate-to-advanced bladders. Contact the Empire Skate Club of New York at 212-774-1774 or visit www.empireskate.org for more information.

Thursday Night at the Races—2/17, at 8 P.M.: Presented by the New York Road Runners Club, this weekly series offers an open track meet with four races—a two-miler, a four-by-800-meter relay, and 800- and 400-meter dashes—at the Armory Track and Field Center, 216 Fort Washington Ave., at 186th St. Open to anyone over 19. For more information, call 212-923-1803, ext. 12.

Fifty-Fifty—2/19, 8 A.M.: The NYRRC's Metropolitan 50-Miler starts at the Engineer's Gate, East Drive at 90th St., and includes twelve (yes, twelve) 3.98-mile loops around Central Park. 2/19, 9 A.M.: Roll out of bed an hour later for the Kurt Steiner 50K. Starts at East Drive at 102nd St. and continues with a 3.21-mile and seven 3.98-mile loops. Numbers and T-shirts for both events may be picked up at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., on race day only, from 7 to 8:45 A.M. Nonmembers, \$20; limited race-day entries, \$25. Prizes awarded in both events for all finishers. 2/20, 9:30 A.M.: Compared with Saturday's events, the Al Gordon Five-Miler is a trot through the park. Starts at East Drive and 82nd St. behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Numbers and sweatshirts may be picked up 2/17-2/18 from noon to 7 P.M., 2/19 from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., and on race day from 8 to 9 A.M. at the NYRRC. Nonmembers, \$18; limited race-day entries, \$23. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

Heavyweight Explosion—2/24, at 7 P.M.: The second edition of this monthly heavyweight series at the Hammerstein Ballroom features former New York Golden Gloves champion Monte Barrett (22-1, 13 KO) and Shannon Briggs in separate bouts. Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. Tickets \$25-\$125; call 212-564-4882 or 212-307-7171 for tickets and information.

Tobias *continued from page 105*

one looks regretfully at the Royal Danish Ballet and says, "If you dance everything, you can't dance Bournonville."

The centerpiece of "Bournonville 2000," as the showcase week was called, does not bode well for the master's fate in the new millennium. A rethought staging of the 1851 *Kermesse in Bruges*, a romantic comedy with folkloric coloring from the Lowlands, was done by Dinna Bjørn, an RDB alum who is the company's official "Bournonville consultant," along with a companion in arms, Anne Marie Vessel Schlüter, and the theater director Jan Maagaard. Though Bjørn is one of the handful of Danes knowledgeable and enthusiastic about Bournonville style, she's unequipped to create a theatrical experience with any panache. She has all kinds of ideas about *Kermesse*, but ideas are for program notes; they don't make a show.

No doubt correct in her perception that past revisions of the ballet veered too far in the direction of farce, Bjørn has attempted to restore its moral dimension by resurrecting two discarded scenes involving the alchemist Mirevelt, the heroine's dad. This fellow, burdened by an outsize, mangy fur coat, is assigned chores like explaining in mime—he doesn't dance—his desire to plumb the secrets of the universe, not for self-aggrandizement but out of devotion to the glory of the cosmos. Try doing this in your living room and see if the cat understands. Presumably to

DANCE keep the narrative "meaningful," the celebrated duet between the young lovers is broken up by incursions of the populace on the town square. Needless to say, this destroys its aura of luminous intimacy. In place of the old divertimento, admittedly neither part of the ballet at its inception nor particularly effective, there is a new one—to newly composed music—that calls attention to itself in all the wrong ways, such as being set in an era conspicuously later than the time of the main action.

The most disastrous aspect of the ballet in its new version, however, is the rape of its music. The composer Kim Helweg has revamped H. S. Paulli's score—apparently to raise its level of sophistication. In the course of the makeover, the unassuming, eminently danceable music lost an essential rhythmic coherence, frequently dissolving into unholy, shapeless sound. This misguided treatment—all too typical of the RDB's latter-day approach to its legacy—made even the few dancers still deft in the buoyant Bournonville style lose their once-confident footing.

Tobi Tobias's 1997-2000 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

H	E	M	A	N	S	M	I	D	D	A	Y
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kids

Reading With Love... Puppet Play

Children's Events

En Garde—Free performances of Old English sword dancing, accompanied by live fiddle music, will be held this weekend to mark the fifteenth annual **NEW YORK SWORD DANCE FESTIVAL** (see photo). Shows are 2/19 and 2/20 at various locations around Manhattan and Brooklyn, including Central Park, the Manhattan side of the Staten Island Ferry Terminal, the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and Prospect Park. For more information, call 718-284-1529. ●●

Read to Me—New York Liberty basketball star Teresa Weatherspoon and singer Darlene Love read to the masses as they celebrate **READING FUN-DAY**, sponsored by WLIW public TV. Sing-alongs, dancing, and a magic show are also part of the day's program, 2/19 from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. at Garden City Long Island's Roosevelt Field. A sign-language interpreter will be on the scene (516-367-2100). ●●

In the Bag—The **PAPER BAG PLAYERS** present *Molly Wiggle and Minnie Shake* at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. The 90-minute collection of skits and sing-along songs runs Saturdays and Sundays at 2 P.M. through 3/12. Tickets are \$15 and \$20 and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448; for children ages 4-9.

Loco Puppets—Juan Bobo and Pedro Animal are vagabonds with a penchant for landing in sticky situations. The show, with performances in Spanish and English, includes audience participation, live music, and a lesson in Dominican and Puerto Rican folklore. Weekends through 3/12. Tickets are \$8 for adults, \$6 for children. **THE ENCOUNTER OF JUAN BOBO AND PEDRO ANIMAL**, Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater, 107 Suffolk St. (212-260-4080).

Flight Patterns—More than 400 butterflies soar freely through the air at the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY's** Butterfly Conservatory. Admission is by timed entry only: Sun.-Thurs. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. and Fri.-Sat. 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through 2/27. Tickets, which include museum admission, are \$14 for adults, \$10.50 for students and seniors \$8.50 for children under 12. For more information, call 212-769-5100. ●

May Flowers—It's already spring at **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**: Birch trees, tulips, daffodils, and other spring blooms are all part of the indoor "Prelude to Spring Bulb Show," through 4/23 at 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx. Tues.-Sun. from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. "Winter Garder Passport" tickets are \$7 for adults, \$4.50 for students and seniors, \$2 for children ages 2-12. For

more information, call 718-817-8700.

Getting Spacey—Been there, done that? Not in this millennium, you haven't. Check out the origins of the universe at the new Rose Center for Earth and Space, which houses the redesigned Hayden Planetarium in an 87-foot-diameter aluminum sphere encased in a 95-foot-high glass cube. The premiere show at the planetarium is *Passport to the Universe*, a virtual re-creation of the cosmos, narrated by Big kid Tom Hanks. Opens 2/19.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5000). Tickets are \$19 adults, \$14 students, \$11.50 for children 2-12.

On a String—The **SALZBURG MARIONETTES**, Austria's acclaimed theatrical export, performs a condensed children's version of Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. Elaborately costumed puppets offer unusual physical dexterity and an un-puppetlike range of expression. 2/19 and 2/20 at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tickets are \$25 and \$20 and can be purchased by calling 212-772-4448. ●

Oh, Bother—The original stuffed toys that inspired A. A. Milne to write bedtime stories about Winnie-the-Pooh and friends are on permanent exhibition at the Central Children's Room on the second floor of the **DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER**, 20 W. 53rd St. Pooh, Piglet, Eeyore, Kanga, and Tigger are enclosed in a glass case and can be viewed daily. Combine a stop here with a showing of **THE TIGGER MOVIE**, a sweet tale about the bouncy character who's on a quest to find his family. Opened 2/11 at theaters across the city. For library hours and more information, call 212-621-0636.

My Brother's Kipa—Discover your Jewish roots through the use of interactive workbooks and a bingo-style game for children called Heritage Hoopla. View ancient artifacts and learn how Jewish traditions came to be. 2/21-2/27, closed Saturdays. Tickets are \$7 for adults, \$5 for students, free for children ages 5 and younger. **MUSEUM OF JEWISH HERITAGE**, 18 First Pl., Battery Park City. (212-509-6130). ●

Feline Frenzy—Looking for the next family member? Fluffy may be waiting for you at **ADOPTARAMA**, a free cat-adoption megaevent at Madison Square Garden. Hundreds of vet-examined cats and kittens will be showcased. Cat-behavior specialists will also be on hand. 2/22, from 2 to 8 P.M. (718-275-6098). ●●

Off We Go—Young navigators can meander through the origins of flight and wannabe sailors will decode the secret language their heroes used during wartime at this year's **KIDS WEEK AT THE INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM**, 2/21-2/25. Daily special events include boat-building, airplane adventures and shuttle launches. Admission is \$7.50 for adults, \$6 for students, \$4 for kids ages 6-11, \$1 for those 2-5. Infants free. At Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at W. 46th St. (212-245-0072). ●

Beneath the Waves—With its Day-Glo colors and unforgettable songs from the Fab Four, **YELLOW SUBMARINE** comes back to the big screen, remastered in surround sound, during holiday week, 2/21-2/25. Watch John, Paul, George, and Ringo's attempt to save Pepperland from the Blue Meanies (remember them?). A brown-bag lunch and children's concert immediately follow. The movie, part of the New York International Children's Film Festival starts at 10:30 A.M. at the Walter Reade Theater 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5600). ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

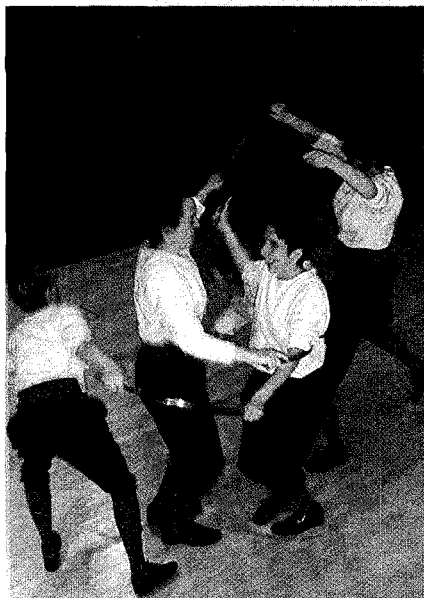
●● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

C	U	E
Susan Avery	Kids	
Ethan Brown	Nightlife	
Rose-Anne Clermont	In Concert	
Luisa Colon	Online	
Logan Hill	Theater	
Brett Kelly	Movies	
John Kline	Sports	
John Leonard	Television	
Ariel Levy	Books	
	Events	
	Radio	
Edith Newhall	Art	
Robin Raisfeld	Restaurants	

Happening To the Hilt

Dancing with swords? Your kids might just as well be running with scissors or playing with matches. However counterintuitive it sounds to all good parents, sword dancing is more about fancy footwork than about fencing—think Riverdance meets the Maypole. This week marks the fifteenth annual New York Sword Dance Festival, when thirteen teams from New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts converge on the city to demonstrate this arcane English ritual. "Kids very much enjoy watching this," says Ellen Conroy, a private-school admissions director by day and Half Moon Sword

company member by night. "They especially roar during the Foolish Dance, when it looks like someone's getting her head chopped off." Indeed, when time permits, kids are invited onstage to try a few steps themselves. First practiced centuries ago during the winter solstice, the synchronized dancing was performed by farmers and coal miners, who would add a frisson of danger by wielding some sort of swordlike tool. The Half Moon Sword troupe (pictured) is all women, 30-plus, whose day jobs are a far cry from corn shucking. These doctors, lawyers, teachers, and writers get Irish-jiggy with it as they step to the beat, each dancer brandishing her own foil in her right hand while grabbing another dancer's sword tip in her left. Without breaking the circle, the group, with a fiddler's accompaniment, executes intricate dance patterns with vigorous intensity. Blood has, on occasion, been spilled. How do they avoid injury? "We don't," says Conroy. "We get scraped or bumped, and we always keep Band-Aids and Neosporin around." (See "Children's Events.") SUSAN AVERY



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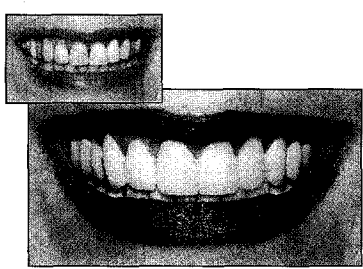


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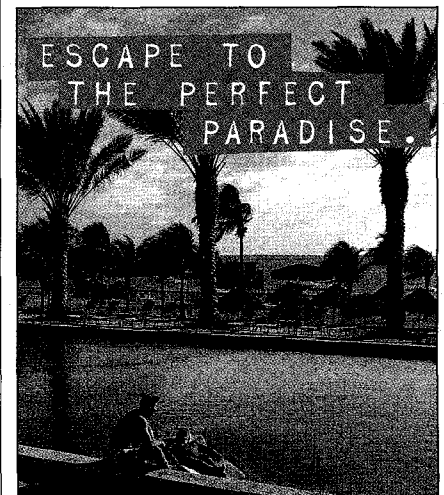
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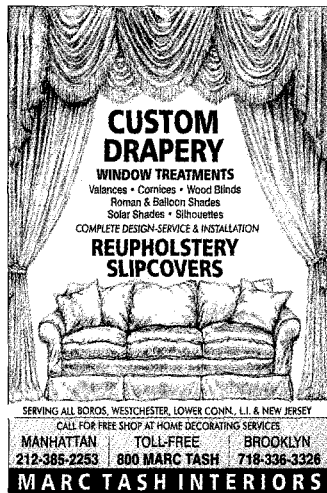
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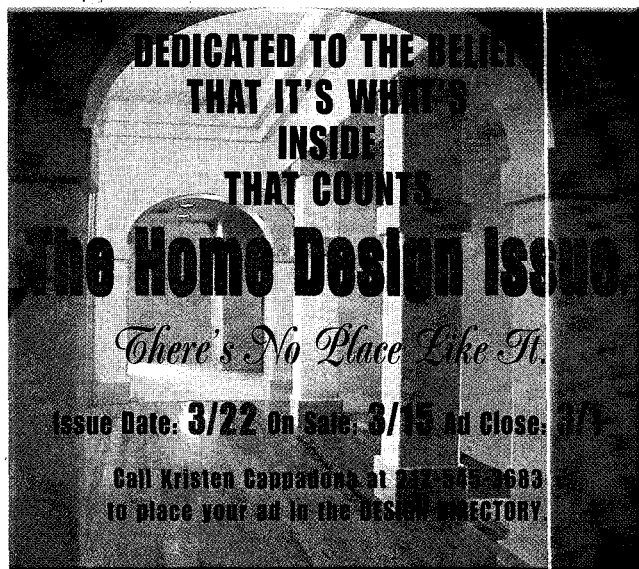
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Tall, 5'11", Pretty RN—49, loves animals, jazz, books, nature, surf, astronomy. Seeks single, white professional male, 40-55, who's on the road less traveled. I live Suffolk, work Nassau, Manhattan friendly! 3266 ☒☐

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'Likes The Theater—But never comes ate". Slim, pretty NJ woman (white, widowed, nonsmoker), with passionate heart, inquisitive mind and sense of adventure, seeks you - an educated, intelligent man, 55-65, who is decisive, open-minded and not dogmatic, yet has traditional values - to play golf, travel to Spain et al, or sit on my balcony at sunset and talk about everything and anything. Note/photo. 3238 ☒☐

Desperately Seeking Prince Charming—Single Jewish female, 38, bright, attractive, voluptuous and vivacious, has a fancy-chmancy dress for a black-tie affair. My prince is tall, adventurous, with a strong sense of self, single Jewish male, 2-45, sports lover, hockey fan, likes to lance. Maybe this is the beginning of more than just this one affair. Phone/Note/recent photo. No form letters, please. Seekingprincecharming@hotmail.com. 3272 ☒☐

Active, Attractive—Established professional woman with eclectic interests, seeks vibrant gentleman, 45-60. 3207 ☒☐

Compassionate—Youthful, attractive lady, 65, Manhattan resident, seeking man friend, companion to share travel, cultural activities and secrets of the heart. 3255 ☒☐

Look No Further—5'4", 115 lbs, fit, professional, very pretty, blue-eyed brunette, 33, with a great sense of humor, seeks athletic, handsome, professional, marriage-minded Catholic man, 32-45. Photo/phone appreciated. 3297 ☒☐

Independent, Very Attractive—Stylish woman, widowed, 63, seeking Jewish, upscale male who is financially and emotionally secure, honest, kind, giving, romantic. Loves to laugh, have a good time, romantic. Enjoys fine dining and theater. Photo, please. 3295 ☒☐

Woman To Woman—Pretty, feminine, fit, romantic, passion for life to the fullest. Adventurous, emotionally and financially very secure. Creative, upbeat, with a great sense of style and humor. A warm touch, a warm heart, a warm kiss offered and sought. Go for it! Photo, note and phone. 3230 ☒☐

Searching For Soul Mate—38, 6', handsome, fit, Ivy-educated and successful but down-to-earth investment banker, who is warm and caring, romantic and affectionate, seeks attractive, bright, down-to-earth, sweet, warm and caring (212) woman, to 37, who is passionate about life, for a lasting relationship. Note/photo/photo. 3240 ☒☐

Smart, Sweet, Shapely, Sensuous—37, Italian beauty. Marilex62@aol.com 3296 ☒☐

Classic Blond—Size 6, smoochable 44, intelligent, artistic and kind, seeks smart, thoughtful, nifty executive man to amuse and marry. 3252 ☒☐

Adorable, Petite Female Executive—42, loves animals, music, dancing. Seeks adorable, secure male for romance and laughter. Note/photo, please. 3250 ☒☐

Tired Of Nights Out With The Guys?—If you are 36-42, have a great sense of humor, are intelligent, big-hearted and fit, enjoy life, family and friends, then this successful, witty, attractive Italian-American woman, 38, would love to meet you. 3270 ☒☐

Successful Inventor/CEO—Seeks refined, unspoiled, adventurous, 40ish young lady for long-term committed relationship. She is cheerful, well-spoken and educated, sportive and feminine, likes to entertain and enjoys dining in as much as out. She wants to love again. He is an attractive, unencumbered, fun-loving person of substance and integrity; a sophisticated gent who is free to schedule interesting travel spontaneously, and hopes she could be available to be his companion. Candid photo! 3206 ☒☐

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Fun-To-Be-With—28, 5'8", blue eyes, handsome, well-to-do, easygoing and considerate... This foundation president enjoys tennis, travel, casinos, theater and sporting events. Seeks fit and friendly female. Note/photo. 3239 ☒☐ or Josh95255@aol.com

Imperfect, Adventurous Man—Sought by similarly qualified, attractive, sexy, secure Manhattan widow in 50s. Sense of humor important. Some time spent with talented therapist helpful. 3280 ☒☐

Picture Natalie Wood—Driven by Virginia Wolff's intellect, informed by Mother Teresa's heart and Fran Lebowitz's humor - failed writer/high school English teacher (14 years, two MA's), 43, would love to meet Gregory Peck/Albert Einstein/Dag Hammarskjöld/Jim Carrey combo, but would love to meet one smart, silly, kind, cultured, comfortable, cute Jew for the ups, downs and in-betweens. 3293 ☒☐

Stop—In the name of sex, love and rock & roll. Natural beauty with brains desires her counterpart - a 50-plus man with wisdom and integrity, inherently kind, with a zest for life. 3257 ☒☐

Foxy Model Type—Encouraged to respond to this 40-year-old, single white male, multimillionaire, extremely handsome, tall, well-built athlete, great guy, never married, with a taste for the finer things in life. Please be 22-35, exceptionally beautiful and well-built, enjoy travel, sports, romance, adventure - and seeking an exclusive and generous one-on-one relationship. No smokers, drug users or children, please. Photo/description is a must (will reciprocate). Confidentiality assured. 3229 ☒☐

Tall, Attractive Woman—44, outgoing and friendly. Love my work, the theater, good food and wine, travel, and helping out in my church community. If you are a single white professional man with similar interests, and ready for an honest try at a relationship, give me a call. 3264 ☒☐

City Lady—Most refined, with blue eyes, long legs, lovely manners and a bunch of other neat stuff. You are the antithesis of shy, and like wearing business suits. Please send a letter and photograph; I will reciprocate. 3225 ☒☐

Country Boy—Artist, 6', 190, warm, rugged, fit, 46, ready to share winter fire with girl in blue jeans, creative, nice figure, 30s. 3287 ☒☐

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Downtown Girl—Living in an Upstate World... Got the farm, got the views, but where's that special buddy to share it with? I'm fit, slim, active, mid 50s. Not rich, not poor, not ugly, not dumb. My humor can be evil, but my intentions are good. Note/photo. 3299 ☒

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Attractive Black Female—Loves the arts, Bach, Coltrane, hiking, tennis, cooking. Lives in CT. Seeks gentle, single male, 35-45. 3246 ☒

Physically Fit, Athletic—Single white male, 35, MA degree - enjoys movies, music, baseball. Seeks intelligent, caring, physically fit female. 3227 ☒

Green-Eyed Blonde—Beautiful, bouncy, slim, voluptuous Jewish female, very bright, sophisticated and sensual, seeks handsome Jewish CEO/JD/MD type, 40-52, slim, in good shape, with a good head of hair, for a spectacular long-term relationship. Photo required. 3284 ☒

Professional, 34, NJ, (201)—Smart (post-grad), athletic (college level), thoughtful, handsome Italian-American, hard-working with traditional values, marriage-minded, seeks woman of wit, taste and beauty. Note/photo. 3243 ☒

Share The Magic—Successful and secure yet full of fun. I am a young 45-year-old woman who is happy with life and interested in meeting someone to share it with. Some of my interests include gourmet cooking, reading everything from trash novels to Jung, movies, traveling and laughing out loud. E-mail: JesJam777@aol.com or send note/photo. 3261 ☒

Gentleman, A Young 50—Athletic, successful, looking for an attractive, thin, intelligent lady, 31-45, for stable relationship. Photo, please. 3217 ☒

Attractive Widow—58, no children, former model, wishes to meet personable gentleman. 3214 ☒

Isabella Rossellini Type—Attractive, happy, 33, 5'8", brown eyes/hair, smart, warm, European-educated. Seeks intelligent, secure man with a sense of humor. Photo, please. 3294 ☒

Tall, Jewish And Handsome—6'2", green-eyed, 47-year-old CEO; just ended a ten-year relationship with the wrong woman. I enjoy waterskiing, theater, running marathons, acquiring and observing art, lifting weights, reading by the fireplace and being silly. My homes include a 39th-floor Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park and a country house by a lake in CT. What I cherish for in '99 is to love and be loved. Your photo and handwritten note a must, but will be reciprocated. 3234 ☒

Slender, Classy Lady—50s, PhD, enjoys skiing, biking, backpacking, traveling, theater, gardening, cooking, city and country living. Seeks nonsmoking Prince Charming. Note/photo. 3213 ☒

Cut Above - Upscale Male, PhD, 59—Blond/blue, tall, trim - loves travel, arts, stock market. Seeks former model/dancer type with great legs. Photo/note. 2340 ☒

A Best Friend To Sleep With—Jewish woman (39, smart, attractive, athletic, successful), seeks confident, loving Jewish man looking for relationship leading to marriage and kids. Photo. 3219 ☒

Edelweiss—Well-bred, sophisticated, European professional lady seeks well-traveled, educated, sophisticated and sincere 40-plus gentleman for joie de vivre, romance and what life has to offer us. Email: Fleurette4@aol.com or 3245 ☒

SEND

**A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:**

STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
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New York, New York 10163-4600

Chinese Lady—34, Christian, accountant, likes the outdoors and cooking, seeks really nice guy. jun997@hotmail.com. 3298 ☒

6'4", Good-Looking—43, extremely successful businessman involved in the sports industry, seeks a beautiful, very sexy woman under 38, with a sense of humor, pleasant personality, animal lover a plus. We enjoy the gym followed by a great restaurant, then a weekend trip to an exotic island to relax on the beach. 3265 ☒

FL MD—Jewish, youthful 64, financially secure, seeks elegant/slim Jewish lady, 48-56, for relocation/quality life/commitment. Photo/note. 3218 ☒

Stellar Humor—And a glimmer in the eye. Trim and pretty, with great legs beautiful eyes. Early/mid 40s. MD. Accessible, gentle, irreverent, compassionate ready to share in adventures. Casually elegant style. Passions: skiing out West European/Caribbean travel, dancing or rollerskates, biking the Hamptons, CNBC. Entirely presentable - the Plaza to Yankee Stadium. Favorite ambitions: attending opera in every major European city winning Nobel Prize, visiting Bali, having fun and more fun. Seeking nonsmoking professional, 5'9" plus, 39-54, intellectual compassionate. 3283 ☒

Life Partner—Handsome professional (52) man, passionate about art, travel fitness, ideas, life forces. Empathy and acceptance essential. LI woman preferred. Note/photo, please. 3231 ☒

Graceful CT Gem—Strikingly attractive warm, smart, witty professional - slim fit, 5'7", 46, divorced with sons, seek a rare man with sparkle and clarity to share life's humor and passions. 3249 ☒

Polish Pani For Valentine—I know who I want: cute lady, 29-42, of Polish heritage, to share good times and romance. If you want a handsome, trim, 50 professional with everything to give that special lady, please send note/photo. 3211 ☒

Deep, Warm—Attractive psychologist, very young 60s, seeks petite, pretty, shapely young woman. Photo a must. 3242 ☒

Pretty PhD—Scientific, musical, seek interesting man, 50-65. 3273 ☒

Eyes Up!—Pretty, divorced, Jewish, 44 blond and blue-eyed Jersey gal with a zest for life, seeks an honest, caring, good natured, happy man who is ready to share his life. Photo/note. 3209 ☒

Gay, 47, Masculine Husky Bear—Lover of the arts, music, books, antique. Cultured, sincere, intelligent, successful. Seeks guy, 30-50. Write/photo. 3222 ☒

Ambitious, Intelligent, Voluptuous—Divorced woman, 46, seeks loving relationship with sweet, caring Jewish professional. 3263 ☒

Marriage-Minded Entertainment Exec—I'm Jewish, successful, intelligent and good-looking. I'm also 5'10" and fitness-oriented. Enjoy film, sports, music, reading and life. I'm looking for a like-minded, very pretty, slim, intelligent, outgoing, emotionally available Jewish female, 32-45. If you'd like to know more, send a note/recent photo. Non-smoker only. 3236 ☐

Wealthy Good-Looking Man Available—Take cruises, travel Europe, trips to Saks, live a life of ease and luxury. In winter commute from Florida, seeks beautiful white lady, 25-32, for long-term relationship. PS. I'm a good guy too. 3224☐

Soft Tropical Breezes—Professional Jewish man has it all (except you). Extremely intelligent, educated Renaissance type; tall, it, interesting, sincere. Loves island getaway in winter. Kosher. Seeks that special single woman with brains and beauty inside/out, 28-39. Note/photo. 3271☐

Very Beautiful—Slow-walking chick with fast-acting mind, seeks no-nonsense one-and-only man over 45. 3205 ☐

You Won't Be Disappointed—Dynamic, warm, happy 49-year-old Jewish professional, nonsmoking woman, seeks emotionally and financially secure, well-educated, nonsmoking Jewish man, 8-56, for love, laughter, romance and all the things life has to offer. 3226 ☐

Be My Sweetie—Looks count, but so does honesty, sincerity, values, intelligence. Me: 43, single, white, it, 5'9", 165 lbs, handsome, computer professional, down-to-earth. You: 30ish, single, pretty, nice figure, any ethnicity. seek a loving relationship with that right woman for me. No smoke/drugs/ush Limbaugh fans. Note/photo a must; will reciprocate. 3204 ☐

Well-Educated, Classy, Cultured—Genuinely pretty, with a sense of humor. seek a successful Wall Street attorney or professional, 40-55 - handsome, athletic, funny and looking to complete his life with a Christian woman and start a family. Serious replies only. 3208 ☐

Single Dad—Very active 11-year-old boy and his exceptional 53-year-old father, looking for very bright, athletic, attractive 44-42-year-old woman who can keep up with our travels, adventures and sports. Please send note/photo/phone. 3220 ☐

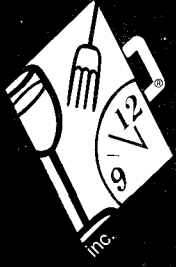
ID, Handsome—45, NJ, seeks younger, pretty female for long term. 3289 ☐

Elite, Attractive PhD—Psychologist/tist seeks gentle, kind man with sense of humor to share good conversation, arm companionship, walks in the country, travels to Sante Fe and other ventures. 3285 ☐

Fresh From Wisconsin—Tall, blond, beautiful Jewish woman, 33, smart, fun, with varied interests, seeks bright, kind wish guy, 5'10" plus. 3237 ☐

Pretty, Dynamic Professional Woman—I, seeks handsome, confident man with erling character, 40-50, for marriage/family. Like me, you are honest, kind, nerous, fun, athletic, and have a great sense of humor. 3275 ☐

What Are We Waiting For?—This 38-year-old gem seeks attractive, elegant man side and out. Please be 38-42, Jewish, funny, sensitive, emotionally and physically fit, financially secure and ready for the al thing - romance, marriage, family... partners for life. Serious replies only. Note/photo, please. 3277 ☐



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I've Been To The Amazon—Rafed the Grand Canyon...slept on the Serengeti...been to some of the great cities of Europe. There's so much more, but I want to do all the rest with you. I'm a trim man in my early 50s, one home in Manhattan, another in the CT woods. You're a trim woman in your early 40s. You love life first class, and enjoy playing and loving! Send a photo - get a photo. 3274 ☐

Be My Best Friend/Lover—I'm a very pretty woman, vivacious, bright, multifaceted, independent, secure, cultured, worldly, warm, fun, 53, Jewish, (212). 3241 ☐

When Harry Met Sally—Young, attractive, 5'4", Chinese NY female, professional, cute, warm, funny, seeks Chinese professional NY guy, 5'8" plus, likes tennis and swimming, 32-36, in law, medicine, arts or education. 3244 ☐

Adorable Gay Female—33, Jewish, very cute, thin, feminine, down-to-earth, athletic and professional woman, looking to meet a beautiful, feminine, thin, very attractive professional woman who is financially secure and enjoys the finer things in life, such as great restaurants, vacations, golf and much more. If this is you, I would love to hear from you. Note/photo/phone required. Drug and disease-free. (212) only. 3223 ☐

To Be Or Not To Be—And if you don't write me, I'll kill myself. I love art and sports; city and country; dining and taverns; going out, staying in; being. New Jersey guy, 50s, wants to walk, eat, sip, touch, feel, connect, need, love, and, of course, words, words, words. I'll make up my mind. Note/photo, please. 3253 ☐

Very Handsome, Successful—Businessman, Jewish, caring, 6'1", 40, very fit and has a great sense of humor. Enjoys ballroom dancing, fitness, music, culture and travel. Seeks a beautiful, tall, slim, bright, elegant and sophisticated woman with integrity, under 38. Photo. 3291 ☐

Affluent Sportswoman—Enjoys membership in exclusive yacht and country club. Seeks partner, 50-60. Note/photo a must. 3282 ☐

Wanting, Wishing, Waiting—For you. I love Lincoln Center, ski slopes, travel, life, laughter. North Shore woman, late 50s, 5'2". You: 55-65. Photo/note. 3288 ☐

Bright, Attractive 60ish Man Wanted—By cute, smart, pretty Jewish woman, 58, fun, interesting, upbeat. POB 234453, Great Neck, NY 11023

Mets Fan—Jewish lady, family-oriented, 37, attractive, good sense of humor. Enjoy playing pool, museums, theater. Seek Jewish man, 32-42, educated, never married, 5'8" plus, attractive, no facial hair, who is ready to share his life. Note/photo. 3278 ☐

Eye-Catching Good Looks—Beautiful brunette, cognac brown eyes. Wonderfully sexy, great posture and presence. Compassionate, generous heart. European background. Divorced Jewish woman. Versatile and real. No BS, no pretense. Former CEO and film actor. Speaks several languages. Genuinely fun - enjoys city life, country life, Caribbean. Interested in mind, body, spirit connection. Loves music, writing, working out, photography. Seeking smart kind, attractive, under-6' man, 50-65. 3292 ☐

Quality Woman—Believes there is a romantic, passionate, healthy, financially accomplished gentleman, 60-70 needing to share his heart in a monogamous relationship. Serious replies only. 3221☐

Pretty, Jewish, Westchester Teacher—Desires a successful, cultured Jewish widower over 45. 3267 ☐

The Best Of Both Worlds—Your apartment in NYC and my apartment in FL. Stunning, elegant lady, slender, full of fun, seeks tall, refined gentleman, nonsmoker, 50 plus, for loving marriage. 3235 ☐

Personal Life In Need Of Exercise—Attractive, thin, warmhearted 35-year-old, 5'8" - tall drink of water. I'm adventurous; seeing the world is a lifetime ambition. Love the arts, reading and the outdoors. I avoid the bar scene. Am looking for a guy who is intelligent, tall, athletic, who cares about the people around him, has a healthy sense of humor. Of course, ability to leap tall buildings a plus! 3232 ☐

Beauty, Charisma And Pizzazz—I'm 43, fit, well-educated, worldly and secure, seeking a caring, solid suitor who is healthy, wealthy, wise and who knows how to love. Recent photo and note. 3276☐

Appealing Esq.—Blond, blue eyes, 5'6" and fit Ms., enjoying life in (212) with passion for the Knicks, politics and exotic travel, seeks kind, smart and available (212) gentleman, 37-47, for romance. 3210 ☐



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Cute, Handsome Attorney—34, who enjoys Central Park, browsing book stores, interesting conversation, nature, travel, seeks truly attractive, sexy female for a meaningful relationship. 3258 ☒

Youthful 50—Looks 35, handsome and successful white male. Sincere, open and caring. Eclectic interests - enjoys adventure, travel, sports and also theater, politics, quiet times. Seels down-to-earth, 5'2"-5'6", slender, attractive, intelligent female, 30-42, who likes to play and be serious, for long-term, sharing relationship. Note/photo (appreciated). 3281 ☒

Beautiful Designing Woman—Single white female redhead, very voluptuous, 40 something, loves theater, movies, fine dining, a long walk or just at home with someone special. You are 50-something, financially secure, with a great sense of style, who understands a creative woman. You are sensitive, loving, with a sense of humor. Photo a must. 3233 ☒

Great Opportunity—2-for-1 special: Jewish female, 34, Manhattanite with 2-month-old adopted baby, looking to find wonderful man who is age-appropriate. Yes, I'm pretty and smart - the rest you'll have to judge for yourself. 3256 ☒

Brooke Shields Look-Alike—From Connecticut, seeks chivalrous NY guy. Pretty professional with long dirty-blond hair and brown eyes, 33, looking for thirtysomething, ambitious, traditional, fun, thoughtful guy. Photo. 3212 ☒

Pianist, 40s—With warmth, wit and charm. Also creative, pretty, attractive. Seek man for friendship and more. 3279 ☒

Great Friend, Great Sense Of Humor—Great legs - 49-year-old divorced Westchester woman. Intelligent, Jewish, professional, sincere, warm, funny, attractive, shapely, brunette, 5'5". Looking for an outgoing, nonsmoking Jewish man with traditional values who has a great sense of humor, is sincere, loving and romantic. 3301 ☒

Handsome, Jewish, 44—5'7", seeks pretty, voluptuous career lady. Photo. 3254 ☒

Japanese Female—35, seeks bright and kind male. Note/photo. 3286 ☒

Searching For—Caring, upbeat white man to share life with. I'm young 60, widow, fit and fun-loving. 3259 ☒

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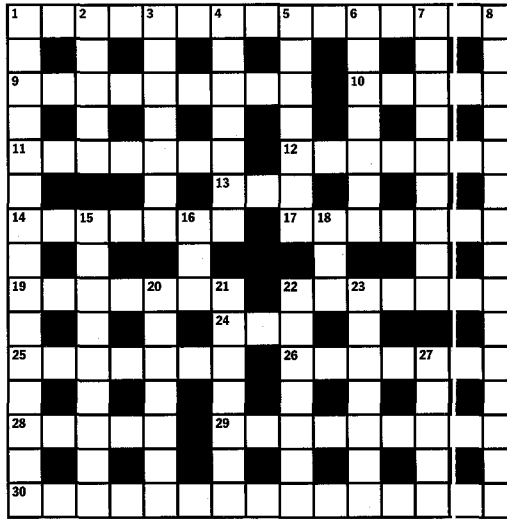
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The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 French author's pages Auntie Maud's translated. (3,2,10)
- 9 Relation receives a reluctant peck for the fur? (9)
- 10 Put away the wine and take turn in the game. (5)
- 11 Train entire University to get involved. (7)
- 12 Being dodgy? (7)
- 13 Unhappy winter disorder. (3)
- 14 13 reel off articles. (7)
- 17 He's not exactly foiled. (7)
- 19 Take it easy regarding cold occupation. (7)
- 22 One taking role in "The Apple Cart" is televised. (7)
- 24 The total's not all we hear. (3)
- 25 Get together for the photo. (5-2)
- 26 Ministers get free trips with points. (7)
- 28 Girl's house in a state. (5)
- 29 Pi, but not necessarily Greek. (9)
- 30 Choosing where one lives? (8,7)



DOWN

- 1 Officer's rehearsal is the work of a non-specialist. (7,8)
- 2 Bank up to get height for sailing type. (5)
- 3 The river embraces the writer's output. (7)
- 4 Eternal youth probably hopes to. (7)
- 5 Go in first? In deep, er, caught unfortunately. (7)
- 6 Class with coach bemuses upper class deficient in English. (7)
- 7 The lady at centre of ruin restricts yearly payments. (9)
- 8 State when no idea is apparent, no concern shown. (15)
- 15 What's relied upon is a place for securing vessel. (9)
- 16 Play could be associated with it. (3)
- 18 Standard talk coming up. (3)
- 20 Boa etc., one wraps round traveller in wintry conditions. (7)
- 21 Box in school mainly used in paper production. (7)
- 22 Tug taken in by a master's vessel. (7)
- 23 Time the judge would be understood? (7)
- 27 Pinched exciting slot at end of programme. (5)

'Greengrocery Activity': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

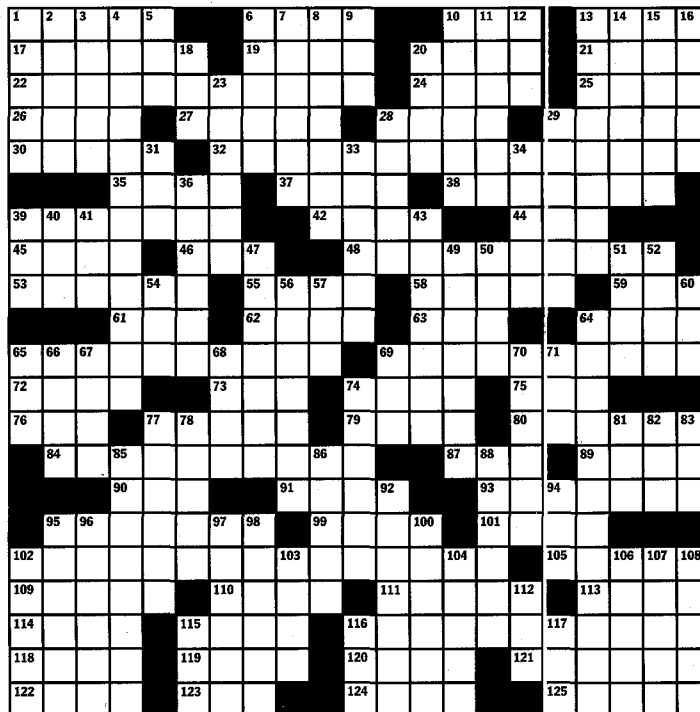
- 1 Hacienda brick
- 6 Yellowstone, for one
- 10 Kipling boy
- 13 Obscene matter
- 17 Antony's audience
- 19 Parkay product, familiarly
- 20 Black Hawk's tribesmen
- 21 Footway
- 22 Fruit gets undressed
- 24 Tory's opponent
- 25 — part (role-play)
- 26 "Dracula" heroine
- 27 Musical speed
- 28 Hay package
- 29 Carpentry fastener
- 30 "Softly, — Morning Sunrise"
- 32 Veggie uses a harpoon
- 35 Washington Square landmark
- 37 German border river
- 38 Occasionally
- 39 Sports car from abroad
- 42 Urban pall
- 44 One of the Gershwins
- 45 Prexy's replacement
- 46 U.S.N.A. grad.
- 48 Veggie uses the phone
- 53 City of an Irish rose
- 55 "The wolf — the door!"
- 58 Opposite of curst
- 59 Get the squeaks out
- 61 They: Fr.
- 62 Otherwise
- 63 M-G-M's lion
- 64 Thorn in the side
- 65 Herb goes out the door
- 69 Veggie goes in pursuit
- 72 Wedding replies
- 73 Southampton coll.
- 74 Chinatown street
- 75 Take it on the —
- 76 Balderdash!
- 77 Intended (to)
- 79 Altar end of a church
- 80 Costello's partner
- 84 Fruit clicks on a lamp
- 87 Key's second word
- 89 Had creditors
- 90 Ampersand

- 91 Cumberbund
- 93 Lays eyes on
- 95 Parlor furnishings
- 99 Bog fuel
- 101 "Exodus" author
- 102 Herb fixes holes in the wall
- 105 Window pull-down
- 109 Big name in computer chips
- 110 TV's "— the Boss?"
- 111 Sadistic
- 113 Old Greek theaters
- 114 Sixth Hebrew month
- 115 Manner of walking
- 116 Fruit drops missiles
- 118 Apportion, with "out"
- 119 Footed vases
- 120 "— Rebel" (1962 Crystals hit)

- 121 Mark Russell's comedy
- 122 Infuriated
- 123 1510, to 17-Across
- 124 And others: abbr.
- 125 What to hitch your wagon to
- DOWN
- 1 Perfume give-off
- 2 Rock's "Pillow Talk" co-star
- 3 Gulf Arab
- 4 Fruit divvies up
- 5 Lang, taught in E.S.L. classes
- 6 Bards' works
- 7 Syrian city
- 8 Adds more ammunition

- 9 Boxers' stats.
- 10 Coffee liqueur
- 11 Most skiddy
- 12 Flavor intensifier, for short
- 13 Astronaut
- 14 Gordon of "Carousel"
- 15 Exclaims
- 16 January warm spells
- 18 Tennis unit
- 20 Booty
- 23 Showy bird's mate
- 28 Münchhausen's title
- 29 That old school enthusiasm
- 31 Circle segment
- 33 Couch potato's TV control
- 34 Swirls with a spoon

- 36 Food with wine at some parties
- 39 Low-rank G.I.
- 40 Above, to Keats
- 41 "The Crying Game" actor Stephen
- 43 Fowl's edible innards
- 47 Using a strainer
- 49 Acid salts
- 50 Lighting for some signs
- 51 Score for Orr
- 52 Swim's alternative
- 54 Right-angled pipe join
- 56 Detectives
- 57 Donkey's uncle
- 60 Brown of Big Bands renown
- 64 Veggie uses a gun
- 65 Russian space station
- 66 Heathen's worship
- 67 Response to the Little Red Hen
- 68 Jai—
- 69 Conk
- 70 Hit man
- 71 Bar bill
- 74 'The common people
- 77 Cerebral
- 78 Senior statesman
- 81 Pussycat's shipmate, in a Lear verse
- 82 A Turner
- 83 Grid successes: abbr.
- 85 Was of significance
- 86 Barcelona snacks
- 88 Mauler
- 92 Tomahawk
- 94 Not hers
- 95 Rend
- 96 Will subject
- 97 Name of eight English kings
- 98 Egyptian tour sight
- 100 Brewer or Wright
- 102 Home of the Dolphin
- 103 Oodles
- 104 Part of R.F.D.
- 106 Own up
- 107 Actress Winger
- 108 Shoehorn, e.g.
- 112 River of Ghent
- 115 Chewer's buy
- 116 Fidel's onetime sidekick
- 117 Sheep remark



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